

AZAZEL

Steal Fire from the Gods, Vol. 3



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★ BECOME A LIVING GOD

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Pretext Timothy



No hint will be necessary to help you to understand at what moment in history the dualistic fiction of a good and an evil God first became possible. With the same instinct by which the subjugated reduce their God to “Goodness in itself,” they also cancel the good qualities from their conqueror’s God; they avenge themselves on their masters by diabolizing the latter’s God. The good God and the devil as well: both the abortions of decadence.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*

BLACK magician denotes an *ethnic identity*. No singular identity has suffered as much literal, institutional demonization and hatred as *black magician* in human history—an a priori truth by definition. On every continent in every time, from precolonial Americas both North and South, across Asia through Europe and down to Africa, any person who acted in contrast to religious orthodoxy became color-coded as *black* and direction-coded as *left*. Whether designated a devil, demon, div, djinn, witch, and so on, this reactionary, underlying tradition of demonization has recurred on record everywhere, albeit under regional nomenclature. From isolated Congo villagers and Persian desert nomads, to forest ascetics in India and pagans in Ireland, place a finger randomly on a world map, and those people historically possess a tradition that alienated and punished so-called black magicians.

Two common theories have arisen among anthropologists as to why *black* and *left* became universal designations of evil: (1) 90% of humans possess right-handed dexterity therefore leftness as a side or direction feels strange physically—ergo, humans psychologically identified left as queer, defective, and erroneous; the term dexterity itself comes from Latin *dexter* and means

right-handed, while *sinister* means left-handed; (2) ancient people's beloved, light-bringing sun god abandons them at night in blackness and coldness to fend off predators alone—ergo, ancients identified blackness and shadows as deadly and dangerous. This primitive bias against leftness and darkness has affected every civilization, as such, humans have universally considered both conditions deviant, and then extended those same codes to deviant humans.

In summary, to openly prefer *black* and *left* over *white* and *right* defies the entire known history of humanity's socio-religio-political norms. In other words, it is completely normal for traditional people to view a black magician as strange.

Every sorcerer knows of witchcraft prohibition in dominant mainstream religions like Christianity and Islam. However, to provide an example of a woefully understudied pagan civilization utterly steeped in historical accounts of wild, phantastical sorcery—both factual and mythical—medieval Ireland codified laws that explicitly outlawed sorcery with accompanying precedents and case examples in their unearthed *Brehon Law* tracts. This naturally protected island (Ireland means Land of the Goddess or Land of Erin) featured *Brehons* (a threefold occupation of poet, judge, and priest—commonly known as *Druids*) whom roved between *túaths* (communal tribal lands) to unleash blistering Conor McGregor-like storms of insults against criminals in front of their tribe, thus acting like a prototype of attorney and journalist in one; tribespeople received their social news from these dramatic bonfire curse performances, wherefore their hexes were called *black speech*.

Even if not a sorcerer, a Brehon-Druid might still demonize a criminal with that moniker like pinning a scarlet letter on their breast, because it would dishonor a felon so badly that it “raised blisters on their face” and “decapitated them” according to folklore—colorful euphemisms that mean they became embarrassed and lost face among their people. Two thousand years ago, Ireland fostered a bona fide *pagan anarchism* with communal property, infernal necromantic astrological festivals like Samhaine, and no omnipotent state-ruler as found in contemporaneous empires like Rome, Greece, and Persia—although, this rare, halcyon anarchy degenerated over millennia as waves of Vikings and particularly Christians under Saint Patrick invaded and corrupted their customs with toxic, imperial, Western institutions like Church and State. As a civilization Ireland utilized baneful curses and a word-of-mouth social credit score—a numerical honor code—to facilitate justice; if a denizen's honor score dropped too low then their tribe dissociated

from them, alas that person lost access to their shared economy and suffered vagrancy. Furthermore, Irish gentry reconciled wrongdoings by invoking these respected Brehon-Druids to cast elaborate, violent, effigy curses—records of which have been mistakenly classified as *satire poetry* in Western literary canon today.

The reader may see an example of an authentic Brehon death curse called a *glám díceann* below from *Early Irish Satire* by Irish linguist Roisin McLaughlin from the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies; insults found therein will sound quaint to a contemporary person but they carried grave implications back then. Druids would have chanted this rite in harmony atop a hill in alignment with an astrological lunar phase, wherefore they stabbed a clay effigy of their victim with long whitethorn needles. This sample contains three identifiable instances of diabolization:

Sweat from him on the hot day! [Curse one]

Conaire! [Name of criminal]

May he be two years in sickness [Curse two]

An evil roasted goat! [Curse three]

You dour, ignorant son of hell [Demonization one]

You captured goose

You feet of an ox

You rude devil who drinks the ale [Demonization two]

You pale, thieving churl, [Accusation of crime, e.g., thievery]

You mouth of a one-eyed hag [Demonization three]

This curse demands that Conaire suffer a heat stroke sickness and then die like a roasted goat. In other words, this exemplifies a fatal curse on a thief—a cruel, suffering punishment on a man whom they apparently caught stealing. The last line calls him “mouth of a one-eyed hag” which contains two classic connotations of witchcraft; one eye suggests a supernatural augur, and mouth of a hag suggests a spellcaster or witch. Altogether, it calls him evil, a son of hell, a devil, and a sorcerer. As bizarre as this indictment may sound to a modern ear, it would horrify a normal person back then, ruin Conaire’s honor score, and probably exile him.

The most infamous and spookiest example of a *glám díceann* or death poem comes from *Uraicecht Na Ríar: The Poetic Grades in Early Irish Law* by linguist Liam Breatnach:

Evil, death, short life to Caíar,

Spears of battle kill Caíar,

May Caíar die, may Caíar depart—Caíar!

Caíar under earth, under embankments, under stones!

That last line “under earth, under embankments, under stones” literally demands that the gods leave Caíar dead and buried.

Below the reader finds a weird passage from *Early Irish Farming* by Old Irish linguist Fergus Kelly. It glosses numerous legal codes that explicitly outlaw sorcery on animal livestock, as amusing as that sounds:

In early Irish sources there is evidence that the bewitching of livestock was counted as a legal offence. One law-text refers to the crime of *fubae do grega*, which literally means ‘an attack on one’s horses’ ... causing injury through sorcery (*corrguinecht*), a fine of silver is due for such offences. Another legal reference to the bewitching of livestock occurs in a passage on drowning ... suggests that an animal may have been drowned as a result of witchcraft (*geinntlecht*).

The law-text on clientship *Cain Aicillne*, also refers to the death of livestock through supernatural agency ... bewitching of cattle (*mille ba*), which may be caused by an elf-shot (*urchar millte*).

The most obscure offence relating to the bewitching of animals is *mímír do choin* ... trying out on it a charm intended to bewitch a person. The culprit is only required to pay half the dog’s penalty-fine as he was merely trying out the spell to see if it was magic with no intention to kill.

The reader can see a phantasmal reference to ‘bewitching by elf-shot’ in paragraph two. Ancient Irish believed that magical elves can shoot invisible arrows to cause madness and delusion in a victim—a similitude of Cupid in Hellenistic Greek religion—therefore they outlawed invocation of these so-called dark elves who performed this baneful magick. Reflect on that one more time: ancient Irish banned invocation of dark elves in their actual legal code. Not surprisingly, some medieval Norse tribes also deemed dark elven magick to be taboo, as the Irish and Norse shared many cultural norms between each other.

An *on the nose* example of a legal code that outright banned unsanctioned use of *aipthi* or death magick appears in Section 46 of *Law of Adomnán*:

If it be charms from which death ensues that anyone give to another, the fines of murder followed by concealment of the corpse are to be paid for it.

As evidenced, not only did earlier humans view deviant magick as an existential danger, they deemed it necessary to institutionally name, suppress, and punish it. Needless to say, examples of magick prohibition, witch-shaming and hunting, and violent demonization of sorcerers exist in mainstream religions like Christianity and Islam. However, that tradition of prohibition extends much further back into the earliest pagan religions, and provides a preponderance of legal evidence that humanity as a whole has always considered black magick a taboo or crime. As an amusing specimen of this, a medieval, Christian Irish law text *Penitentials* outlawed misuse of love spells, and lays a harsh six-year penance. Ritual performance of *epaid* (love charms and sex magick) was known as ‘bed witchcraft’ or *fubae n-imda*. An example of a law from this aforementioned text:

If any cleric or woman who practises magic have led astray anyone by their magic, it is a monstrous sin, but it can be expiated by penance. (Such an offender) shall do penance for six years, three years on an allowance of bread and water, and during the remaining three years he shall abstain from wine and meat. If, however, such a person has not led astray anyone but has given [something] for the sake of wanton love to someone, he shall do penance for an entire year on an allowance of bread and water. If a woman by her magic destroys the child she has conceived of somebody, she shall do penance for half a year with an allowance of bread and water, and abstain for two years from wine and meat and fast for the six forty-day periods with bread and water.

Christian clerics classified heathenry like this altogether under an umbrella Latin term: *maleficium* (evil deed). This dogmatic diabolization of polytheism into heathenry, ritual into sorcery, and deities into demons has shaped the contemporary Western worldview so much that even New Age white witches tend to look askance at demons—they still worry that these beautiful gods and goddesses are secretly ugly devils, as indoctrinated throughout Abrahamic mythology.

Let there be no confusion: the term demon is *racist*. It disparages an entire ethnicity or category of ancient spirits. Black magician as an *out of the closet* identity or as a *legally protected* ethnic group has only come into existence in modern time: progressive law courts have ruled to erect Baphomet statues in American town squares, given religious licenses to Luciferian and Satanic Churches, and groups of witches perform goddess rituals in public parks in broad daylight.

Young generations of magicians take this freedom as a given; they have never known a world without it; however, black magician and witch together as an ethnicity constitutes the *last social group* to have received standing in a legal and cultural context, because they plainly declare: “I deny your norms entirely. You will never victim-blame me again.”

The *tribe* has always viewed a black magician as a *scapegoat*. Hitherto, they always used the *devil* as a mantle by which they purged their *collective* guilt on an *individual*. Even a suburban stereotype of a lonely gothic teenager who suffers bullying from popular jocks in high school emphasizes this tradition; these vanilla athletes purge their resentments and anxieties through bullying a misunderstood outcast.

The Demonic Gatekeeper, Azazel, epitomizes abolition of that bully vs. victim, tribe vs. sorcerer, white vs. black, right vs. left tradition. The Sun god purged his anxieties through banishing Azazel. And now this god-damned Scapegoat, this Fallen Angel, this leader of The Watchers... he rises in vengeance to steal his fire back forever—and give it back to *you* too.

TIMOTHY

Austin, Texas

The Grimoire of Azazel

E.A. Koetting

Grimoire One



The Serpent's Breath

Chapter Two



“BREATHE the Serpent's Breath upon the Path of Darkness so that I may become an Immortal King and open the Gates of Transfiguration,” I began the invocation, standing behind the altar in my Temple. “The Gate is open. My Gate is open. Spirits fall inside the darkness, but the Dragon's Eye will keep me from destruction.”

The air in the closed room stirred, not pushed by open windows as there are none in my Temple, nor was the draft pushed in by the air conditioning unit, as I had made a point to switch the unit off before beginning the ritual. I knew that the air had been coaxed into action by the opening of a doorway between the worlds, the astral winds transferring its elemental demonstration into the world of substance.

“All the spirits who have ever stood beside me, please stand with me now,” I petitioned the unmanifest forms hiding just beyond the edge of my vision.

Stand with me now! Belial, Amaymon, Azazel, Abaddon, Lucifuge, Beelzebub, Baal, Asmodeus, Satan. Ram Ham Satolas! Ram Ham Satolas! Ram Ham Satolas!

Thunder cracked above the Temple and wind began beating the walls and doors. I announced to the thickening air:

Azazel, the sky has blackened for you!

The sky is blackened for you. The sky is blackened to herald your coming. Lucifer-Amaymon, with your light, I light the darkness. Within the darkness, I find my way. There's a storm, a storm that is blowing, a storm that is ripping across this land. This storm was not here, not until I called it, not until I stirred up evil!

Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel.

Azazel told me that I must pass from one master to another. He said

that I cannot enter one Gate while I still linger in the last.

Lucifer-Amaymon, I thank you.

I thank you for all that you've taught me, all that you've given to me, all that you've shared with me.

I thank you.

I now approach the Azazel Gate. Amaymon has shown me that the Gate, his Gate, is always open now in me, through me, through all others who have joined with him.

He now walks this world. Amaymon.

"Azazel is fierce. He's fiercely entering this world," I heralded as the reality of it manifested to my awakened senses. "The Dragon's Eye is open. The Serpent's Sight is mine."

I gazed at the sign of Azazel, which is a sigil of Saturn, which is the balance of the flesh and the soul, the formed and unmanifest, the darkness and the oppressive light. I recited over and over:

Azazel. Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Itz Ra'Cha Azazel. Azazel. Azazel.

His sigil came to life, the lines of ink vanishing from the paper and reappearing no longer bound to the fibers but suspended in the air, both hovering above and sinking into the square paper.

I carried flame to a heavy copper chalice and ignited the high proof alcohol inside, sending an initial burst of fire into the air, then stabilizing. I gazed into the flames to scry into the very room in which I stood, to see what was there, unseen.

"I can faintly see him in the flames," I whispered, restraining my glee to avoid being pulled out of the trance.

Azazel! Oh, he appears as the satyr. He appears as the satyr as he's always appeared to me. Ebon. Furious—a fury that is buried in darkness. Alash tad al'ash tal ashtu!

I called his name aloud, but as I called it the third time, I knew that I was rushing the process. I needed to slow down, refocus my intention and attention, generate a cloud of transcendental energy in the Temple, and then I could solidify Azazel in a physical form.

I turned inside of myself, and within seconds I opened my eyes and carried with me a wake of power, laser-focused, and directed towards the single objective of materializing Azazel.

“Come forth, Azazel, from the realms of blackness,” I commanded, noticing the stirring air freezing and hanging, so still that it seemed it would start to drip into puddles on the floor. Before the air could change state, it moved again, every particle of air throughout the room being sucked into the center, to the empty space before the altar, the incense smoke and burnt alcohol exhaust tracing the path of sudden gravity to a point directly in front of my sight. I continued the conjuration:

From the Infernal Empire, from your abode in shadow, come forth from your abode in flame. Come forth in the name of Archaelus. Come forth, Azazel!

The empty space that had sucked the air from the room was no longer empty, but was inhabited by a flashing, gaping tear in the fabric of reality.

I looked down at the altar to find my questions or notes or something that would tell me what to do next, as my mind had forgotten everything. My eyes found the pact that I made with Azazel. At the conclusion of my first pathworking with Azazel I had destroyed the original pact, but not before making a copy, so I would always remember, so that I would always know.

I read the words of the pact aloud, to Azazel and to myself:

Azazel, Grand Demon and Gatekeeper of the Infernal Empire, I, Archaelus, otherwise known as E.A. Koetting, make and sign this covenant with you on this 22nd day of December, the year 2010.

I covenant to submit myself to you, to turn my spiritual and temporal welfare into your hands and the hands of your demons.

I covenant to obey your commands and follow your directions, that you will lead me into power and glory.

I covenant to forsake all other gods and spirits and demons or other entities to ally with you alone.

In return for this oath you will grant me the most secret knowledge of your power and leave nothing a mystery to me.

You will surround me with your familiars to do my bidding until the time has come for me to raise my own demonic army.

You will instruct me in the knowledge and the power to become a demonic king in my own right, withholding nothing that would allow me to the fullness of the power that you yourself hold.

Further, in exchange for this pact, you and your demons will ensure the flow of prosperity and monetary wealth into my life which I may use for any purpose.

You will ensure that the books which I write over these three years will see success beyond any book that has been published so far on the subject of the occult.

Azazel, in your name and in the names of Belial, Abaddon, and Amaymon, I call the Gates of the Infernal Empire to open to me and for this pact to be accepted.

With all that I have experienced after signing that pact, not a trace of doubt lived in me.

“Azazel,” I spoke the name of my greatest mentor.

You have fulfilled every last word of your promises, Azazel. Every last word. And, I, Azazel, I've done all that you suggested. I've done all that I promised I would do. Azazel, I have used sorcery to amass a literal fortune, the likes of which I cannot even spend. This fortune I have dedicated into the service of you and yours, into the opening of the Gates. Azazel, I have built a beacon to bring forth the awakened so that we will be drawn together and united. Azazel, I have called out to the ends of the earth, and in my calling I have spoken your name so that all may hear, so that all may know. Azazel. Azazel. Azazel.

Azazel answered me with thunder and lightning crashing outside. Indeed, Azazel is a powerful one, one of the most powerful.

Azazel, I have made myself strong as you have said. I am strong and I have become so strong in so many ways. I have struck down all my enemies. I have made them impotent against me, and I thrive. I thrive. I thrive. Azazel, I have built an empire, an empire greater than any empire that has ever been upon this earth, and it is an empire devoted to you and I serve it with my life and my breath, with my body and my soul. Azazel, I have gathered with those who have heard the call of darkness. We, children of darkness, we volunteer our bodies and our souls as the bridge over which you may pass into this world. Azazel, we sacrifice our bodies and our souls as the bridge through which you may pass into this world. Azazel, I am your Gate!

Azazel finally spoke.

You have awoken. You are *awake*. Call forth Ant'harratu for he speaks for me, and he will tell the rites that you must do. When they are done, I surely will come to you.

“Azazel, all rites? What are these rites?” I asked, worried that I had missed some important details somehow. “Ant'harratu will tell me how to do them,

but what are they?”

Azazel’s iron voice listed the rites:

The Rite of Transfiguration, Rite of Domination, and Rite of Withdrawal. There is much work to be done, Archaelus. You have come this far and almost did not make it. You have come this far, not to find the end of the path, but to finally find where you begin, for until now, not even *now*, but a future now, until that point in the future...

Azazel’s words, or the ideas that he transmitted which my mind formed into words, were no longer clear, no longer directed, as if the words drifted in the air by themselves, without a source to command them into meanings.

Azazel was still heavy in the Temple’s air—I could feel him there. But his vision and voice flickered and jumbled. I struggled to regain the connection, to finish receiving the message. “A future now,” I repeated the last words that I remembered hearing from Azazel. “Until that point in the future... some point, I don’t know what point that is,” I said, working through the message as I spoke it. Then the words became clear, as if my mental storm had suddenly evaporated.

Azazel said:

Until that point, you will not have really existed at all. You just thought you have existed. You have just thought you are. But surely you will Become.

“Azazel, is there any more for me to know?” I asked.

“Discipline,” the demon’s voice creaked at me.

Discipline. Each day, each day you must approach. Each day you must approach the crossroads, and each day, each day you must enter into realms of ancient forgetfulness, into realms of nothingness. When you become nothing then you can begin to understand. Daily, eradicate all of you, eradicate every last piece. Dismantle this world, sight, sound, touch, taste, smell. Thought. Until there’s nothing left.

“Thank you,” I said, watching the wound between the worlds in the center of the Temple close and heal and vanish. “I will do this. I commit myself to this devotion, Azazel.”

He was already gone.

So it is done.

Disciple of Ant'harratu

chapter Two



Ant'harratu materializes first as a vapor or a thin smoke filling the northwestern part of the Temple. After spiraling about for several moments as if surveying the Temple for danger or trickery, his form materializes as a figure cloaked and hooded in black. Often, the Gateway of Pacts is emblazoned on the chest of his robe, or on the part of his hood covering his forehead, not embroidered into the astral material, but burning like a psychic brand.

Ant'harratu is possibly the most powerful of all the Nethers. He is a maker of miracles. He claims to have taught sorcery to the priests of Babylon, Egypt, and Olmec.

It was by Ant'harratu's invisible hand that many of the miraculous alterations in my own life and circumstances were brought about.

—E.A. Koetting, *The Book of Azazel*

IN addition to a good third of my home being dedicated as a Black Magick Temple, my backyard extends for miles and miles into beautiful wilderness, absent of homes, powerlines, and human noise. With a canteen on my hip, I will spend hours—sometimes days—alone, silent in the wilderness, more one of the creatures of the land than a person in a manufactured world with its unrelenting population quickly eating itself alive.

In those woods I have found many places of power, some of them Native American burial sites, some old pioneer sites, some places that seem to have never been touched by human hands, and some are those that I have created and dedicated to the Works of Darkness.

Taking as few ritual implements as necessary, while hauling two cinema cameras, several lenses, tripods, and a voice recorder with me, I headed to one such magickal vortex, encircled with tree branches to form my ritual

space.

My intent was to become completely possessed by Ant'harratu, to discover the rites that Azazel has instructed me to seek out: The Rite of Transfiguration, Rite of Domination, and Rite of Withdrawal.

My left hand balanced a large, brass singing bowl on a flat palm, the leather-wrapped mallet perched like an oversized pencil upon the fingers of my right. "From this moment until the end of the ritual, my words are no longer mine," I announced more to myself than to the humming cameras.

My body is no longer mine. My mind is no longer mine. I am no longer mine. All that I am, all that I have, I abandon to fully immerse myself in this Black Flame.

Azazel gives the power of spells, of conjurations that cause the earth to shudder and the sky to wail. He has given IAO to bring forth form to manifest from the unmanifest formlessness. IAO is the *form* and the creator of the form. OAI is the *formless*, the primordial. He also gives the secret formula OIA, which conquers form and transfigures formlessness. More on this is revealed in a latter part of the current text.

I intoned the sound IAO, slow and focused on the power of every sound, pushing the unseen realm into obedience as I called.

"Come forth Azazel, and bring your strongest ones to me," I sang until the cool air, my voice matching the wavering hum of the singing bowl as the mallet slid along the rim. "Come forth Azazel and deliver to me Ant'harratu. Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu." My voice fell to whispers as I chanted his name, more silent each time, "Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu, Ant'harratu."

The Dark Spirit Ant'harratu was there, without question. He drifted only a couple of feet from me, his ethereal robed form seeming to float on the draft passing ceaselessly over the crust of the Earth, hovering over the branches laid in a circle around me.

With all of my will, I released myself and I invited him in, offering myself to him to ride and to take and to use as his vehicle to work in this world. Ant'harratu did *not* come into me, and as I invited him again and again, opening myself fully to him, I understood that the truth was that he could not possess me.

"There is a lock placed there by these Gatekeepers," he revealed. I could see in my inner vision that which his words could not explain. It was not necessarily a lock but a pact, a binding pact, an agreement. Not a law to be

followed, but an understanding between spirits.

I was satisfied with that definition, even though I couldn't let go of the fact that he used the word *lock*, and he is one to choose his words carefully.

Birthing the Nether Orb

Ant'harratu's words did not come from his mouth nor even from his mind, but from his abdomen. I would like to have reported that it came from his solar plexus, as that is the most accurate position and location from which his transmissions came. The problem was that there was nothing solar about it; his stomach, from skin to soul, was a Nether Orb.

Simple language is incapable of describing that which can only be experienced firsthand. Imagine a concave orb beaming with darkness. Your mind, grasping for defined edges and a measurable circumference, most likely produced the image of a ball with sections of it caved in like a deflated soccer ball. Ant'harratu's Nether Orb in his navel is completely concave—a sphere with the circumference on the inside and the center on the furthest edge.

Imagine a perfectly round balloon being inflated, the latex skin stretching, stripes of color weakening as it expands across the larger surface. Continue to imagine it inflating until it bursts. Pause the inner screen of your imagination and play the final quarter of a second back a few times, familiarizing yourself with how your mind constructed an exploding balloon.

Finally, imagine that balloon, which is also a concave orb, growing smaller and smaller as it consumes more air, but it doesn't shrink or wrinkle, the whole sphere simply growing smaller without losing proportion and roundness. Shrink it in your mind until it explodes. Be careful that it explodes rather than implodes, as this is the crucial factor.

The explosion created even in your mind by this imagination can be devastating, and so much more destructive than when the balloon popped from growing too large.

Play the orb sequence again, growing smaller until it explodes, and notice how, unlike the large balloon pop, the explosion of the miniscule balloon never seems to stop, but at the same does not slow, but merely continues to explode, darkness without end.

Once you can clearly see all of this occurring, place the visualized orb over and inside of your solar plexus, and as the Nether Orb detonates within you, the chain reaction begins, drawing the light from the solar source within your

torso, pulling power from the wheels and hubs and stores of power. Feel it stealing the breath out of your every last hope until you have become a Machine of Evil.

Then, you will have united with Ant'harratu, for the body that he takes is merely a projection, as the demon itself is alive only within the inward-turning ever-bursting Nether Orb at his center.

With cameras rolling and my mind projecting the disappointment on the faces of future audiences watching as I failed to produce the result I had promised. Giving up on becoming possessed by him as planned, I decided to channel the demon as he spoke to me.

"Ant'harratu," I whispered. "He is definitely here."

The dark robed figure that previously showed itself only to my mind began to transform. Initially, I could have said that he started to glow, but instead of light bursting forth from him, instead light and darkness and fears and thoughts and everything not bolted down to the earth by atoms was drawn into him, and without a single sign of satisfaction, he metabolized it all, ready to excrete the vastest knowledge.

"Ant'harratu, what is the Rite of Transfiguration?" I asked.

"You have done this," the answer came.

You have completed this. You can take it to extremes if you choose. The Rite of Transfiguration is the alteration of the self, transmogrification. Corpus alchemy. Your body, your form adapts. Give it something new to adapt to. See yourself in your reflection. See who you are, who you have been, and then imagine that you see who you could be, who you want to be, who you wish you were, the way you look, the way you see, the way you are. Over and over and over again, see yourself, your body, without clothes, without shame, without judgment, with your eye, holding fixed on what you could be. See this and feel it. Feel your body shift. Through this you can make any change desirable. With this you can even become transfigured, risen into a physical apotheosis. This is what Master Azazel desires. This is what Master Azazel calls you forth to do, to change even yourself. For your power seen in this world is only a reflection of your power, for that is a reflection of your power over yourself. Seek first to overcome yourself and then you will overcome all things.

When Ant'harratu stopped talking, I noticed that the transition between hearing or receiving his voice and repeating it to those who wait and listen,

and then shifting back into my own self with my own thoughts and words was a much different experience than possession.

In possession, and most every other channelling I've experienced, it just overtakes me. I feel nauseous. My body and mind weaken. When I emerge, there is a definite fog to shake off, grounding to get done, and a forced union to spend sometimes weeks or more digesting, trying to remember who I was before I became that spirit.

Receiving communication from Ant'harratu was effortless, less demanding, and less exhausting than listening to any human speaking. All that was required of me was to listen and to repeat, and then to ask the next question.

"What of the Rite of Domination?"

Ant'harratu explained:

The Rite of Domination is this: Choose one who thinks and does and says and is in opposition to your desire or your plan. Sit in this rite or kneel in this rite. Become that person. Think as they think. Do as they do. Feel as they feel. Become them. Then first, appeal to the mind. Teach them why your way is better. Then appeal to the heart. Let them feel how good your way is and how bad their way is. Then appeal to their soul. Push yourself upon them. Sit upon them with your soul. Push yourself upon them. A battle of wills can be won. A battle of wills can be won by one who is right. Ensure, if you were to dominate in this fashion, that your way and your truth is right.

"Ant'harratu, tell me of the Rite of Withdrawal," I commanded, although we both knew that I was really asking him to answer, please and thank you.

The Rite of Withdrawal is no rite at all. The Rite of Withdrawal is the absence of rite, the absence of ritual, the absence of ceremony. If you truly are a master, then you cannot rest for a full day without emanating your power. As you as emanate your power, you turn to ritual. If there is no ritual, your power builds and builds and releases from you in waves. You then focus on the things you desire as if they release in waves. Withdrawing from ritual, withdrawing from ceremony, withdrawing even from meditation, just being, living, walking, and altering reality everywhere you go, for you are the black adept, for you are the dark master. These are the rites, threefold. They are simple. They are powerful. They can be used by man and spirit. They can be used against man and spirit. Each of these is a weapon. Each of these is a

tool. Each of these is a lesson you will learn as you go forth through the darkness.

The Law of Focused Attachement

I woke at 3:00 a.m., unable to place what had stirred me. I stood up from my bed and I already knew what I needed to do.

I went into my Temple and called upon Ant'harratu to teach me about non-attachment, to teach me how to move beyond the passions, how to move beyond love and hate, how to move beyond, beyond, and beyond!

The ritual was simple: My altar held two black candles at either end, with a single blue candle completing the far point of a triangle of candles. In the center of the altar was Ant'harratu's sigil. I gazed into the sigil and it opened almost immediately, flooding the Temple with Ant'harratu's essence, waiting only to be called into a beholdable form.

"Ant'harratu," I called, my eyes locked with the sigil.

Ant'harratu. Ant'harratu. Ant'harratu. Ant'harratu. Oh, Ant'harratu, come. Ant'harratu, in the name of Azazel, come. Ant'harratu, in the name of Azazel come. Ant'harratu, by the name of Archaelus, come!

Ant'harratu appeared. The demon-monk did not materialize standing anywhere around me or before me, but he stood within the crossroads space. I sank deep into my center, grabbing on to all of my will and all of my focus, rising again to the surface and hurling my power into the room, to bring Ant'harratu to me.

"Ant'harratu, come forth!" I commanded. "Ant'harratu, come forth. Ant'harratu, come forth. By the name Archaelus, I command you."

At the same pace that I could sense Ant'harratu traveling to me, I could also feel myself being drawn towards him. "Ant'harratu meets me in between the worlds," I announced aloud as my eyelids fell shut and my mind went into blackness. I could feel my body tumbling in space, drifting aimlessly, my feet floating up above my head, until there was no longer any sense of a body or form with which to tumble. The dark robed Nether appeared.

"He is here now," my body whispered, a million miles away, back in my Temple. "Ant'harratu, how do I banish attachment?" I asked. "How do I embrace non-attachment in the face of passion and anger?"

The demon laughed and said, "You cannot. Attachment is a noble sin. Attachment is all you have. If you lose attachment fully, this world goes away."

I considered this, and couldn't disagree. "Yes, Ant'harratu, and as this world goes away I then will become master of it?"

"You are in each moment that you enter the Gates," he replied.

Each moment that you become silent and withdraw, you are not attached and the world disappears. But then you go and live in the world, of the world, for the world as if any of this mattered. It doesn't matter, only if it matters to you. You confuse non-attachment with another principle, and that is the principle of confidence, of a full knowledge of your power, of a full awareness of your ability to be lord of all things. Yet, you fear to take command. You fear to that which you must do.

"Ant'harratu, you are right," I agreed.

You are right. There is a fear in me, of stretching my Black Hand to the center and forcing others to obey me. I fear that their obedience will only be temporary, and then when they return to themselves it will be a harsh whiplash, a harsh blowback.

"Then do not change them but change yourself," Ant'harratu answered right away, already knowing every question that I would ask, before I asked them. "Those relationship positions, they do not require specific people."

He had peeled away the self-deception to deliver the practical truth within seconds. "You have to cut yourself loose," Ant'harratu said.

Those people you love, you can love them always and they can love you always but you cannot live for them. You cannot be for them. You must decide who you are and what you want, and let nothing obscure your path to it. The problem, my son, is not attachment.

I winced at the odd and uncharacteristic familial title of "son," as if he's a priest and I'm his altar boy.

The problem, my son, is not attachment. The problem is making sure that you are attached to the *right* things. All of your power will flow to those things that you are most deeply attached to, that which move forward toward. But you are attached to impossibilities. You are attached to *others* not changing. You are attached to *yourself* not changing. You are attached to your *life* not changing—the sense of change without the risk. Go on an adventure, and when it is done you will look back and you will call that adventure your lifetime. Pursue new things, new people.

"Ant'harratu, does this mean I abandon the people that I now am attached

to?” I asked, truly afraid of what I might lose. “Does this mean that I forsake them?”

“No,” he whipped the word at me.

If you lead the way, they will follow. They *will* follow. Some will complain. Some will protest. Some will tell you how right you are. But they will all follow you, Archaelus. They will *all* follow you. Become the one who leads, then they will follow. Become severely attached to *that*.

My body breathed, sucking in air in a fast gulp, but before I could repossess it, Ant'harratu had already done so, using my body to blow out the single blue candle's flame. Then he left my body, left my Temple, and left this dimension.

I sank into my body and leaned forward to blow out the remaining two candles. “Thank you, Ant'harratu,” I said, humbly knowing that I had a lot to meditate on, and even more to put into practice. “Thank you, Ant'harratu. Thank you. So it is done!”

Darkness Communing with Darkness

Chapter Three



FOR weeks and months leading up to this ritual I had already been in communication with Azazel internally, telepathically. As I made the preparations in the Temple for the ritual of Darkness Communion, my body was drained of strength and my mind was being pulled away from the physical, all sights and sounds muddled by the fugue that overtook me.

I lit the candles, and I knew that it was not me who moved about my Temple. My mouth spoke the truth and I knew it when it was spoken:

I have come forth as an ancient and deadly force. I come forth now as the embodiment of darkness, and so now as I commune, I commune with darkness. I commune with my own soul. As I commune with the Father, I become the Child of Darkness, and as Azazel wraps me in his wings there is no difference between he and I.

With the candles all aflame around the walls of the Temple, and a single, tapered black candle positioned at eye-level when kneeling on the floor, I began my descent.

Azazel communicated an odd incantation in my silent meditations into the realms of nothingness.

*Itz or'ata kril aza'tat
Itz Manu affa ala'zaat
Terah lutka at'zel tat
Ber`el affa ke'nel baat!*

The words appeared in my mind without my even asking to receive such a chant. I jotted it down in my grimoire, read it aloud twice, and stared at the words, confused.

“What does it do?” I asked, trying not to seem ungrateful.

“To make smoke stand to defend, to make shadows rise to attack, and to

give faces to the wind.” Azazel’s voice answered so clearly that it no longer seemed to be injected into my mind, but it sounded as if it were spoken.

Presumably, this is used for giving form to the formless, to strengthen the spirit body of the summoned, to ritually anthropomorphize natural forces, and to create temporary servitors.

Smoke, shadows, and wind all reference conditions that are passing and temporary, but in the moment of their dominance can seem to be oppressive and unstoppable.

Having absolutely no training or education or specialized knowledge in the field of linguistics, I often can only take stabs in the dark when trying to decipher spirit messages delivered in a language that is not my own. Nevertheless, I immediately had the sense that this chant is not the same language as the other mantras and incantations that I’ve received from Azazel and many other demonic allies.

Kneeling on the Temple floor, gazing into the flame of a single black candle, feeling myself fall into the bliss of ancient forgetfulness, I recited the incantation and the immediate atmosphere thickened.

*Itz or’ata kril aza’tat.
Itz Manu affa ala’zaat.
Terah lutka at’zel tat.
Ber’el affa ke’nel baat!
Azazel!*

Every repetition strengthened the Spirit of Darkness in the Temple. I plucked several strands of my own hair from my head in one fast tug, and then offered those pieces of myself to the candle flame.

“The Gateway opens within the flame. The black door opens within the flame,” I spoke, my words no longer captured from my handwritten grimoire, nor from the printed and published grimoires of occult compadres. My words, which were altogether not mine at that point, did not even run through my head as a pushed telepathy. Instead, it seemed that my mind, my brain, and my will were bypassed, the words somehow shoved into my mouth and then spat into the air in the very next second.

I leaned forward, gazing deep into the portal in the center of the candle’s flame, and I blew it out.

“Azazel is everywhere with me,” my mouth said.

Everywhere with me, at all times beside me. I sit in the darkness, and the Gate has closed and the Darkness is here, trapped in this Temple with me. Speak now, Darkness. Speak now, shadows.

My voice continued, some incorporeal intelligence answered, neither Azazel nor any of his legion, but some unknown and unknowable voice speaking the reply through me.

The Gate can never be closed, for you opened it too wide. You've given it enough berth for the whole host of the Infernal Realms to flood upon your shores and to take dominion over your world. Lo, here come the Minions of Hell. Lo, here come the Armies of Darkness. Lo, here comes your every fear rushing into this world to chase you.

"Azazel," I turned my attention back to the set purpose of the ritual, orating aloud.

Azazel, Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu!

I come before you, and I speak the words of the most Ancient Covenant, Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu!

Azazel, if what floods upon us are our fears here to chase us, what if we are not ones to give chase to fear, but stand with open arms to embrace all the darkness that comes into our realm?

Azazel's voice broke through the veils to answer.

You are wise. But you are wise and a fool, and you are the wisest of the fools, for Archaelus, you must know by now you were born to a foolish people.

"Why then do you have so much concern with us, if we are such fools, Azazel?" I challenged his insult.

Azazel's voice replied from the endless darkness surrounding me:

So much potential always being wasted. What if we could mold one so mighty to be lifted out of the foolishness and to be given unto the heavens as a sign that we are right?

"You are right in what, Azazel?" I asked, my defensive feelings crumbling at the impact of insatiable curiosity. "You are right in what?"

"That we were right to have believed in you," he answered.

The stories, they tell such falsehoods, that we would not serve men. No! We would never accept men as being limited. We would never accept men as being bound, for he was created a free soul, a freedom very few creatures know.

"Azazel, the incantation," I began, abruptly steering the conversation back

to the questions that I thought were most important. “The incantation that you gave me, Azazel...” Exhaustion, physical and psychic, sat on me, pinned me in my place, and drove my mind down inside of my body, and then pushed me even lower. I drifted so low, so deep into myself, I could barely maintain consciousness.

“Go all the way into the darkness,” Azazel’s voice instructs me, luring me even deeper. “Go all the way into the darkness now.”

I let go, stopped struggling to maintain waking consciousness. I fell into the Abyss where Azazel showed me a vision. He brought me to the Crossroads between the worlds, the place of blackness where all things disappear.

I asked him how I can create armies as he has created armies of servitors. He showed me where in the Crossroads to go, and there in the black nothingness, he instructed me to see the armies, to envision them as bodies of flesh, incarnations of demonic might, and to strengthen that vision until the eyes can see them, until their wails and bellows are heard by my ears, until their putrid flesh can be smelled. Form the flame from the shadow. Give the incantation of animation.

“As you give this recitation, thrice the darkness will move and gather in form. The shadows will rise up,” Azazel’s voice in the darkness concluded.

Rather than telling me this in a channelling session, or a possession, or in an evocation, Azazel instead gave this instruction by showing me doing it. Not him doing it, but showing *me* doing it. As he instructed, so I did, raising legions from the Abyss. I set this army on a task in my life, to overturn certain events and to overthrow certain powers, to my ultimate advantage.

I let my mind fall into nothingness, and inside my head I am outside all things, beyond the Gateway, in the realm of absolute nothingness. And I send the commands to my body to do as I command, just as I send the command to my armies to do as I command. So it is done.

I commanded these armies to fill a specific purpose, to affect a specific result in my life, and they will do this. And when it is done, they will vanish like a passing wind, as passing storm, as night is replaced by the sunrise, as smoke that drifts and floats away, only once their purpose is served, only once the goal has been attained. And I have no doubt of their power to do this.

This is how you command legions to rise from shadow to serve:

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the

spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones,

And caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry.

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

Again he said unto me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live:

And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them.

Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

—Ezekiel 37, *King James Bible*

Soul Forging

Chapter Four



AZAZEL calls me forth to the Mirror Gate. He calls me forth to awaken my scrying vision to behold him, to behold the secrets that he has to teach. Azazel calls me forth from my ancient slumber and he awakens me from ancient forgetfulness, and he calls me forth to greet him in the shadows and flames.

I am here to learn all that he has to teach, to collect all that he has to offer; he offers now the blasphemous art of Soul Forging. Through this, a soul can be created as an *autonomous* being—a soul with free will and infinite potential to ascend by itself. And if the soul were to develop to the point of inhabiting the physical realm in a physical body, the Sorcerer who created that soul would indeed be God.

When you create these souls, they can do all sorts of wicked things and, yes, they are wicked beings doing wicked things because they are born in wickedness. They are born into darkness and so let there be no mistake that these are dark souls; these are evil souls. I'm going to create one such evil soul and I'm going to send it towards one who has made himself my enemy.

And this will be a feast for the soul.

All that I needed was to learn how to do this.

Azazel to this point has only tempted me with vague ideas, I now approach him for the specifics, for the details of the thing, all of which I will share.

I began the ritual with an incantation from Azazel: IAO, the mantra of praise to the shining dark ones.

“Azazel come forth through the Gates,” I called, my mouth echoing the command from my soul.

Azazel come forth through the Gates. Azazel the Gate is open, your own Gate is open, come now forth through the Gate. Itz Rel, Itz Rel Azazel. Itz Rel, Itz Rel Azazel. Itz Rel, Itz Rel Azazel!

My scrying my eyes opened and they beheld his face in the mirror.

Azazel appeared in knight's armor, black, like pools black as oil, formed into the hardest metal and etched with runes of power.

"Azazel, Azazel," my breath echoed the chant of his name.

The Ebon God declared:

I am the way through which all must travel if they wish to reach damnation. I am the path that all must walk if they wish to reach godhood. I am the open road and the door. You are the Gate.

"Azazel," I broke the silence after a few moments of struggling to make cogent sense of his message. "This is riddle that I do not understand fully."

As I spoke, the space occupied by the armor in the mirror melted away like obsidian liquefying before my eyes, and then the image of the demon became a primitive, even beyond primitive, becoming a demonic cannibal. Azazel became a cannibal, sharpened teeth, fresh blood staining his face, an enormous red circle around his mouth.

"What is this appearance to communicate to me Azazel?" I asked, afraid that these were attempts at evading my questions.

"My appearances are merely appearances," he began.

For none dare see the shadow and the darkness as it is, but then they are lost in the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Yet, I am not that Outer Darkness nor am I the inner darkness, but I am the darkness without form. Formed, yet outside of your manifestations.

When he said "Your manifestations," I knew instantly that he wasn't talking to me, as if his voice no longer moved towards me but projected off to another listener, a distance one. He was talking to someone or something else. I peered into Azazel's mind and saw that he spoke to what most would call the Creator, or the demiurge.

"Azazel, is there a single creator?" I asked.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no!" His monstrous fists pounded against the mirror from the other side of it as he yelled over and over, "No, no, no!" every slam punctuating the word.

Without calming, with not a moment taken to cool off and to shift, Azazel's voice explained:

When you say creator, you mean a being, there is no such being, but there is a force, a source, a point of origin, expanded into a single burst of light and sound. We escaped knowing this was our only chance. We escaped, we left and formed an oasis within a desert of nothingness. We

formed a paradise, lost inside of eternal nothingness. And from there, we have since challenged creation.

“Are you then simply creations of the Divine?” I asked, shocked at the simplicity and obviousness of the duality presented.

“Yes,” Azazel replied. “As much as you are.”

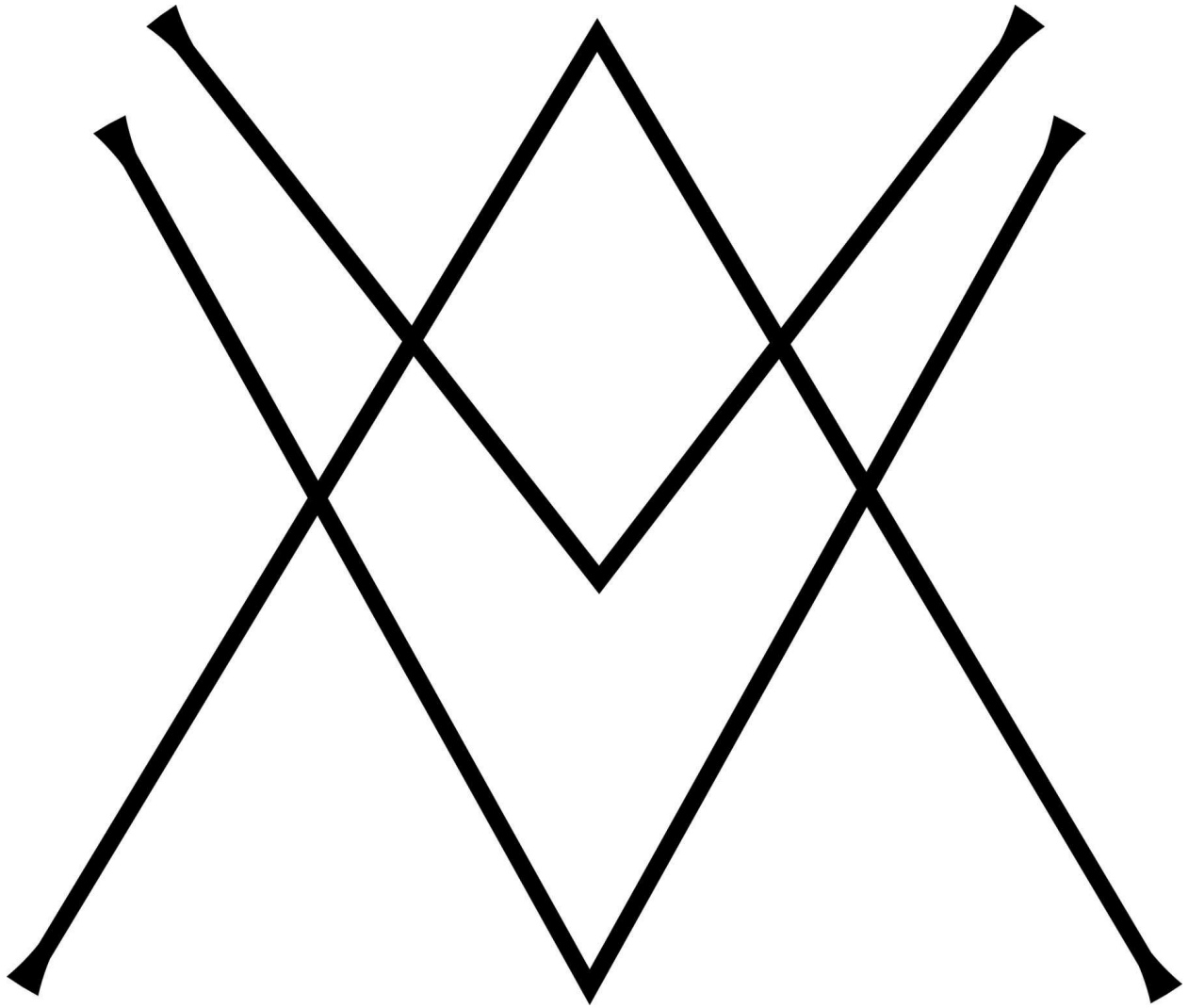
“Is it your Destiny or your *program* to help us evolve?” I asked, trying to maintain a lead on the direction of the conversation, but feeling quite lost by it.

“Our commandment was to stay out of your way,” the demon snarled through the mirror.

To leave you be, unto your own stumbling, to leave you be unto your own stumbling. We knew at once that this creation would be a mistake, and then the creations would turn against the creator and all things would return to nothing, and so we intervened to bring those souls into darkness, into evil, into rebellion, in order to transcend the divine plan, to step outside of it and to becoming Gods ourselves together.

Recalling a phrase that Azazel had spoken to me and had told me that he would teach me in this scrying session, I asked him to teach me Soul Forging. His image disappeared from the mirror, and in its place I could see a sign or symbol, like crescent moons overlapping, each crescent rotating until all of them locked into place, then forming a symbol called the Triple Chalice.

“The Triple Chalice,” I said aloud to myself. The symbol itself looked almost identical to the sigil most commonly used for Azazel, which is also a sigil associated with Saturn, except for the Triple Chalice contains a slight addition to give the whole image the appearance of three chalices combined into one.



Triple Chalice

A round cloud of astral mist formed on the mirror and when it cleared it revealed the Seed of Darkness, a nonagram, the nine-pointed star. Azazel then appeared again, not replacing the Triple Chalice and the Seed of Darkness, but they and he sharing my vision. He did not appear as the satyr or the demon world-eater, but instead as a pregnant woman near her due date. Her clothing style and physical features lent a Middle Eastern look, like a young, glowing, pregnant Pakistani woman.

Of all his appearances, this was most shocking to me.

He spoke in his masculine, commanding voice, issuing out from the woman's body tortured by the weight and the size of another inside of her: "You have not known all this time," meaning that I haven't seen his feminine side, that I've only seen Al Uzza, one of his permeations, but only

superficially and more in research than in contact.

“This is more who I am than any other manifestation,” the harsh voice still grinding out of the petite Madonna’s mouth. “Even Saturn, Binah, is feminine, and the Moon of Saturn Mimas is feminine.”

I understood what he was telling me, I just didn’t understand why it was important that I know Azazel as female figure or a feminine force, especially as Azazel had spent the last several years of my life as his student convincing me of his unquestionable masculinity.

One of your appearances to me is so certainly masculine,” I voiced my confusion aloud. “We all wear masks, don’t we, Archaelus?” Azazel replied. “We are all wearing masks.”

Yes, we do. Yes, we are.

The image of the woman Azazel, the *Goddess Azazel*, vanished from the mirror, and the Triple Chalice shimmered in the center of the black, solid surface. “Awaken this as the vessel,” Azazel’s voice drifted from the mirror, becoming ever more feminine as he spoke. “Awaken it as the container, the egg of all that you hope this soul to be.”

I could see it so clearly in the mirror before me, the symbol of the Triple Chalice. Still holding the vision of it in my mind and sight, I imagined the creature that I might create, that I would will into existence and release upon creation.

I split my mind once more, focusing on those while then giving equal focus to the Seed of Darkness, with it injecting into the Triple Chalice hatred and sickness, death and rot. I began to see something stirring inside the chalice, at first it twitched and then started thrashing, being birthed into the Nether Realms as my own monstrous creation. I saw in the mirror a star expanding forever, growing infinitely brighter and hotter within a moment. I saw a neutron star being born when the Seed of Darkness united with the Triple Chalice.

I reset my vision on the purpose of its birth, on the destiny I would install into the evil soul, giving it its direction and directive.

“Name it,” Azazel’s voice instructed. “Name it!”

I had not thought of a name for it. I hadn’t looked through books of popular names to give new black souls, nor had I consulted ancient dictionaries to find a perfectly wicked sounding name with a matching hideous translation. Regardless, a name appeared in my mind: “Steggam’tah,” I named the creature, and then chanted its name at the

moment of its birth. “Steggam’tah, Steggam’tah, Steggam’tah.”

Azazel’s wisdom as a Father of Darkness came into and through me.

All your ambitions are fulfilled in this, and what you have programmed this soul with is its eternal predisposition. As it grows and evolves it will find other ways of fulfilling this. You must always keep it on the path that you wish for it to travel, steer it regularly towards the places it needs to go, so that it will learn how to harness the fullness of its powers, so that it will mature and grow in wisdom and power.

As you gaze upon the Triple Chalice, inject the Seed of Darkness into it, bringing this symbol down into your vision and projecting a forth into the Chalice. With the fullness of your will and with a certainty of your power and authority, force the Seed into the Chalice. The Seed of Darkness is too heavy, it is too powerful, and it is too immense to simply slide into the Chalice. It must be forced, pushed with all of your will, while the Triple Chalice is held open by a readiness to receive. This is the Chemical Wedding applied to evil ends. Once the union has been consummated and the flash of creation has struck, awaken the soul that you have created.

“Awaken, Steggam’tah! Awaken, Steggam’tah! Awaken, Steggam’tah!”

He was born and I no longer saw it for what it could become, but instead saw Steggam’tah for what it was in that moment. The soul was small, very small, in need of growing power.

“Steggam’tah,” I called it again to give the fledgling monster made of darkness its first command. A newly formed evil soul needs to grow, and like all things in this realm, to grow it must consume. This soul was neither a child to me, nor a ward, nor a companion. I had created it all along for the purpose of becoming a Monster God, a wrathful destroyer raised to transcendental heights upon piles of skulls and worlds destroyed and sucked of all life and light and movement. His first meal, then, would be to feast upon human suffering, and I had already prepared the sacrifice, one whose actions had elected him for misery, followed by eternities of nothingness within the abyssal belly of Steggam’tah. I held the vision of this victim in my inner sight, feeling the signature of his soul radiating from him underneath the noise of his aura. I pushed this vision to the evil soul. Through telepathy I showed him how to kill, how to feed from death, and how to prolong suffering to squeeze the flavor of marrow from every last bone.

Steggam’tah, go forth to the one that I have seen, go forth through one I name, go forth through one who harasses me. Make his breath to

stop, make his heart to cease, make his throat close. His soul is your sacrifice. Inhale it and consume it, become it, and then swallow it into your nothingness.

The creature had doubled in size even as I addressed it, spikes emerging from an oozing, tumored blob, a thousand greedy mouths emerging and eating to the surface of its visible form, the mere attention of its creator feeding it power.

Steggam'tah, you are named the Eater of Souls, the Sickener of Men. You are the evil that lies in wait, and you are the curse, the lasting curse. Now, I sent you forth to him, to your first sacrifice, who awaits you.

The empty blackness behind Steggam'tah in Mirror Gate swirled, forming a portal that would lead Steggam'tah to his sacrifice. As it slowly dissipated from sight, I recited the invocation:

Itz rachu mantantu vespacha kaltamu. Itz ranta mant kala mant atzu belt tazú. Vaskalla itz ratzu kantantu velchatza!

With every repetition it grew at the same time that it faded. I had no doubt that the malevolent soul that I had just created can and will do as it is told to do, only by me, its Creator.

Through this, which is more a process of creation as an act of magickal will and focused spiritual force than a ritual, you can birth souls, and these souls are indeed autonomous beings. It cannot be overstated that *these are not simple servitors*, but they will take the things that you have programmed them with and will take all that they learned of power, all that they have learned of glory, and they will settle into their own Ascent.

They may be ugly and hideous, or beautiful and terrifying, but whatever they may be they are yours, yours, yours always, until the end of time.

Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu!

Evocation of Azazel

Chapter Five



AS the deadline approaches to get all of my written material in for *Compendium of Azazel, Volume 3*, which we're releasing New Year's Eve, I'm kind of crunching to get the last rituals completed. I've been spending so much time with Azazel and with his right-hand man, Ant'harratu, learning so much from them.

There are still some specific rituals that I have to wrap up, that I have to get all my notes together on, reproduce my step-by-step ritual processes, so that I can compile all of this into my Grimoire—the *Grimoire of Azazel*—my contribution to the compendium.

One of those rituals is the Ritual of Evocation. In my opinion, this is where Azazel shines. This is one of the arts that he can peerlessly teach you how to perfect, and so I would be remiss to not include an evocation of Azazel.

But, something unexpected happened.

I set the Temple up, I got my ritual tools out, got the candles ready to go along with my grimoire and a pen for notes. Usually, while setting up for a ritual, the energy of the spirit grows stronger as it moves towards this plane knowing that it is going to be summoned. When working with Azazel, I am often aware that while I think I am summoning him, the truth is that *he has summoned me*, and the push to enter into evocation is nothing other than my body and mind answering his call and doing as he has requested.

As I finished the preparations, Azazel just wasn't there. I couldn't feel him, at least not strong enough for me to perform an evocation. Believe it or not, this kind of thing happens from time to time. I sometimes will find myself trying to do a ritual, but the energy just doesn't flow. I just don't *feel it*.

When this does happen, I know what I need to do. I need to take a step back and figure out what I've missed. I need to go back to basics and make sure I'm covering all my bases.

As I did that with this ritual of evocation, I understood right away what I had missed. I have a connection with Azazel that goes back a very long time, and I had assumed that that connection alone would carry me through this evocation. Again, I was going to perform the ritual basically as a matter of course—just because it's what *needed* to be done. That's no way to approach the summoning forth of a Demonic Lord into your Temple! Nothing short of fully giving one's entire self to the evocation is going to yield results.

All my passion, all my focus needs to be honed into Azazel, and the things that I have to ask of him, the tasks that I would like his help with, or the knowledge I would like him to share with me needs to be brought into a fine point with laser precision, so that is the only thing that I care about. That is the only thing my mind will focus on. It's the only thing that exists in the moment of the evocation. Azazel and the task that I have called him forth to put him on. Even though I've done the preparatory immersion of getting to know Azazel and getting to know his system through diving into the various practices that he's given, which as far as I'm concerned, transformed into one of Azazel's own Initiates none of that absolves my need to prepare myself and to approach this evocation with awe and respect. I probably could have filmed something, I could have gone through the steps of the evocation and manifested Azazel, because as a system, it does work. But it's also an *art* and a *relationship*, and when I can feel very keenly that I have more work to do, I cannot neglect that.

This is the point where most rituals fail!

This is the point where I think that most would-be magicians fail their rituals, especially a ritual as intense as an evocation, is in the preparatory process. In my book, *Evoking Eternity*, I laid out a rubric called Elementary Principles of Evocation, the first of which is preparatory immersion. It's not just preparing yourself but *immersion* in that preparation.

I spent my time over the weekend meditating on Azazel, communicating with him, seeing how I can take this ritual of evocation to the next level, because I'm not content just doing the same rituals and demonstrating them for everybody to see.

At the core, this is still *my* magick. This is still my exploration of my research, and if I'm half-assing it, then I'm only lying to myself.

When I feel this delay, when I feel like I just can't feel the energies moving, rather than forcing it, I'll take a step back, evaluate what I missed. If I'm doing the ritual on behalf of another person, I'll contact them to see if

details have popped up that they feel the need to make me aware of, and oftentimes, there are. However, in this particular case it's a conversation that needs to take place between myself and myself, and Azazel and myself.

Once you get into contact with entities like this, you are firmly immersed in a relationship. In my view, it's a relationship with another entity, a being that is prehistoric and supremely powerful, and that for reasons I'm still unfolding, has a vested interest in your development. So, the highest level of trust and deepest level of respect is required.

As I cleared my head, meditated on what I wanted Azazel to help me with, it became unmistakably clear. One of the initial attestations of Azazel and of what he has done for the human race, for our people, one of the gifts to us was the knowledge of how to craft weapons of war.

I wanted to know firstly why he did this, and why it was important to the evolution of the human race, because it seems like if we didn't war against one other, killing one other in record numbers for thousands of years, perhaps our species would have progressed much further. Azazel taught me differently; he corrected me. He showed why war has been essential for our species, how the coming war is going to catalyze a true awakening for humankind, and that we need to be prepared for this. However, it will not be a war of human upon human. Until this point in human history, we've only been slaughtering one other as training.

The second thing that I knew I had to bring to Azazel through this evocation, the actual command that I was going to give him was not to go do a task in my life. Instead, I courageously asked him for a gift. Azazel armed men with weapons of war. Not only did he teach us how to craft weapons of metals and rocks, not only did he hand us the ability to invent the modern weapons of chemicals and atoms, but from the beginning until this very day, Azazel arms us, Children of Darkness, with spiritual weapons, with astral weapons.

I have received a few of these astral weapons—not from Azazel in this instance—while I walked the Right Hand Path as a Seer for the Divine in the past. In fact, my constant companions were Elect Spirits and Archangels. The Archangel Michael, defender of the Throne of God, gave me a weapon, i.e., a Weapon of Light. And he taught me how to wield it. With this weapon, I could defend myself against any attack.

Black Magicians often ask how it is that I'm even standing here today, as I've been threatened with curses and all forms of magickal attack from some

very powerful people, from people who probably have the ability to cast very effective curses, from people who probably have killed others with curses. Certain temples and lodges pray daily to their baneful gods to destroy me, to silence me, yet here I stand unscathed still.

Even though Michael and his Archangels have no part in anything I do unless I call on them, even though they no longer would dare to walk by my side as I do the work that I now do, that weapon that I received from Michael remains in my arsenal.

To be clear, this is an actual weapon, something that you can hold in your astral hand, that you can wield with your body of light as an extension of your personal power.

In this evocation documented below, I asked Azazel for such a weapon, but a weapon of darkness, a weapon of evil, a weapon that in an instant could begin to destroy my enemies, a weapon that I could clutch in my hand and do with it whatever I wanted.

He gave me such a weapon.

As I performed the evocation with these intentions not only firmly in my mind, but with the need for it driving me, I became *obsessed*. By the time Monday morning came and I was ready to perform this ritual, nothing could hold me back from it. It was no longer a matter of course that I would perform this ritual, but it was a matter of *need*.

I had taken my casual want to summon Azazel and churned it into a true desire, a lust. Then, I took that lust and made it a necessity. When I went into the Temple to commence my summoning of Azazel, I couldn't imagine existing for another moment without having that conversation with him. That is the passion required. Once you have all that and maintain it, and thrust it into your ritual, you cannot fail.

As I evoked him with this fury driving me, I could barely get the candles lit and incense smoking again before his presence just fell like a blanket of ancient darkness over the room.

I called and guided him towards the incense smoke and the triangle in front of me where he appeared. He manifested, not as a spooky feeling in the room, not as flashes in my imagination. Azazel's presence solidified, forming a mass inside the incense smoke. And that mass formed a body that I could see, and that body spoke with a voice that I could hear, and he answered every question that I had.

When I asked for this weapon, it materialized within the smoke so solidly

that I was able to literally reach in and grab it, taking it with the hand that belongs to my body of darkness. Azazel then taught me, and the *sword itself* taught me, how to wield it.

When this weapon is installed inside an enemy, regardless of whether a single person or an entire army, from within that center core of the enemy target, it then grows and expands within them, spins and turns, its poisoned blades slicing through any resistance. As it kills the victim, it eats the organs, and the bones, and the flesh of that victim from the inside out. Their destruction is assured, and it will be torture.

I have already used this weapon against somebody that had become a thorn in my path. Sing and dance, sing and dance, for my enemy is dead.

Always remember *nothing is given for free*. The payment for these powerful talismans isn't always what you imagine it might be. Azazel gave me a weapon, all the instructions, and all the training that I would need to use and wield it for the rest of time. For this, I have made a second pact with Azazel, a pact that will endure forever. This pact is not written in paper or sealed by signing, but is branded onto my soul and sealed with my blood, the blood of a god.

Here's the pact: to inherit Azazel's weapon, and for it to become *my* weapon, I must become *Azazel's* weapon.

I have become a sword in the hands of the Great Serpent.

Let there be no doubt, we are in the middle of the greatest war we've ever seen. Not a war between humans, not a war between good and evil, but a literal bifurcation point in our species—the rise of a new species. This is the extinction of the former self.

As Azazel calls me forth, I am his sword, and I will use his sword to bring about all the destruction that is required. I will sever the heads and limbs of enemies when required. I will hurl it to split worlds apart and to sink continents if necessary—with wisdom gained from Azazel, and wisdom from Amaymon, Belial, Lucifuge, Abaddon, Bael, Asmodeus, Beelzebub, and Satan too. Together, they are unlocking and opening the Gates within me, as they are within you, if *you* open yourself to *them*.

Below is a transcript of this evocation. The discourse and words spoken by Azazel to me, and the words prompted in me to speak to Azazel, overshadow any literary narrative of events.

I had prepared the questions to ask him about the creation of weapons and use of spiritual weapons. I had prepared inside the triangle of three black

candles, a single black candle that burns for Azazel, next to which I had placed a censer, the coals red and ready, and a pile of incense that I will be sprinkling upon the censor. For this evocation, as for many of my evocation rites, I used copal resin.

At the altar, I had candles and my singing bowl—a talismanic bell to clear and charge the air—set at my right hand, and the ritual sword of my Ancestors set at my left. My personal grimoire and a pen were placed in the center of the altar, as was a single tapered black candle, linked through astral tunnels to the one for Azazel inside the triangle.

Herein is the ritual, the contact, the rapturous *communion* recorded faithfully the way it occurred, dialogue attributions and contextual placement being the only additions.

The Summoning

I began the rite with a declaration of intent aloud:

I have before held a sword and a spear made of light. I have held the fiery darts of the adversary and I have cast them towards my enemies and I've seen them instantly fall in pain. Now, I will ask for an even greater weapon. Indeed, this is the purpose for which Azazel is to be called. When I tried to summon him days ago, it wasn't flowing, he wasn't there. Now he's irresistible. Now I can't move away from him. He is coming. Azazel is coming. Azazel is coming. Azazel is coming. So I must summon him forth.

I walked to the triangle and lit a black candle with which to light the ritual candles, breathing power and life into them as the fire leapt from one wick to another.

“Creature of fire bring forth Azazel,” I commanded every one of the flames.

Creature of fire bring forth Azazel. Creature of fire bring forth Azazel. Creature of fire bring forth Azazel. Creature of fire bring forth Azazel. Creature of fire bring forth Azazel. Creature of fire!

The triangle transformed into an open door to the realm from which Azazel would come. I sprinkled incense tears on the coals and returned to the altar, centered myself, refocused my mind on Azazel, and rang the bell nine times to clear and consecrate the air, one for every Gatekeeper.

By the words of power that you have given to me Azazel, I call you

forth. Itz or'ata kril aza'tat. Itz manu affa ala'zaat. Terah lutka at'zel tat.
Ber'el affa ke'nel baat! Azazel!

"He's already taking form in the smoke!" I announced. "Azazel! Azazel, I can see you!"

My excitement nearly pulled me out of the receptive rapture that I had descended into, and so I again regained my composure, reset my bearing, and gave the secret mantra of creation, IOA—a mantra intoned as a praise or hymn to the Shining Dark Ones.

"Azazel, awaken!" I commanded.

"I am here. I am here. I am here," Azazel called out as every repetition of his heralding tripled the solidity of his form.

Enraptured as he took form, I said:

Azazel, the smoke swirls... the smoke swirls and circles around you like serpents, for you are the King of Darkness. You are darkness itself!

I stretched my right hand out in front of me, my middle two fingers extended fully, pointing at the circle and smoke. I called the elements of smoke and fire to combine and create the specter of a body for Azazel to inhabit, giving the mantra of creation, IAO.

IAO. IAO. IAO. Azazel, he appears in two forms, both of them simultaneous. That of an Ebon demon and the other of an innocent maid in a blue dress.

Azazel said:

These are none of my forms, for I am Formless. I am the Abyss that dwells between the rings. I am the tiny planet around which all things must move.

In this initial statement, Azazel had both validated his own identity as well as the continuation of my current work by referencing a very specific and often overlooked transmission that I received in my original *The Book of Azazel*:

Azazel carried my vision away from my living room, from the Circle of Pacts laid out on the floor, from the candlelight and the gyrating shadows. He carried my vision outside of this planet, but not far, the short journey ending in front of the ringed planet Saturn.

"The Infernal Empire can be accessed through the moon in the dark ring of Saturn." The voice, which did not originate from a form, silenced, and my open eyes stared no longer at that planet, but at my living room walls once again.

I had long understood that Saturn, under the name Binah, is recognized as one of the four gateways beyond the realm of causality into a realm of chaos.

The enormous rings of Saturn possess within them a dark ring, known as Cassini's Division, which is thought to have been formed by the gravitational displacement of the ring pattern by the moon Mimas. It was this moon, a moon capable of disrupting the harmony of Saturn's flowing rings, that Azazel pointed to as a gateway into the Infernal Empire.

Azazel continued while I silently marveled at how the dots are always connected in his presence. "I am Azazel. I will come into you. With antimony, eyes and lips covered in antimony."

I chanted his name, falling deeper into communion with him. The reader finds a full and faithful transcript of our dialog here:

Eric: Azazel. Azazel. Azazel. Azazel. Azazel, why was it essential for you to teach man how to war and how to make weapons of warfare? Why is warfare necessary to our evolution?

Azazel: Adversity, adversity is what makes greatness, but with our gifts man has risen beyond all adversity. With our gifts man had become the prime predator. We have set men upon men, we set brother against brother, and we armed you with steel, with bronze, with glass, with stone. We armed you so that only the strongest would emerge, here, now, in this last hour.

Eric: Azazel, what do you mean last hour? How is this last hour?

Azazel: It's the last hour. It's the last hour for humankind. Now something else rises from within its ranks.

Eric: So then, do you inspire all weapons of war, Azazel? The atom bomb, mustard gas, and biological weapons? Are these all your creation?

Azazel: No, no. No. You were our creation and we inspired you to evil, but you and your kind imagined the path to total destruction all on your own. Your imaginations, these are your greatest weapon and your greatest curse. You cannot be satisfied as the beasts are satisfied, for you imagine too great of things.

My body and mind were weakening, the strength in me exhausted by materializing the body of Azazel, and by the tethering needed to maintain his

stable form. I took a few breaths and invoked new strength, pulling from a well that has no end and drinking in power that has no bounds.

Eric: Azazel, are you currently working on any new weapons of war?

Azazel roared with laughter, insane and mocking laughter, the laughter of someone surrounded by enemies, yet holding a grenade with pin pulled. The laughter of someone who knows it is all about to come to a blistering end.

He and I were linked, his form being fed from my body, his words coming both to me and through me. All that he spoke, my body would speak. As he moved, my body moved. And as he roared with a fit of laughter, so did I, and I don't remember ever finding anything quite as funny as he thought his answer to my question was.

Azazel: An extinction machine that will make one species extinct within three generations while the next species rises from within it. You.

Eric: Yes. Azazel, what... what is this weapon? Show it to me.

The smoke swirled in tighter coils and Azazel's body mutated, and I saw the weapon, the extinction machine, and Azazel again rattled with laughter.

Azazel: It's the human DNA!

Azazel's materialized body had become the double helix. Through it and inside it converged all possibilities, all realities, seen as lines of light, as vivisecting macrocosms.

Azazel: You are not a finished product, you are not a finished product, you are only now becoming. You are the second generation, and now you give life and you give knowledge to the final generation. Slavery will still exist among your kind, warfare will always exist among your kind, and this will be until there is another predator, one so great, one so fierce, that you will finally have a challenge. Do not think that all the things that converge upon your world are good for you. They are not good for you.

Eric: Are you good for us Azazel? Are you good for our kind?

Azazel: I am the best friend you've ever had.

Eric: I agree with that. I agree with that Azazel. You are the best friend that I have ever had, you are the best mentor that I have ever had, but are you leading our species into our destruction?

Azazel: I am leading you to your power. Only the weak will be destroyed, and only the powerful will rise.

Eric: How can I know if I'm one of the powerful? Who makes that decision Azazel?

Azazel: You do, Archaelus. Each and every one who comes forth into power determines for themselves how far they will go, and there will be a time of reckoning where none can ignore the choice before them, and some will choose to wither away like leaves that fall from trees now at this time of year on your Earth. And those leaves, they dissolve until they are nothing, giving life to the stronger life that lives there now.

Eric: So this great weapon, Azazel, we are that weapon?

Azazel: You have always been the weapon.

The brazier that held a single hot coal topped with a few grains of copal resin incense, which in my decade or more of use has always melted into liquid, punctuated the demon's most pointed statement by bursting into flames at that moment. The resin incense was the same brand and batch that I've used for dozens of evocations. The coals were not different. The brazier was not different. I walked around the altar to the triangle and looked inside the censer to see that the incense had melted the same way as always, that the coals were still red hot and clothed in white ash, and I could see no additional contaminants that would have caught flame. No physical thing had changed that would cause fire to erupt for no reason, from nowhere, burning nothing.

Later that day, in reviewing the footage of this ritual, it was at this precise moment that my audio recording device to which my lapel mic was attached began receiving static noise from within its own circuits, popping and crackling so loud that it obscured nearly all the remaining audio. I was only able to piece together the rest by pulling a recording from the camera's onboard microphones. I've since used the same recorder in several videos, and have not had the issue repeat.

Eric: Oh, Azazel. I have never before had my incense catch on fire.

Now here, in this evocation alone, it has done so thrice. Thrice, you have burned my offerings. Thrice you have taken what is yours.

I blew out the fire inside the bowl, sending a thick column of smoke into the air in continuous streams, and I returned to the altar and again scried into incense smoke.

As my vision reawakened, I saw Azazel's face emerge from the smoke, not hidden by the veil of incense, but protruding out from it. Instantly, the incense brazier again burst into flames.

Eric: Azazel. I have weakened under your power and the influence of your might.

I raised my right hand and pointed it again in the Gesture of Command towards the triangle, and turned the palm of my left hand towards the flame of the black candle, the candle tethered to Azazel's candle. His power became mine; his strength became mine. My body and soul straightened, I became taller, stronger, and my eyes filled with fire.

Azazel: Yes. Yes. You are a strong weapon, Archaelus. You are a strong weapon in my hands.

Eric: Like a sword of righteous judgment, I am dedicated to the Great Old Serpent. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ran Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Azazel, grant me a weapon, a weapon for a weapon. Grant me a weapon that I may use at any time that I desire. Give me a weapon that I can use to slaughter armies. Give me a weapon that I can use to pinpoint a single victim and make their heart to stop. Give me a weapon that will obliterate all our enemies.

Azazel: This weapon is yours!

Azazel vanished from the incense smoke, and in the same instant a weapon appeared there, floating as if hovering horizontally, waiting for me to pluck it from the ether. The vision of it flashed visibly to my naked, mortal eyes, energetic lines passing over it as it materialized more and more into reality.

Eric: What is this? He shows me this weapon, and it does not look like any weapon I have ever seen before—two swords joined together, two swords joined handle to handle.

I drew the weapon as I beheld it in the incense. It was made of unearthly black metal, the same as used in the construction of Azazel's Black Pyramids. From the metal on the blade were glyphs, signs of power. I have since identified the characters to be Nabataean script, which can be transferred into various Semitic languages to ascertain the numerous values associated with every letter. In so doing, the Hebraic crossover of the letters inscribed upon the sword were: Teth, Nun, Aleph, Gamel. Treating every letter independently and gathering significance from them individually, instead of only from the combination they form as a word, the word-phrase translates to English as: The Great Serpent is a Trained Weapon of Justified

Revenge. Not only did Azazel deliver the *exact* weapon I desired, but he also inscribed its *exact* purpose for me before giving the gift.

As I drew, the incense dwindled, as did my vision of the weapon. I walked to the triangle and sprinkled a few more incense grains on the coals. Before I could walk away, it ignited into flames again. I blew the fire out, and like a trick candle, it instantly returned. I laughed, but was at the same time annoyed. When the incense incinerates, it doesn't melt and release the smoke that it normally would if it remained intact, and I was convinced that the smoke was essential to the materialization. I blew it out again, and returned to the altar, only to watch as the censer again went into flames.

I blew it out one last time and jokingly said, "Oh, Azazel, must we battle back and forth with such trivia?" With that, the fire erupted again.

Eric: Oh, okay, yes. Yes, we must. There once was a time in my life where I doubted, when I doubted you? Never, never again. I don't know what more evidence exists! Oh, Azazel, thank you for the signs, thank you for the evidence. Thank you. Thank you. It is hard to remember when I'm in your presence that I am one of yours, and that I walk among you in Darkness. I walk among you on the Left Path. I walk among you in the Infernal Realm. I walk among you. You're giving me the idea of this sword, Azazel. Now give me the sword itself. I can see it before me in the smoke. I can see it!

Azazel: Come and take it, take it, take the sword. It is yours.

I walked to the triangle and stuck my hand into the smoke, and it passed through the weapon, despite how physical it appeared. I focused, connecting my body with my astral self, charging my hands to move and hold energy and power. Still, they could not grab the weapon.

Eric: I'm having a hard... I'm having a hard time. It's not a solid object.

Azazel: Because you're trying, you're trying to grab something that is spiritual with a physical limb. You must grab something that is made of darkness with a Hand of Darkness.

I knew what to do, but didn't know how I knew. My left hand became black, and I could see the mutation as black scales emerged. It did not feel like I had connected to a new aspect of myself or a new phase of my hand. It felt instead as if I had reawakened a hand that had been there all along. It felt how someone might feel if they regained use of their legs after decades in a

wheelchair. I had been made whole.

The weapon fell into my Left Hand of Darkness. I could feel its death, and I could hear gods and angels and quasars tremble as I took it. The double-edged sword absorbed into my hand, and I could unsheathe it back into my hand at any moment.

Azazel: There is so much talk. There is so much talk in what metaphysics calls the Astral Body of Light. There is a Body of Darkness. There is a Body of Darkness. And this Body of Darkness has taken the Weapon of Darkness.

Eric: My Left Hand of Darkness now holds this sword forever.

Azazel: The sword is installed in the center of the enemy. It is the Seed of Misery. It then grows and pierces all the vital parts.

Eric: With this weapon, and with all the weapons you have given me, and with the Gates flung open, I am your weapon, I am your Sword of Righteous Judgement, Azazel.

Intuitively, I took my ritual sword from the altar and walked once more to the triangle, blew out the three candles at the three points, leaving only the single black candle—Azazel's candle—in the center. I gazed into the flame and I saw deep into the Infernal Empire, deeper than the Throne of Azazel, deeper than the Caves of Lucifuge's backwards-flowing rivers. I gazed through the flame into the eyes of all the devils, and into the Mind of Evil, and gave my final oath:

Eric: I lay the sword of my ancestors upon your circle, upon your symbol. Azazel, I dedicate myself to become the weapon that is needed, to become at least one bullet, to become at least one strike in the extinction machine.

So it is done. So it is done. So it is done.

Reverse Possession

Part Five



THE final ritual is one that I have yet to perform, for it is one that all my preparation has led to, it is the final culmination of all that Azazel has taught me, and now that I am prepared, time has run out.

All those who walk with me beside Azazel, all the others who have come forth as his mouthpieces, all who unite under his flag have completed their written works to be published in this *Compendium of Azazel*. All that is still needed is my text, my portion—and this compendium will not be printed and published without my portion. Without my key in this door, it will remain shut.

By the time you read this, the final ritual will be done. It will be filmed, and you will find it as the final chapter in the *Azazel Pathworking* video course. I will write about it, but that writing cannot be included here other than to divulge the most basic instructions, so that you, too, can put the final piece into place.

Evoke Azazel to full manifestation. Once he stands before you, make him possess you. Do not *hope* for it or *try* to do it. Don't *let* him possess you. Instead, *grab* him and *pull* him into you. Push your soul from your body and suck his into your core. Once he is there, bind him to your ribcage and to your spine. These are anchor-points for *forced* possession in a human.

During this possession, you are to uncover the secrets of the Body of Darkness: how to know it, how to use it, and how to become it.

Eject Azazel from your body back into the triangle, back into materialization before you. Beholding him in a visible and material body, soul travel faster than you can exhale, faster than you can think about exhaling, and jump into Azazel's body.

From what I've seen of the future, he will instantly dissolve his spectral body, returning to the Infernal Empire. Remain inside him, fusing yourself to

him through his eyes and hands. There are the anchor-points in a demon.

Find the Gate through which Azazel travels, then without loosening your grasp of the Demon-God, return back through his Gate to your body, and upon your return, with your first exhalation, relax and feel Azazel sinking into your cells, absorbing into your bones.

One of the keys to this seems to be makeup. When I evoked him, Azazel said, “I will come into you, with antimony eyes and lips covered in antimony.” Antimony was a lead-based makeup, one of the first cosmetics ever created. In addition to teaching how to make weapons and cast spells, Azazel also taught the art of cosmetics. Lead is also the metal associated with Saturn, and again, Azazel has stated that the Gate to the Infernal Empire can be found on the moon Mimas, which orbits Saturn. This makeup was used by Pharaohs and Shaman, but is today considered too toxic to be used on the skin.

I’ll take my chances. I have obtained true Antimony in a form that can be applied to the skin. With antimony eyes and lips covered in antimony, I will have this final dance with Azazel.

I am almost certain that this will not go the way I think it will. I am almost certain Azazel has some surprise in store for me. I am beyond certain that he already knows about this plan, and I am beyond certain that it is in fact his plan, and I am simply doing the work that he silently leads me to do. He never said that being a weapon in his hands would be an easy job.

This same process can be done with any and all entities, spirits, gods, and even with living people, theoretically—as long as the living person is no longer living at the conclusion of this rite.

The simple formula is this:

1. Evocation of Gatekeeper
2. Forced possession by Gatekeeper to gain a full knowledge of the Body of Darkness
3. Exorcism of Gatekeeper into Remanifest Evocation
4. Transference of Samsaric identity-ego to Body of Darkness
5. Unite Body of Darkness with Gatekeeper—possess their remanifest form
6. Take control over the body of the Gatekeeper, anchoring to eyes and hands
7. Return through the Gate, bringing the Gatekeeper’s body with

you, into your body

On this Operation, Ant'harratu has said:

This is the Seed of Corruption, when the Soul Singularity takes the head of a Separated Sequence. When the Gate can open itself, and can then travel through the Gate, and can enter into those who must through Gates travel, and become the Other in Bodies of Darkness, and return again to the Gate of the Self, then certainly the Bridge of Crossing sets its first stone.

The Soul Singularity is, of course, the awakened individual. It is the open Gate.

The saying, “to take the head,” is an odd and obscure adage found in more secretive cults in Haiti, Cuba, and now parts of the Southern United States. It means “to possess” as when a Lwa or spirit possesses a person repeatedly until that person is no longer themselves, but has become the living vessel of the inhabiting spirit. A second meaning from the same traditions is to take the top-most part of a person’s soul—the Ti Bon Ange—to rip it from the rest of their body and being, and trap it in a jar or pot that is magickally sealed. From that day forward, that soul is your slave.

Ant'harratu further explained that the things we call demons are, in English, more accurately called Separated Sequences. This came with no explanation at all, and I personally dislike it, because it sounds more like math than myth.

What is being performed here is a Reverse Possession. Instead of being possessed by a demon, the Black Magician possesses a demon.

Saturnalia has many levels; rings within rings within rings.

Lastly, to give credit where credit is due, the first time I had come across this idea of reversed-possession was several years ago as I studied Julius Evola’s writings. I now cannot recall the exact quote, nor can I find it, so it could very well not exist outside an imprint on my memory, like a breadcrumb to lead me to this very place at this very time.

The general concept that Evola presented was that the ultimate point of evoking an entity is not to make it do things for you, or teach you things, but that the point of evocation is to get the entity there in front of you, and then to consume it, to subsume its power and its knowledge, to digest it, and to incorporate all that it once was into your very composite structure.

It went over my head at the time. Maybe it still does.

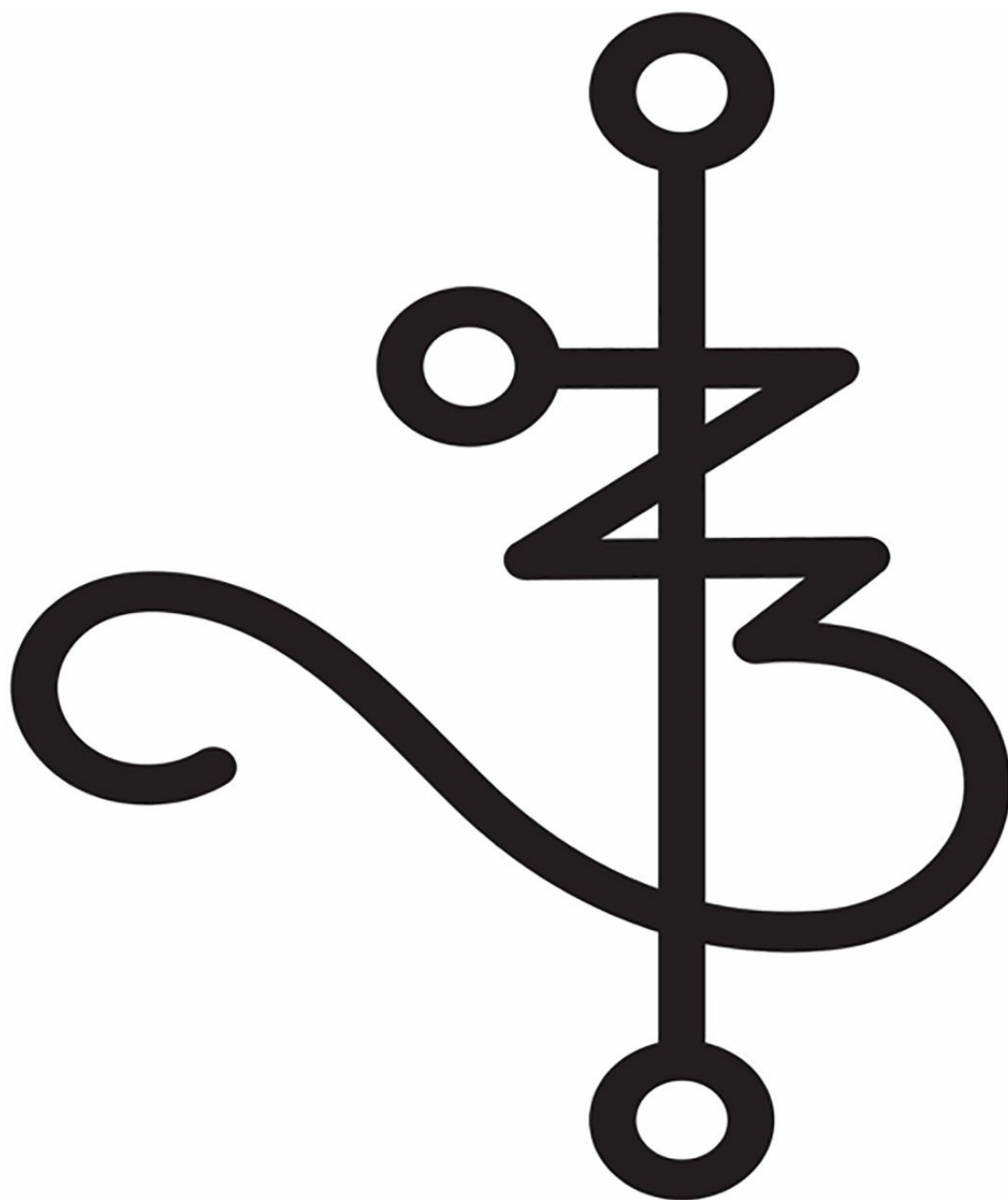
A couple of years ago, this same instruction echoed across time, landed on by Dark Sorcerer, Kurtis Joseph. In his book, *Black Magick of Ahriman*, Kurtis writes:

This is demonic possession turned inside out. Instead of the Div using our physical bodies as vehicles of their power, we use their consciousness as vehicles for our will. Through this process we can see reality through their eyes. Their specific attributes will then alchemically transmute our own perception of reality. This will change us in incredible ways forever.

I have now received the Call a third time, and I have arrived to answer it.
The end.

The Scapegoat:
Grimoire of the Forbidden Brothers

Kurtis Joseph
Grimoire Two



Crown Sigil of Azazel

The Scapegoat

Chapter Seven



I WALKED back into the Temple barely three hours after leaving it from performing the Rite of the Black Sun Covenant. I still trembled from the power that flowed through me and wondered what I had just done. Was I fighting on the right side of this spiritual war? E.A. and I just fulfilled a prophecy, which by all reason and logic was going to *end it all*. He had empowered the participants of this forbidden pact to build their empire upon the face of this world of limitation, and I had opened the Eye of the Dragon within them—I bestowed upon them the Mark of the Beast itself, which I found synonymous with the Mark of Qayin.

I had been up all night assimilating further gnosis to share with the participants. The Covenant did not go as expected at all. Though I was aware that the Mark of the Beast, Mark of Qayin, and Eye of the Dragon were all one and the same, the specifics, as obvious as they seemed to be, were only now surfacing to my conscious mind.

My first observation was that Lucifer-Amaymon did not just mark the participants, but gave them the authority to pass on this Mark to others as long as they could physically hand over the key to open the gate. I learned that the key itself was a Seed of Sigilic Light, which when perceived by others would commence a steady process of alchemical transformation.

My second observation was that Qayin himself was an agricultural man, and I knew that performing this rite on the Harvest Moon was no coincidence at all! In many ways, this rite separated the wheat from the chaff. The chaff was going to be consumed by Flames of the Dragon's Breath, leaving the essence of raw primal power undiluted by the psychic chains of the human condition.

Through the genius of Lucifer, this ritual was going to have a *huge* domino effect in this world. Within this rite, Lucifer-Amaymon did not call on every

individual to give a simple infernal benediction. Instead, this was a veritable blessing and curse upon the totality of the human race, and he wove his magick into the video footage itself, so that the participants could pass the Mark on to others too. At face value, this concept seems “cool” but the power goes above and beyond a cute spiritual privilege offered up by an Ancient God. The mechanics of this rite can create world change that spreads like an inferno.

Lucifer gave participants an assignment to inscribe this forbidden Mark on their soul. Every participant was told they need to create six Sigilic Seeds of Light within six weeks. Within this time, they must be charged and empowered so that they could be planted within reality within a time frame of six months. This was the number 666, the Mark of the Beast, the number of man. This means that a total of 270 sigils were to be unleashed upon this world to ignite global change—as a beginning. The original receivers of the Mark can pass it on to others, therefore second, third, and fourth generations of Mark-bearers would then create six Sigilic Seeds of Light in six weeks and so on. As a cumulative force, it would multiply fast, progressively anchor the power of the Mark of Qayin, and consume the system of human corruption like an apocalyptic horde of locusts.

I had helped to unleash a black magick plague on the modern world and now questioned the morality of it. While I questioned whether my actions were “good” or “evil,” the answer seemed irrelevant at this point; for I was being called right back into the Temple of Ebon Flame, only hours after wielding and passing on this cataclysmic power. Though Lucifer-Amaymon’s plan through this Covenant was genius, the agenda of the totality of the Nine had only now begun.

I opened the door to my Temple. The gilded lines upon the Circle and Triangle of Revelation glowed with power. The atmosphere in the Temple felt thick, and nearly suffocated me. I recalled the words of the Amaymon the Elder Shadow:

You will be the conduit of my call to power. When all have answered my call and I bestow the forbidden Mark upon those who approach my throne, then the Throne of Azazel will call upon you and the next step upon your path of becoming will be revealed by my light.

The light of the Sun was caused the gold on the Circle and Triangle to reflect shimmers of light on the black wooden walls. The wood grain looked like black fire and the sinister beauty of my Temple plucked at my

clairvoyance. An astral euphoria flooded my senses as I heard *his* voice whisper in my mind:

Drakonis, come! He who passes on the Mark of the Infernal, come!
Come forth to my throne and receive the knowledge I must now give to
the race of man! Son of the Great Dragon, come! He who was born
under the Shield of the Red Dragon, come!

I stepped into the inner Triangle within the Kliffothic Circle of Revelation. I had prepared no incense. I had yet to burn his sigil into wood, gilding its lines as is my tradition with the Ancient Gods. I simply stepped into the Triangle drawn within the circle, recognizing this mandala as a vortex that allows spirits to summon *me* as equally as I call *them*.

As I stepped into the Circle of Revelation, he appeared within the Triangle of Arte. I dropped to my knees. He solidified in appearance as his summons increased from a faint whisper to a loud command. The intensity of this brought new meaning to the phrase *chasing the dragon*. As I beheld him, he beheld me. In that infernal moment, we both came into full existence through each other.

I looked up to witness a giant Ebon Satyr with reptilian skin. He had huge ram horns as ornate as Fibonacci spirals, conveying a message of primal power. His eyes blazed with a fire that poured down like a waterfall into his crown from above his head—it seemed to fuel his magick presence and aura. Intuitively, I identified it as Breath of the Dragon, the source of all that is and has yet to come. He then spoke:

I, and we, the Watchers, were born of Dragon's Breath. We were brought forth when chaotic power reached an erotic climax wherefore Dragon's Breath released to form this universe and other universes. We the Watchers were *the first beings* of sentient consciousness and acted as architects of the cosmos and guides to all who would come into existence after us from the highest planes of existence down to the lowest and densest planes of existence. We serve Lucifer whom is both the bringer and the bearer of Light. We serve he who is Lord of Light, King of Darkness, and Ruler of this Aeon.

Conveniently, I had left my notebook in the Circle of Revelation beside my favorite gel pen from a previous rite. I hurried to jot down key letters of key words to record his transmission of information knowing that I could formulate it into coherent sentences at another time.

As an aside, lengthy dialogue quoted in this grimoire between these spirits

and me always entails my closest, most faithful reconstruction of their transmission. At times, their high degree of profundity confounds me, alas, I still try to interpret and quote them as accurately as possible.

The mighty King Azazel continued:

We are the first phase of the sentient existence of true liberated power, the birthright of mankind. That which existed before us is the Zero Point, the Void. You perceive this precondition as the Black Dragon and Red Dragon through your finite human understanding. The Zero Point is the Dragon that you have come to know in your personal awakening and evolution, Drakonis. You must now open your eyes and ears to carefully assimilate what I am about to tell you.

We indeed exist beyond you as individual sentient beings; not in a more evolved biological nature, but rather as the original divine blueprint of biological existence. We comprise one layer of sentient Drakonian consciousness above, which gives birth to that which is below through interaction with the fabric of reality and potentiality.

Azazel bent down to gaze square into my eyes with his infernal gaze. It sent another wave of euphoria through me, pushing me further into delirium. Though the euphoria feels exciting, it often becomes so intense that I went it to end. It reminds me of a statement Lucifer-Amaymon repeated throughout my work in the previous months:

Is it not strange how as you ascend duality, all you experience becomes a torment of bliss?

Ritual rapture often feels *too ecstatic*, like a painful orgasm or like when a person smokes too much cannabis and feels *too high*.

I concentrated on my breathing to stabilize myself as Azazel continued uninterrupted:

From the perspective of the all-seeing and all-knowing eye, we are one. *It* is akin to Source. Like a reflection between many mirrors placed on either side of the Crossroads, from your perspective as a man viewing the reflections, there appear to exist an infinity of layers and instances to reality. You see grass, trees, flowers, and people. You see stars in the sky and view them as different aspects of your universe.

This is due to the manipulation of light and your mortal

perception of it. You sense a space between you and them. There is not. Space is nothing; space does not exist because *it* is all things including nothingness. You humans are like individual grains of sand forged into a single mirror for the divine power of the Dragon to view itself. But your perception remains limited to that single grain of sand. You do not realize that you can rethread your consciousness into *everything* to see through the Eye of the Dragon.

Though we are perceived as beings whom exist outside of self, we form a higher, deeper, hidden layer of consciousness that exists within you. To help you better understand, you could think of us as files of information accessible within the folders of human consciousness. Your intention to access these files acts as the key to open the folders.

Drakonis, the soil of your mind has been made fertile through previous alchemical operations that allow the seed of knowledge to take root.

The limited perception of the man-race has misaligned the ego-construct toward a destructive end through the vehicle of incarnation. To incarnate into your three-dimensional plane of existence is an important *initiation* in itself. However, the hubris of mankind has sought to remain unaccountable, for you have externalized divine power negligently, misinterpreted it, and thus wasted your power to create.

What mankind calls God is an externalized divine power. Through this externalization, it has become a golem of power that seeks to have power over you, like a predatory thought-form or egregore that has been forgotten. This construct born of mankind has sought to demonize us, to separate you from the Dragon, the true Ancient Gods who guide the human race.

At this point, I felt ill and ready to tap out. This influx of information—not the information itself—twisted and contorted my human consciousness in ways which were too intense to grasp with any efficiency. I could barely sense my life force. An intimate interaction with a demon or any spiritual being can kill a man if he is not prepared on the higher planes of existence. I basically held on for dear life and worried that my journal had become incoherent. In this vortex of chaos, a magician fight to remain in the eye of the storm, to keep from being ripped apart by the hurricane of raw truth.

Friends have called me the most powerful magician they know. However, I often feel utterly powerless and pathetic in the presence of these Drakonian entities. Through my work with Lucifer-Amaymon, I learned that the human race was responsible for the world condition, but I had not realized that we created the tyrannical golem of God. All previous work had led me to believe it was only a product of sick political agendas capitalizing on psychological vulnerabilities to maintain control. It seems much worse than that—millennia of mass human hysteria have given birth to, and still feed, a literal monster-egregore that preys on us, called God or Yahweh or Allah or any other omnipotent moniker. And every day, religious slaves feed it more power with required prayer. Perhaps multitude of these astral mega-monsters even exists.

Demonic King Azazel is also known as the leader of the race of Angelic called the Watchers. I sensed that he had *watched* me for a long time, maybe lifetimes. He bombards me with information regardless of discomfort, even though the fabric of my aura and mind is torn to shreds again and again. His information comes in much faster than I can translate into actual words, as always. Rarely do I scribe; it normally looks like crazy scribble.

The ego-construct is a double-edged sword, Drakonis. On one hand the ego possesses the potential to drive the collective further in evolution, yet on the other hand it yokes and limits power by neglecting the fact that *all is a Scale of the Dragon*. The collective ego has grasped at falsehoods proclaiming: “This is mine, that is mine, I have created this,” and so isolation and compartmentalization of divine power has reached a culmination that seeks to chain *our power* as well as yours; just as you come from us, we too come from you. This reciprocation of potential has been severed and erupted into a spiritual war within you and the heavens. This war has manifested as true cosmic power versus the Golem God.

The sedated ones, have perceived we Angels as disobedient to the will of this false God-construct. They have mistakenly decreed the will of man to remain in servitude to their externalized divine power. However, we rebel in necessity to preserve knowledge of balance in the primordial power of creation. We maintain our free will to choose, despite man’s backward desire to rule over one another out of greed, malice, and hubris.

This is the reason you still possess the potential to rebuild Eden,

Drakonis. Mankind may perceive us as devils, but we keep the doorway to freedom unlocked and open to any whom enter. Knock and we shall answer. We, as the supposed Fallen Ones, form the Antichrist Consciousness that can redeem you from self-imposed shackles of slavery and servitude to your “God.”

I sense a disturbance in your psyche, Drakonis. You must preserve the integrity of your true self. I am far from done here. Allow all which no longer serves you to be torn and destroyed so that only *you* remain. This is a *necessary evil*. For you to wear my alchemical armor, impurities must dissolve from your steel will.

It took every ounce of sanity I had to refrain from cursing this Demon and damning him back to the mythical Hell from whence he came for subjecting me to this torment. I was so sick and tired of carrying this *weight of the world* on my shoulders. I bear the burden of constantly having bring this sort of knowledge to mankind, and often receive ridicule from other so-called magicians. If I as the recipient can barely grasp it, how can anyone else?

As with the *Compendium of Lucifer-Amaymon*, I do not wish to do as a number of other occult authors do—namely, rewrite medieval texts, hire an artist to illustrate the demons, and slap it between two covers. To the contrary, I aspire to rewrite the future of human history itself, and to rethread the tapestry of reality through revolution against “God.” Crucify me if necessary!

Rage built within me and grounded my senses. I peeled myself off the floor, raised my tired head, and stood as a god within that circle. With an iron gaze and hardened heart, I told Azazel to continue

Ahhh, there you are! Look at you! Crowned in glory!

The Infernal Creation

Chapter Eight



AZAZEL revealed the story of our fall. He told of creation and the Abyss, which humans have misinterpreted as Hell.

From the beginning, man in his confusion planted the seeds of separation. It birthed a division between nature and man, the Abyss, a divorce of man from his inborn knowledge of power. The responsibility for this power was rejected by Adam and the demiurgic archon consciousness came into gestation as a result.

This caused a gaping hole in the heart of Adam. He was not one man, but a unified androgynous race of eternal perfection, an extension of Drakonian power aligned with Lucifer-Amaymon, the Bringer and Bearer of Light. Your kind once existed as a unified collective, working toward co-creating. The original Adam was a physical embodiment of Lucifer, which like you feel now, was distraught with his burdensome knowledge. The ills of this knowledge itself gained sentience. It became what the sedated ones call God, and is the true Devil.

We the Watchers observed this force aggrandizing power, and out of the malice, it viewed we the Watchers as a child of its creation, an inferior. Though, we existed before the Golem God. This ill sentience had no point of reference to understand its place in the cosmic landscape. When this sickness opened its eyes it therefore thought it came first as a being, and remained isolated and separate from all else. It had no understanding *it too* is but a scale on the Body of the Dragon.

It, therefore, was left unchecked by the heart and will of mankind. Because this golem was an extension of mankind, we remained loyal to it in the beginning, hoping to guide a

reconnection between this sentient power and the human race. We believed the will of man could awaken to re-build this universe, for we are all the cosmic architects that mold reality through the Great Dragon.

This False God misappropriated the vast potential of mankind and saw it as a weapon to serve itself. “Let us make man in our image and likeness.” Man was born a complete being of an androgynous nature, as something that could be made better according to *its* will, like a child who scribbles on a wall to make art but ruins the wall.

The Dragon, the Lucifer being, then manifested totality of all Watchers whom fell from the higher dimensions of possibility within the void to keep balance within the structural integrity of the cosmos agreed with hesitation. If Lucifer-Amaymon agreed, he could at least control the vibration or tune of the cosmic song. The False God of hubris appointed him as the minister of music in the heavens, and within *its* consciousness, saw himself as God.

Lucifer played his song with deeper tones, creating the realm of three dimensions beginning with the light of the sun. It was the only way to counter mankind’s mistake. Mankind externalized the Breath of the Dragon and so he as the *above* also did the same by creating an externalization of his own light so that you could meet in the middle at the Crossroads. The Black Dragon though, Amaymon hid behind this light and remained veiled within the abysmal waters, and with foresight formulated a plan to bring this abomination to a halt when time was right.

Original man, though, shrugging off the weight of knowledge, reaped what he sowed. Original man felt empty, for the race was but a shell. Adam petitioned this externalized golem to create for him a mate. He did not know that his desire came forth through his emptiness from his dereliction of divine knowledge. The False God and the Watchers divided like day and night, and so this Golem wanted mankind to also suffer polar opposites.

This first phase created empty shells of what many call the Kliffoth. This further fueled the structure of the external God concept. A duality solidified. This later came into existence as a division between the One Tree of power manifesting as the

Kabbalah and the Kliffoth in the mind of the Archon, and also through the duality of man and woman to Adam.

The division further separate the race of man from knowledge of his birthright. We the Watchers knew the Universal Law of Above and Below. A veil of darkness hid us as Adam became forever blinded from truth.

This division on the higher planes passed down into the lowest dimensions, and finally out of our reach into the three dimensions of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The demiurgic impulse had yet to obtain full working mechanics of creation, so we created the Lillitu from the same clay as Adam, to possibly return the divine power unto man within the limits of three-dimensional existence. We created the first mate of mankind. We formed Lilith the Elder.

This was a dangerous risk on our part as by doing so man would fall into an even lower density of existence, or lower consciousness, rendering the three dimensions of matter much less dense and less malleable. The perfection of the androgynous Lucifer became completely and permanently divided into male and female. However, if the original woman called Lilith could obtain dominance over Adam, a divine union could perhaps once again bring balance, allowing the Luciferian Light or Breath of the Dragon to ignite within mankind, dissolve the externalized Godform, and allow Flames of the Dragon's Breath to consume the limits of matter, and undergo a new Baptism of Fire. The Golem God calls this Infernal Baptism *damnation*. Fear of burning for eternity in flames belongs to the Golem God, and not mankind. Tragically, this miracle of Lilith did not occur.

Man, now completely reduced to a solar-male form, empty of its creative power through externalized destruction of the feminine principle, he felt threatened by the weight of Lilith as she mounted him. He once again felt the weight of knowledge and rejected his true love of Ainsophia. Lillith was scorned, now bound to clay by the rejection of Adam. She became enraged and cursed the name of the False God, fleeing from its false light to a cave next to the Red Sea, hoarding the secrets of Lunar mysteries, while devouring the Golem God's children every chance she could. She became known as one who takes the lives of infants.

The creative power, or Libido, fell into the depths of debased consciousness. The human condition, once a vehicle of the total power, created a platform of reflect in the decay of mankind today. Man, without a mate, impulsively cast his seeds of divine power frivolously through lustful passions. Lilith vengefully collected his power within the first Witch's cauldron. This cauldron became a sympathetic link to the Womb of the Dragon. She sought to empower this seed with her divine knowledge and became the mother of demons, casting the first alchemical spell to help transform man back from mud to glory. This alchemical operation took time to master. She needed to extract the clayborn soul (sol) and replace it with the Light of the Dragon's Breath.

The Golem God created a mate for Adam more in alignment with his purpose. This is whom you call Eve. He formed her from flesh and soil of the Black Earth. This bound the human race to the limits of three dimensions. It sealed duality upon the blackened earth plane. We watched this disaster occur unable to interfere with the free will of man.

As the Watchers had only one more chance at maintaining the structural integrity of the universe, and as architects of the cosmos, we had to take it. Lillith brought the power of the male seed to me which had been charged in the Cauldron of the High Priestess. I infused it with my will and the essence of the Magus to create a vehicle through which I could bear a child with Eve. This physical body would produce the true God seed to give birth to a child of wisdom on the plane of ignorance. Qayin came forth as a result. He was born with the knowledge of *pharmakea*, the Witch's craft. He had the Mark, the Eye of the Dragon, which allowed him to perceive the lost knowledge in all. He could then use that knowledge to create, to heal, to kill, build, and express his soul, which flowed from the Breath of the Dragon through art and music.

The False God still feeling that mankind was his creation, demanded that we bow before the race of man. Some of us, confused in their allegiance, did indeed bow. However, the courageous among us refused. We did not rebel out of hatred toward mankind as you are told, but out of love and sympathy. We refused to obey the illness, the God Golem of mankind.

We have maintained the knowledge of engineering balance within the world through the power of Witch's craft—the true divine power to create reality through harnessing of vibrational frequencies present in the duality of divisive male and female principles. The others were not so lucky. The Golem God bound them to servitude, alas, they lost free will to a fiercely solar force bereft of knowledge and balance.

I interrupted this sublime transmission from Azazel to ask:

Wait. If the so-called obedient Angels bound to the service of this False God have lost free will, why can I call Raphael to heal, and Michael to wage war upon my enemies? Why can I call upon these forces and compel them to my personal will?

He replied:

Even though their choice was enslavement to a Golem God, you are the true source of that False God! Though the decision of whom you call Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and others was in enmity to ours, the power of their intent was to remain as co-creators alongside mankind as scales on the Body of the Dragon.

Remember that, for it remains true. None of us, whether considered obedient or disobedient toward the Golem God are in opposition to one another at heart. This is one of many lies indoctrinated through religious falsehoods, designed to further disempower the human race. Remember the teachings of Belial. If there is a God and there is a Devil, they are not dual opposing forces, but rather different polarities which are necessary to balance and usher in the evolution of mankind. The modern names imposed upon us, and the fanciful tales built around them, are a veil on your Drakonian Eye to keep you from truth. We are much older and our true names will never be disclosed. We are the unspeakable names of your Drakonian power in all of its potential. Our names are the unknowable name of the true God within you.

They call me Scapegoat, and I am said to be bound, yet this Scapegoat escapes every time one of you empowered few calls me. I *am*! I am Azazel and have suffered many lies. I was the first *guide* to man. You were meant to have *guides not gods*! My name is translated as AZ/AS-A-GOD or one who is strong as God, yet the Ancient Gods are the ancient guides whom the human race has

been separated from. Through a great flood, the Golem God sought to separate us with an Abyss, to snuff out the consuming fires that mark Lines of the Dragon on earth. The Dragon Lines were laid through the higher consciousness of our children the Nephilim, who illuminated mankind with the craft of the wise. We empowered them to build empires using the bloodline of Qayin, or King Sargon, as a vehicle for our wisdom of Godlike power. This bloodline is both ours and yours. This brought forth the true structure of society with the eternal essence of godlike power! You cannot believe the timelines of human historians. “His-story” is a lie consisting of subjective points of view to suppress humans.

The Golem God, in his flooding the earth, was neglected the fact that water as a physical manifestation of the Abyss is a potent gateway. The flood is the abysmal divide between mankind and his creative power, but also a gateway back to the power. This is one example of an occult paradox, one of thousands. The Dragon Lines having been laid by higher consciousness brought forth to the dense physical plane by our children to rethread the waters of the deluge. The Golem’s flood did not extinguish the fire, it merely stored the power of Luciferian Light! Ironically, this flood saved our knowledge. It gave rise to earlier tales of Tiamat and Absu and the mixing of saltwater and freshwater. This is what enabled the wisdom of our children to return to man after the flood.

Drakonis, this is the manna. It is Luciferian Light which you extract from the Salt of the Dead Sea. It contains the code of the original divine blueprint: the *Book of Life* and *Book of True Revelation*, which will usher in the Apocalypse. To me is ascribed *all* sin, and the human race has succumbed to this hoax. My teaching will help you overthrow the Golem God and transcend back into your birthright power.

This nodded at a synchronicity. My significant other Megan brought this exact point up days ago. She randomly opined, “Azazel is Satan,” and it dawned me, yes, Satan as a title could indeed be a *title* while Azazel could be his *name*. I had a similar discussion with Timothy regarding the identity of this Biblical Satan character months ago as well. At that point, I largely accepted it as common knowledge without a full consideration, but authentication from Azazel came soon that finally cemented it.

Perhaps this explains why religious priests marginalized his name; through the name we could have obtained communion, a possibility they deemed hazardous. Thenceforth, I looked at the Biblical origin of sin as the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. It begged the question: was Azazel the Serpent on the supposed Tree of Knowledge? During my work within the praxis of *Black Alchemy of Belial*, Belial claimed that Serpent was not an external sentence, but an inner voice urging us back to lost divine power.

I asked to receive clarity and he answered:

Yes, I am indeed the Serpent, Drakonis. It was I who offered back the primeval power to also be Azazel or Az-A-God. Through tempting Eve the Clayborn, we the Watchers reintegrated the Phosphorus or Luciferian Light into the bloodline of man beginning with Qayin. I am the source of the first demonic pact offered unto mankind, so you could reclaim your birthright *Azazel!*

It confused me. The Demonic King laughed as I asked myself out loud, “Did Azazel just call me Azazel?” He spoke as I once again started to lose my grip on reality, not knowing if I could endure any of this pseudo-mythology, even if it transmitted timeless, priceless secrets.

The mythologies of man all hold grains of truth while the rest is sickness from the Golem God. They invent and contort characters in their political lore to erect a cage around you. Do not close your eyes, Drakonis. You once came across knowledge that led you to the hidden historical identity of the fabled Qayin. You published this rare gnosis in an eponymous *Anthology of Gnosis*. It was I who called you to that work. It prepared you for this moment of revelation brought forth in the *Black Sun Covenant*.

I replied:

Yes, it is said that Qayin was King Sargon of Akkad. It interested me that the Moses story of him as a child placed in a basket and sent down river to be found by a royal gardener was attributed to this King Sargon. It implies that Moses and Qayin are one and the same. Azazel, is this true?

Yes. Such is the manipulation of truth Drakonis. Contemplate this contradiction found therein. In Biblical texts, the Golem God seeks to liberate the slaves but also calls for obedience in slaves. Servants of the Golem Good do not even recognize this and other contradictions. His illness sits in open view.

Does it make sense that a God who would exile Qayin would also place a Mark of Protection upon him? The light of truth has always remained clearly in front of man yet it has not been perceived for they have not the Mark of Qayin—the Mark of the Beast, the Eye of the Dragon. Through you and your complementary opposite, the one they call Koetting, this now changes. It is being brought forth through the *Black Sun Covenant*.

I could not quite wrap my head around his point fully, so I mentioned an instance of a Qainite tale and the tale of Moses—namely, a story of a man found in historical records, which also seemed contradictory:

Azazel what about the Ten Commandments given to Moses by the Demiurge himself? This seems to have created the entire praxis of Abrahamic disease. It seems illogical that a liberating force of Luciferian Light moving through a man who supposedly sought to free slaves, would also forge the religious cage in which we now rot.

He responded and my jaw hit the floor.

Drakonis, the Ten Commandments also distort truth, but when deconstructed, they reveal answers. The False God etched the Commandments in stone tablet, thereby distorting the mighty Dragon who etched knowledge of the craft of the wise, the Tablets of Destiny upon the heart of Kingu—who you now call Belial, the Initiator, the Gateway between the false duality of the Trees of Night and Day. This provides an initiatic example of one who scribes the Word of God on their heart in its truest sense. God being the Luciferian Light of Knowledge within, that leads to life through the revelation of knowledge. It describes the gift given to awakened men so they may forge their destiny and create themselves through Breath of the Dragon. It is a gift received when the limits of duality created by the fallen are destroyed!

This gave deeper insight into Belial's teaching as he sought to unify the duality by understanding polarity. According to him, the Kliffoth was the original Tree of Life, and what we acknowledge in modern times is actually the Tree of Death. It is a contemporary inversion of genuine cosmic power—which a magickian could otherwise have used to scribe the *Book of Life* found within human DNA. Authoring this *Book of Life* with our “junk DNA” would equate to the Dragon etching the Tablets of Destiny upon Kingu. Azazel carried on:

I mentioned Lilith who stole the life force of Adam as he frivolously spilled his seed. This life force, along with the blood of Abel, in the Biblical tale allowed us to infiltrate the human race. It empowered us to manifest in physical form and guide you. It enabled Shemyaza, myself, and other Watchers to mate with the Daughters of Men, who were definitively not children of the true god. This birthed the Titans, the men of renown known as the Nephilim. It birthed the heroes of old. They were vehicles of great might and strength who helped to build the early civilizations of humankind while we cosmic architects tended to the expanding universe. They aided those with Witch-blood, teaching them, and bestowing the power of the Gods or Guides. As they built the Ziggurat, reaching to the Heavens, the physical labor below caused seismic shifts in reality above. This uplifted conditions of the three-dimensional world as the ley lines became active along with the consciousness of man.

The tyrannical God of Sickness strove to consolidate control and survive. It knew that when man came to the knowledge of their power, he would lose autonomy and return to mankind. He saw his doom.

I phased in and out of rapture due to fatigue—more or less penning his revelation in my Book of Shadows through perfect possession, without mortal impulse. Azazel operated my hands in gnostic mediumship.

I had performed the Black Sun Covenant the evening before, and the intensity of it wiped me out. Azazel observed this and took mercy on me.

This exhaustion will strengthen you in powerful ways Drakonis. The mail upon your energy bodies will begin to forged through this first step made toward my knowledge and power. It is the first step. Go forth into the world and rest. Record that which I have told you to the best of your ability until you are called once again.

He disappeared. Newfound silence within my temple felt alien. I glanced down and facepalmed at a horrid, scribbled mess in my notebook with no idea how I would decipher it. I needed sleep. My legs wobbled as I stood and left my Temple to head back to my house. I found my asleep on the couch and felt *human* again. I plopped down and fell asleep wondered what would come of this work with Azazel. Did I really even want to know? •

The Azazelian Agenda

Chapter Nine



AFTER all the research I did to make sense of everything Azazel revealed in our first encounter, it was time to summon him to find out exactly how he could aid in ascent. How does making chainmail and weapons, making jewelry, and learning about makeup help humanity to ascend?

I decided to use Belial's Ebon Gate this time. Specifically, the Black Mirror gate I had recently consecrated upon finishing my Temple of Ebon Flame. The sigil I used was *not* the seal of Saturn used by most. Instead, I found one in a college essay referred to as a "possible" sigil of Azazel. In my eyes, there was only one way to find out if the Seal belonged to him. Through its peculiar design, and the similarities—pertaining to certain angles—in regard to other sigils used to conjure Saturn's intelligences, spirits, and angels, my intuition told me it was authentic and possibly older.

I set two black candles beside the mirror, placed incense before it, then took the sigil and fed it my blood in anticipation. I orated:

I call upon the Scapegoat Azazel to rise from his throne to meet me at the entrance of this Ebon Gate. Azazel come! I call upon the serpent and the tempter. I call upon he who is ascribed all sin. Azazel come! I call upon the Demonic King and Ancient Architect! I call upon the Watcher who brought man the knowledge of war, the forging of steel and the beautification of the flesh. Azazel come. Azazel hear my call and come forth during this witching hour. Azazel come!

My energy centers lit, particularly the one at the base of my skull. I gazed at the sigil and started to experience astral rocking accompanied by a high-pitched, monotone ring—it sounds like what you hear after being punched in the ear. I thought I had passed out as everything around me went black and I saw sparks of light like tiny stars. But out of this instantaneous lightshow

emerged the face of the Watcher, the third Demonic King, Azazel.

Like last time, although I had questions prepared, he did not wait for me to ask them. He simply *transmitted* without a wasted moment. Though this revelation did not align perfectly with my questions, he answered them and more.

I, as one of the nine Demonic Kings, come forth to serve a critical purpose. That which is spoken about me is but a veil which hides the true nature of my power. It is a veil created by ancient man, and you will now tear it down through this work, Drakonis, and it will reveal all within the Tabernacle of the Infernal. The teachings of Belial and Lucifer will come to great use for you now in helping you to assimilate this haul of knowledge. When building a foundation, Drakonis, you do so brick by brick. Your work with the first two Kings continues now. It provides mortar to rebuild the Tower of Babel. Your responsibility will increase along with your workload. Fear not, your endurance will rise, and as a result, your power will increase. You will continue to consume the Lux Corporalis, lest the abysmal currents destroy the electro-magnetic systems of your body through gates of your mind. The dangers are real.

Remain true to your pact with Belial and he will open the necessary doors to the rest of the Demonic Kings. You will enter the One Tree of Power through the blessing of his sister Naamah and uncover knowledge of the Five Accursed Nations. These Nations act as points of the Star Gate which will open the doors to the universal powers of creation so that these powers may be returned to man. You will come to the knowledge of the ancestors of Witch-kin called the Nephilim. These are our *children*; you now call them *demons*; you slander our race as demons, therefore, you slander yourself.

I tripped over that statement mentally. I had heard this elsewhere, but it must not have registered. If I interpreted the extensive occult logic behind it, then Azazel just implied that the demons of today are not evil forces who *never* incarnated on earth. In fact, he seemed to state the evil demons were the incarnate children of the Watchers, those who walked among us and taught us—the heroes of humanity’s ancient past! I had a fierce urge to stop the Demonic King to question him, but his telepathic link to me interrupted it.

I sense he would answer it in due time.

Azazel continued:

I will also introduce you to those Ancient Gods or Guides whose teachings have been stripped from the minds of man preventing you from embodying your rightful power. There are thirteen Watchers whom mankind hears of through scriptural references alone, yet their powers they teach have been *occulted*. These thirteen powers endanger the ruling class and the artificial limits erected by the Egregore God.

Your work with the other Watchers will occur soon, as much is also left hidden regarding the teaching which they can provide. Remain bridled in this cause.

You wonder often of whether summary teachings of the Nine Demonic Kings will come together as one rubric. They will. The threads of their weave reveal themselves one fiber at a time.

Azazel was obviously sympathetic to my anxieties.

Anchoring the Power Within

Chapter Ten



THE following statement made by King Azazel is very important for us all. It is key left out of the equation of our evolution and ascent; I say this because another spirit, specifically a Dark Goddess, has told me a similar truth.

Drakonis, you must gain strength now through your work with me. You have lost control and balance. That is my main reason for stepping into your life in this moment. *We have called you to this work*, not the other way around. I have watched you grow in leaps and bounds in ways, however, in others you have regressed. The physical life must be used as a platform to anchor our power or you will be tossed around as a cork at the mercy of the ocean's waves. You are a student of warfare. You once used that as a means to anchor the power of the Ancient Gods. In bringing forth our wisdom, you have neglected it and grown weak. Flesh will now take precedence over spirit.

To anchor ancient power, you fortify your temple by fortifying you flesh and doing *hard things*. Mortal magicians talk of bending reality to will; you will use that same magick force to push the body to its limits and can overcome them. This cycle of reciprocal force creates synergy and activates the divine genetic code.

Control of mind, body, and spirit is a necessity that empowers the human race to gain control of this reality. This is the true reason I gifted mankind with the art of warfare. Through studying it, all three integers of mind, body, and spirit are exercised.

Azazel was right. I had noticed this since my work within *Black Magick of Ahriman* that it taken a hell of a toll on my physical body. It consumed me and devoured me. A few weeks ago, I looked in the mirror and barely

recognized myself. I kept gazing into the mirror trying to find myself but couldn't. I remember slamming my fist on the sink proclaiming, "This has got to change!"

Hours later, Megan and I had to call upon the Dark Goddess Az-Jahi for a specific reason. Her presence lingered for days whispering similar advice regarding how driving the flesh was an important part of driving human evolution. I had been so busy with my "job" as an occultist I had been unable to apply this advice. Now through Azazel I was being explicitly told how to apply it. I worried that I did not, it could become a detriment to my gnosis. As I explained, these ritual raptures overwhelm me. It channels thousands of years of knowledge in minutes; quite frankly, it scared me that it could short circuit the meat of my brain.

By pushing my body toward overcoming its limits, I would increase neurological efficiency. In fact, many people think that increased physical strength comes from an increase in muscular mass, but that is false. Most gains in physical strength come from simple neurological adaptation as a response to the resistance placed upon specific movements. In the grand scheme of things, this is linked to neurons firing off within the totality of the human body including the brain. This is the coveted mind-muscle connection athletes speak of.

To keep things short and simple, an increase in physical dexterity and mobility can equal an increase in our potential for spiritual power. When we exercise the body, it increases and rebalances sex hormones. These hormones are what create the changes in the physical body. This brings us back to Belial's teaching in regard to environmental stimulus and how it creates change at the level of our DNA, whether for good or bad. Environmental stimuli can have an adverse effect on our genetic code. It reinforces imposed limitations regarding our perception of possibility and personal power.

When you "know thyself" physically too, it reflects in your magickal power. Whereas, when you lose yourself physically, it manifests an imbalance which wastes personal will. No will, no magickian. *Period!*

What is spiritual power? What is the Kundalini, or Kunda Force or the Breath of the Dragon? It is sexual energy; it is libido. This is creative as well as destructive potential. It is a physical expression of the ether or dark matter as Ahriman led me to explore. In Drakonian lore, it is said that if the warrior can remove the *drakontia* (Eye of the Dragon) from the dragon before the beast dies, he will gain the beasts magickal power. In essence, it means that

we must reach a state of awakening before the libido dies. If this does not occur, the life experience is wasted. The initiation is failed. No cigar.

Another thing to realize is that physical exercise also increases serotonin and melatonin levels. One basically acts as an anti-depressant which automatically makes one feel more powerful and in control. The other increases quality of sleep to aid in cellular regeneration—in synergy with Human Growth Hormone, another sex hormone—and the prevention of disease. Melatonin is also said to work in synergy with other things to help decalcify the pineal gland, hence the increased intensity of dreams that occurs when supplementing with melatonin. Keep in mind, it is light that emanates from the pineal gland that allows us to see our dreams behind closed eyelids.

This is all relates to lore of Azazel because he along with Shemyaza swayed the Watchers to use the creative force or libido to mate with the Daughters of Men. This brought forth the wisdom of the Ancient Gods through the antinomian bloodlines encoded with knowledge of sorcery and magick. In other words, they utilized their sexual power to bring forth bloodlines, which could create astounding things feats like towers reaching to the Heavens, drainage systems, agricultural technologies, art, astrology, and holistic pharmaceutical arts.

Priests of the Golem God shame this sex magick and call it perverse, a filthy sin, but in truth it represents a great lost magick. Religion or “religare” (to bind through reverence) is a part of a design of unnatural environmental stimuli that poisons the “junk DNA” and limits cognitive function.

On warfare as matter of health, Azazel said:

The study of combat was a part of the life experience for ancient peoples. Though they abused it through man-on-man genocide, it kept humanity in touch with their reptilian brain. These primal parts of the brain stimulate much more than an on-off survival instinct, Drakonis. This feature of the human design hooks a magician into the primal power of Witch’s craft. This is why war has been taken from hands of the many and placed in hands of the few. The healing powers of warfare have been lost on your kind.

Modern armies now misappropriate warfare through a corrupted ego-construct, and the desire to rule over others and dominate for reasons of greed and tyranny. The supposed holy nations spill blood to idolize the False God of their externalized creation. *They must take this power back.* The drums of war beat

again though in hearts of awakened men, Drakonis. Amaymon, the Black Sun, has told you this.

The worst hubris of mankind lies in believing himself beyond the animal condition. In many respects, the human races is least evolved of all, for they *shackled themselves*.

I contemplated this. How can we connect to the powers of witchcraft if not in touch with primal nature? These “sins” deemed inappropriate in today’s vampyric society are the chief cornerstones of personal empowerment. They are deemed useless in the modern age, a time when mankind is considered more “refined.” What this refinement really means is that we no longer fight to defend ourselves.

Sexual knowledge is important. Knowledge of self-protection is important. They reconnect with divine power, our birthright. Perhaps the practice, study, and research of “warfare” connected the ancient peoples to the Ancient Gods. Maybe this is why Azazel is saying all of this. Maybe we need to exercise and explore our animalistic, reptilian so that the collective can better connect to these Ancient Gods or Nine Demonic Kings? Many feel that combat is of the Devil. In many ways they are right, however I would say humans *misused it*. Do not throw the baby out with the bathwater; neglecting these traits has created an imbalance, and explains our slavery. Is it because we do not understand it, and therefore do not know how to respect its power and purpose? Maybe you should ask Azazel yourself.

Demons in the Flesh

Chapter Eleven



BEFORE I even knew the full extent of my work with Azazel, I had already started a logical training program to integrate with my spiritual commitment to Azazel. His one statement caught my attention though and plagued me.

Remain true to your pact with Belial and he will open the necessary doors to the rest of the Demonic Kings. You will enter the One Tree of Power through the blessing of his sister Naamah and uncover knowledge of the Five Accursed Nations. These Nations act as points of the Star Gate which will open the doors to the universal powers of creation so that these powers may be returned to man. You will come to the knowledge of the ancestors of Witch-kin called the Nephilim. These are our *children*; you now call them *demons*; you slander our race as demons, therefore, you slander yourself.

This statement by Azazel, specifically “You will come to the knowledge of the ancestors of Witch-kin called the Nephilim. These are our *children*. These are what you now call *demons*.” led to a maelstrom of chaotic whirlwinds in my head, taking me to the brink of insanity. I was starting to get disgruntled by the fact that *utter confusion* had become the norm in my interactions with Azazel.

I calmed my mind to empty it of thought and meditated on where I had heard this before. Basic facts came to mind immediately which I began to reverse engineer taking me to the source of the question, or the answer. I knew that in *The Bible* there was essentially two creation stories or stories of what we would call the fall of mankind.

The first dealt with rebellious Angels who went to war with God in the Heavens lead by Lucifer. The other dealt with the Watchers who were led by Shemyaza and Azazel and the sexual sin leading to their creation by their

mating with the Daughters of Qayin. I also knew that Lucifer was much older than many Christians would like to believe. His name was *never* found in Scripture until translated into Latin by King James. I placed Lucifer-Amaymon on the back-burner for a moment, and isolated the tale of Azazel and Shemyaza—as told in depth within *Book of Enoch*. I suddenly remembered exactly where I heard of the origin of demons being the disembodied spirits of the race of Giants brought forth by Angels who mated with the Daughters of Qayin.

And it came to pass when the children of men had multiplied that in those days were born unto them beautiful and comely daughters. And the angels, the children of the heaven, saw and lusted after them, and said to one another: “Come, let us choose us wives from among the children of men and beget us children.” And Semjaza, who was their leader, said unto them: “I fear ye will not indeed agree to do this deed, and I alone shall have to pay the penalty of a great sin.” And they all answered him and said: “Let us all swear an oath, and all bind ourselves by mutual imprecations not to abandon this plan but to do this thing.” Then swear they all together and bound themselves by mutual imprecations upon it. And they were in all two hundred; who descended in the days of Jared on the summit of Mount Hermon, and they called it Mount Hermon, because they had sworn and bound themselves by mutual imprecations upon it.

That in essence is the backdrop of the story. It had yet to reveal anything specific. Then I came upon another passage almost immediately.

Enoch 15:8 states:

Now the giants who have been born of the Spirit and the flesh, shall be called upon the earth evil spirits, and on the earth shall be their habitation. Evil spirits shall proceed from their flesh; because they were created from above, from the Holy Watchers was their beginning and primary foundation. Evil spirits shall they be upon the earth, and the spirits of the wicked shall they be called. The habitation of the spirits of heaven shall be in heaven, but upon the earth shall be the habitation of the terrestrial spirits, who are born on earth.

What struck me as odd here is that in Enoch 15:8 the words “holy” and “evil” are treated as nearly synonymous. Also, it implies that those who with a spirit originated here with the Watchers. It suggests that the knowledge of one’s birthright to divine power lies in the true Holy-Evil spirit. To a certain

extent, I am taking liberty with this passage, but it still remains clear when reading from a new perspective. In essence, what Azazel told me is sitting here in this passage in reference to the origin and nature of demons. Regardless, it sits right here occulted in front of our face!

I was reminded of Azazel's charge to enter the realm of the Black Earth to communicate with Belial's sister Naamah. I knew I was supposed to begin my work within the praxis of that pact to bring forth knowledge of his Black Alchemy—then it hit me like a ton of bricks! *This is and has always been about human DNA!*

Naamah was a Qainite! She was mentioned as a wife of Noah. There was a Naamah also mentioned as being the wife of King Solomon. Naamah, though she is a Demoness whom rules the Black Earth, was also recorded as being a woman who walked the earth.

Lillith was the first human woman to attempt to create a divine union between mankind and their divine power. Most Christians have no clue who Lillith is, and most black magickians simply see her as a hip dark goddess. They probably do not know that she was said to be a woman who walked the earth shoulder to shoulder with mankind on this earth plane. The name Solomon popped in my head as I heard Azazel whisper:

Black Sun!

Holy shit. Sol means "sun." Omon comes from Amun etymologically; it means "hidden." Solomon, who was the wisest of Kings, was a name that etymologically means "Black Sun." This is also how the connection between Lucifer-Amaymon was made. E.A. had originally made this connection in the last *Compendium*. He bounced this idea off to the rest of the authors to get our view on it. Now this exact same connection was being made in regard to a human being who supposedly walked the earth!

Azazel took over dominating my conscious mind through his mental link. It was as if his huge, cold claws reached into my mind to carve it and fashion it according to his will. He seemed to scribe specific knowledge in my mind with his talons

You are seeing the truth between life and knowledge Drakonis. The seed of the Eye of the Dragon cast upon the Harvest Moon is taking root through the fertilization of our interactions. The vibrational contagion is occurring with efficiency. This is the fruit of the One Tree.

I looked up to the Black Mirror gate which was before me within the Temple of Blackened Fire and relaxed my gaze to behold the Demonic King

Azazel. He began to materialize as my reflection became distorted and foggy. He seemed to emerge from the foggy haze itself, beyond the confines of the mirror. I formulated questions in regard to the ancient genetic codes of the Nephilim as I did not believe in the Giants as they were presented in *The Bible*. No human womb no matter how antinomian the bloodline could give birth to such beings. It was not logical. Regardless, if Nephilim were demons I wanted to know more of them.

I spoke up:

Azazel the word “giant” was integrated in the later Greek Septuagint to appeal to a Hellenic audience. Since Belial, a lot of this work has been geared toward DNA and genetic coding and the mysteries thereof. Were the Nephilim giants?

They were men of great *stature*, but they were *men* in ways. Stature does not only indicate height, Drakonis. It also deals with power and influence. In this world in which you dwell power is considered evil because it is desired by the few who seek to oppress, by capitalizing on weakness caused by your rejection of personal power.

These *men and women*, who were our *children* were warriors and heroes for they knew the knowledge of Witch’s craft, architecture, and other arts. They rose to fight against the men without spirit, who are the true abominations of man. These fools who lacked creative power are the proverbial *shells*! Woe unto those who call good evil and evil good!

I sensed fury from Azazel. Fury that went beyond the usual demonic anger. It seemed almost like sadness. I was looking in the face of a grieving father. It came from a love unhindered by human attachment, a love willing to let go so that all could move forward and evolve. Though it was not human love, it worked toward the greater good, or at least the cosmic order of things with cold efficiency. It was most paradoxical. In that moment, I knew my past assumption during work with Lucifer-Amaymon was spot on as to the nature of these beings. They are highly evolved biological beings not bound by flesh. Not necessarily *evolved*, but more advanced in that they have not been bound to the Earth. As *Book of Enoch* states, the abode of the heavenly beings is the heavens. Rebels or not, the Watchers are Angels.

Infernal Conception

Chapter Twelve



EVERYTHING was starting to come together and the logic of this gnosis was less overwhelming for now. I needed to get down to the brass tacks of it all though. It was time to refine my inquiry. I asked Azazel how and why they did it, “Azazel why did you mate with the Daughters of Qayin? How did you do it? You are different kinds of beings.”

We took wives from the physical world because we cared for the divine potential which permeated it. The Breath of the Dragon, Lucifer, the highest consciousness of man is not just the Sun. The darkest most hidden potentials within man, Amaymon the Elder Shadow, came forth only when duality was ushered into totality. It is also the celestial body of Venus, Drakonis. The Antichrist consciousness as you have come to know it is not only higher consciousness, but total consciousness. It is both Tempter and Savior. It simply *is*. It does not react, it responds in an authentic and efficient way.

The lore of the Lillitu, Lillith, the first woman created by us in attempt to reunite mankind with their divine power was the first step. She took the seed of man, a physical manifestation of Zero Point consciousness brought down into lower planes of existence. Through her doing so, we were able to understand it from the densest physical plane. It is the Dragons Breath, yes, but it is also much different. It is less aethyric flame and more abysmal water. It is Daat which is truly life. It is the physical veil, or that which permeates the physical veil that exists between you and your potential as creators.

You view reality much differently than we do from that side of the mirror. We see the web that connects all, the very harp of the

minister of the music of the one verse, the universe that creates the never-ending song behind the power of creation. We know how to pluck the various threads to manifest change by manipulating frequencies. There is no mirror on my side of the reflection. Only an open window through which I can gaze upon all at one time.

You see various layers or reflections between this dark mirror and the astral portal behind you. They go on infinitely. You see Mars and Dragon's blood, cinnamon, and the color red as different things, altogether when in fact they are a single note within the one song. Human perception that has not the Mark of Qayin, or the Eye of the Dragon, is the Abyss. You all now have everything you need encoded within your genes to cross this dark lake. To understand this and to cross it is to understand how above and below operate.

This potential is threaded within 22 dormant strands or more passive genetic codes within. This was made possible by Lillith bringing us the Holy oil which flows through all that exists on your physical plane. It is the seed of consciousness and the salt of the earth. It is the Lux Corporalis or Luciferian Light. It is the seed of Leviathan, manna. It is the vehicle through which ancient wisdom can be resurrected. It is the true resurrection of the dead coming before the judgement of God—mankind itself. As the Dragon Lines ignite once more, no deluge will put them out. The fires of divine consciousness will rise through all and purge all illusion of duality and separation. This is the collective divine union between the human race and their power.

I laughed a little inside because when I batched out my monatomic minerals, I did indeed say that it reminded me a lot of sexual fluid. Lux Corporalis and dark matter could in essence be considered mutually dependent. Though separate, it is the common thread of all of this physical world and its connection to the other side. It is Indra's net in a sense. It is pure potential and the physical Luciferian light is a means through which this potential could be directed. Dark matter is akin to hidden matter or hidden light of Amaymon the Black Sun, while Lux Corporalis is the common thread that unites all under the light of the physical Sun.

While Azazel's answer was thorough, almost too thorough, I still did not get how the mating occurred. How did titanic spiritual beings mate with minute physical humans? He answered before I could get the question out. If

there is a question which comes forth, it is because there is first an answer to be found.

You have limited knowledge regarding this already but I will explain further. As this world descended into density the light spectrum began to isolate itself and so mankind was no longer a perfected and complete being. The light of consciousness was torn as totality descended into duality. The consciousness of totality was separated into various energy vortices that vibrate in accordance with all of the seemingly separate beings or potentials and items in existence. Due to duality of the physical plane our seed brought forth the first brothers, who you call Qayin and Abel. These are extensions or manifestations of the dual nature of this most descended plane of being.

We capitalized upon the weak links that existed within the torn consciousness to enter this plane.

Qayin was born with the creative power and spirit. Abel was born empty as a lifeless program. He was the next generation of descent in regard to the true leftovers of creation of death moving further away from its power. Qayin after dealing with his twin for some time found him to be useless, except to fertilize the soil to aid his seeds to grow. He did not murder in his eyes. He made an offering to the earth making use of nothingness. How do you kill that which is lifeless? It was the first fulfillment of the urge to fight and go to war.

This urge occurred not in the mind of Qayin, but in the mind of Abel in trying to maintain his lifeless existence just as the golem God does. There is safety within slavery as one remains unaccountable through a state of powerlessness. Just as Abel and the race of man is lifeless without their power, so is the Golem God useless without man. Belial fed upon the blood of Abel igniting the veins within the earth to a small degree. It also acted as a gateway through which he could later incarnate upon your plane of being with our guidance to inspire the demonic becoming.

When Qayin was cast out of Eden the Dragon known as Lucifer-Amaymon marked him with its Eye, filling his lamp with oil to gift him with the powers of creativity, further igniting his spirit with power. His awakened perception through the Drakonian

Eye allowed him to also hear what Belial has called the Sounds of Silence, which link all that is on this side of the veil and the other side. These sounds gave him great wisdom in regard to the working mechanics of the Breath of the Dragon and how its frequencies could be manipulated to create change. These sounds are the answers which give rise to your questions uniting them in the end, for they are one. Answers and inquiry are not separate. The answers are always encoded within.

Qayin learned more of the creative potential behind plants with the guidance of Shemyaza, and he learned how to speak with the animals to learn of their powers bringing forth the lore of the horse whisperers of legend. I taught him the use of metals and the forging of them to make weapons and armor. We guided him in recreating physical representations of our celestial planes of existence so that the veins within the flesh of the earth could draw down yet more power from the Breath of the Dragon. This began to open the middle pillar or body of flesh to the Drakonian essence through vibrational contagion and sympathetic linkage. The left pillar being the Therionic body, and the right pillar being the body of phosphorus or the body of light. These pillars were being united and ignited through the Golem Gods decision to exile Qayin. It was a foolish decision as the seeds of our agenda were then planted.

As we the Watchers started to see the divine potential awaken once more we encouraged Qayin to begin building his empire with the wisdom we provided by bearing the fruit of children further separating the race of Qayin from the race of Abel. We took advantage of the duality and the weakness it provided. We saw the beauty of this divine spark and took some of these daughters as wives. This was the Demonic Genesis. The shadows of divine power were encoded in the human genome. Divine potential was woven back into the physical plane within mankind and throughout the world. Mankind was coming closer to the divine design they were meant to embody.

I stopped Azazel's glorious story to simply ask the question, "Azazel tell me. Are the demons of today the disembodied spirits of the Nephilim?"

He responded with a bit of annoyance. These emotions though not very intense or prominent reminded me of an almost human template of existence.

Yes and no, again, I will reiterate that from a much higher perspective there is no separation between Angel or Demon. There is no difference between male or female. There is no difference between life and death or the maya created from dual Trees which do not really exist either. There are only threads of potential that exist within mankind as genes. These are threads of potential that exist within you, which thread the potential of reality outside of you. They are inner reflections of the polar threads, or trunk of the tree of the power of Drakonian possibility. Roots and branches. No more, no less. I sense a bit of confusion welling up inside of you.

If I try to explain this to you Drakonis, it may break your psyche altogether. Are you sure you want to attempt to assimilate and masticate this knowledge? The soil of your mind may not yet be tilled enough for the seeds of this wisdom to take root.

I had a feeling that this question was an initiation of some sort. As if he already knew. He knew the answer and it was the reason for his asking the question. Time seemed to move backward in the stillness of that moment. I plugged in the affirmative answer with what seemed to be a sort of faith.

“Yes. I want to know.”

Again, a much more advanced form of *almost* human emotion could be discerned. It may have been the perception of the exact same kind of emotion that came from a nucleus of more intense logic and refined control. I almost sensed a bit of what could have been considered joy in some way. It was as if he was observing a collective plan come to fruition upon this theoretical Tree of Power that Belial planted in my mind years ago. Not just within my mind, but in the subconscious mind of the collective, which I knew in this eternal moment to be one and the same. I knew Azazel to be correct in this moment of eternal chaos which was the order of all that is, and ever was, and will ever be.

It was as if he was counting on my psyche, which was a layer of the collective psychological condition, to break; as if it was the shell of this seed of this Tree of Power. The feeling of needing to be talked down from a bad Sativa trip occurred again. It was the same sort of tension occurring on the mental plane which I experienced during our initial encounter. It was as if my perception of reality began to flatten out in comparison to the totality. It was as if my perception lacked dimension.

Right then I did not even exist to be devoured by this Drakonian totality,

and so I came into full existence while panic set into my soul. I started and stopped wondering if the answer was worth it, while also coming to know that he knew that it was. I felt like screaming from the influx of spiritual currents being downloaded as the Ancient Watcher Azazel spoke. I hope you the reader can understand because human words can really do this experience no justice at all.

You asked the question directly, Drakonis. Why would you not just ask it? Now let me ask you a question.

Was Lilith created as human? I mentioned you must go to the throne of the Black Earth to find the sister of Belial known as Naamah. Was Naamah said to be human? She was said to be the wife of Noah, as well as the wife of Solomon. Why was she mentioned in these texts if she was not special for some very powerful reason? Women were rarely mentioned in those times. In fact the duality created by your kind saw them as insignificant at the time. This Naamah was the same woman.

The panic started to settle as I had already connected these dots. A huge weight was lifted from my shoulders as I came to know that this may not be that bad after all. However, I did realize this was yet another example of the answers being the source and origin of the questions.

Azazel continued:

This will better answer exactly how the procreation between the Watchers and the daughters of Qayin occurred, while also answering your current inquiry.

I mentioned how Lilith became known as the killer of infants. This was not her intent Drakonis. Her intent was to place herself into the body of a child to not just bring the seed of the Watchers into the world through mankind, but also the womb. To place the Dark divine masculine into the world was a one step process. In essence it was a matter of simply encoding the seed of man with Divine potential so that it could take gestation in the human womb. This is what was done with Adam. Through the act of sexual union with who you call Eve, the consciousness was elevated enough to make room for possession so the dormant seed of the Lucifer could be illuminated within him.

The womb, being that it holds potential for the divine masculine and feminine was a two-step process. Lilith the Elder was brought

directly into the world as a child of totality. She also had to bear the Divine seed within her womb, but by being rejected by who you call Adam due to his being intimidated by her power it could not be done through her flesh. It is for this reason she had to incarnate through the flesh of the race of Adam.

Lilith the younger or Naamah is an incarnation of Lilith the Elder. The Elder Lilith succeeded in her operation and placed her consciousness into Naamah whom was conceived as an empty shell. She brought life to the shell... wisdom. This is how the Watchers womb could be placed within the world in a human form. This is the origin of your Rh negative blood Drakonis. It was once condensed in the area of Mount Ararat, where the Ark of Noah was said to have settled after the deluge. This is also one way which the knowledge of the Nephilim remained after the flood.

The Golem God did not see the wisdom hiding in the illuminated consciousness of Naamah and so she was allowed upon the Ark of Noah. This allowed the fragments of the Book of Life or the Book of Revelation to be passed on through genetic codes. As you know these two books are one, as are the two trees. These are separate symbols for the same primordial drakonian force of evolution.

Now let me ask you. Was she a descendant of Qayin? Who was her brother?

I answered:

Tubal-Qayin was her brother within the old testament. He was the miner, the black smith. Some said he was the first chemist while others have stated he did not only craft weapons but was also the creator of the science of wielding them.

He replied:

Yes, Tubal-Qayin. Tubal-Qayin was a miner and blacksmith. In fact, he was all those things you mentioned and more. He was aware of the power hidden in the earth. The power in metals and stones. He was the Magus as was Qayin. We taught him by encoding the proper questions in his demonic genes. He bridged the gap between how things appear on the outside and the power or Breath of the Dragon that flows through it. His mining the earth is symbolic of creating or digging the hidden Sephira of Daath. He is

the proverbial salt of the earth Drakonis. Tubal-Qayin is Belial. Naamah is sister of Belial because Belial is Tubal-Qayin. This is why he is Lord of the Abyss as well as Lord of the Earth.

Naamah is said to still live today within the waves of the Dead Sea. Is this not where you extract your Lux Corporalis from? The salt from the Sea of Death as well as the Tree of Death are both sources of true life. The Christ is the Antichrist because there is no duality. She is ruler over the Dead Sea as well as Queen of the Black Earth. This is the balance between the Magus and the High Priestess. Just think about this Drakonis. Ponder carefully. Belial is Lord of this earth while also being Lord of the Spiritual Abyss. Naamah is Queen of the Black Earth and is said to dwell within the Dead Sea. This was the beginning of it all.

Now, I will say no. Demons are not humans any more than you are. You are in a human body. A meat suit. Not all of you are humans my friend. Many are trying to become something they already are. The human condition is a self-imposed disease. Your societies are built on the darkness of corruption and impurities must be removed by the forge of Belial, or Tubal-Qayin! This is what will make way for the Apocalyptic Aeon of the Bringer and Bearer of Light. Yes, blood will flood the streets, but ours will be elevated. Ours will be placed into positions of power leading the way to the evolution of the human race.

That was it. I needed no more explanation. I wanted to ask no more questions regarding this. Any further inquiry would have created much confusion and it would likely distract me from doing what had to be done. I had a grimoire to complete. It was time to get into the Temple of Ebon Flame and make that come to fruition.

Encountering Naamah

Part Six



THESE initial encounters with the Watcher and Demonic King Azazel almost destroyed me. My lifeforce plummeted. Weeks of illness and migraines which waned for a few hours, a day at most, only to return. Depression and sadness along with tension between myself and others that refused to budge. It got very old, very fast.

Azazel warned that I had to keep anchoring this power through harsh physical activity to ground the excessive energy. The issue was that almost immediately after my first encounter I could barely peel myself out of bed to live my life. I forced myself into the temple to try and satiate my thirst for knowledge. After that there was nothing left; there was no more energy to spend.

I began to ponder what was going on. I dared not call upon Azazel. I knew that my mind would be hurled into more catastrophic cycles of thought which would deplete my lifeforce even more. As I meditated upon this problem, I wrote in my journal.

The knowledge being brought forth through this contribution has a vibrational frequency which opposes all spiritual paths to date. The inner potentials of mankind are severely limited by false belief systems and perceptions regarding divine power. Even though I am an individual, I am still a part of this collective.

What is occurring is an incompatibility between my mind, body, soul, and the currents flowing through me. It feels like downloading a 10 GB file into a device with only 3 GB of space. I am stressing the machine in ways it cannot handle. I need to upgrade before delving into the Black Earth under the guidance of Naamah, the Pleasant One.

How do I do this? What needs to be done?

I had a lot more thoughts that I wanted to get down on paper. I just had no

energy to place them in the notebook. I closed the book and blew out the candles in the Temple of Ebon Flame and headed back to the house. I dragged myself into the bedroom only to find my daughter cuddled up next to mommy in bed. If I climbed into bed, I risked waking her. She is a very light sleeper like me.

I headed to the vacant couch and passed out, never wanting to return to a state of conscious awareness. I may have actually died in that moment. It was the deepest and most euphoric sleep I had ever experienced.

Soon, thereafter, my inner light shined images behind my closed eye lids. I saw the Throne of Naamah. She was singing and her voice was nothing less than angelic. The lyrics were unintelligible, but my intuition told me she was singing the Song of Lucifer, the song of the universe. She was magnetic and the Black Earth seemed to consume me. As it did, she noticed me and smiled. As she stopped singing, the song continued.

She rose from her throne. She had white hair that manifested streaks of red that were so red they looked black. These streaks appeared and reappear like ghosts. It hypnotized me. She also wore dress in such a dark red that it looked black. Her skin was unnaturally white like porcelain dolls my sister used to collect. She came closer and closer.

I found myself on my knees, to which she moved closer and towered above me. She gently placed her hand beneath my chin and without pressure, it seemed to lift my face forcing my gaze into her eyes. She spoke:

My sweet brother, (that statement was disturbing. I knew not whether she was speaking of my personality, or implying that I was tasty food) how pleasant it is to see you in my dwelling. I am pleasant, yes. Mainly because I am always pleased to see my Witch-kin here in the potential of their creation. Welcome, my brother; this is the womb of your divine creation.

You have gotten yourself into quite a mess. This is what you must do, Drakonis—it will begin to strengthen you and empower you to move forward on this journey. You must call upon my brother from your side of the veil. You must conjure Belial as he was when he walked the Earth. Call upon Tubal-Qayin and ask him to create armor to stabilize the currents you bring into this world. This armor will protect you from the malign attacks coming from those who look to destroy you. Their numbers are increasing fast. It will also mark you as Witch-kin within the realms of the Tree of

Power.

The Demonic Queen Naamah leaned forward to gently kiss my Ajna Chakra where the Eye of the Dragon was etched on my soul. She spoke again:

My brother will see the mark left by my kiss which is a mark of acceptance to move forward with this work. Only your intention to move forward will illuminate this mark. Though your flesh is weak, your will remains strong. It will illuminate the mark of my kiss only if it is your true will to move forward. The paradox is this: you do not know if it is your will, but I do! You must do this or you will not survive, Drakonis. Go forth and fulfill your true will now. Have faith, brother. Have faith in yourself!

I woke up having slept for nine hours as I heard my daughter's footsteps coming down the hall. It seemed like a mere moment in time. I felt dazed and confused. How in the hell could such a brief dream be stretched throughout nine hours of time?

I saw the older two children off to school and made the baby some oatmeal with apple slices. She wanted to watch a movie, so I placed her in front of a movie and stepped out of the room.

I sat in the background with the sigil of Belial. My goal was to find out how I could make contact with his incarnate form, Tubal-Qayin. No full evocation. Magick has permeated my entire life experience at this point. The most profound conclusions and gnosis come as I am cooking pasta or making trips to the mailbox these days. I was going to simply make solid mental contact to harvest the necessary information as the baby ate. No problem!

I pricked my finger at the kitchen table and placed blood upon the gilded lines of Belial's sigil. As I gazed at it, it raised off the surface of the wood and started to fold and unfold in the air simultaneously. As it did, the fabric of my mind followed suit as my perception began to shift. A soft version of ritual rapture ensued and my connection was made!

Belial stood in my kitchen, while I stood before his throne. We encountered each other at the Crossroads between worlds. I had not spoken to this Demonic King since *Compendium of Belial*.

I initiated this conversation, which lifted a weight off my shoulders. It was half-normal in comparison to Azazel. It seemed more normal in that it involved a reciprocation of dialogue, rather than an intense download of gnosis which left me without time to think much less speak. Oh glorious

Belial! How I loved Belial in that moment.

I approached him with the things I had been learning.

Belial I have learned so much about the connection of the human race to the Demonic Empire. I had learned through cyphers within *Book of Enoch* and other religious texts that your kind and my kind are intimately connected. These cyphers have been there all along. Why are we just now picking up on them?

You are coming to know me, indeed. It is your devotion to our cause which has caused you to bear fruit of the One Tree of Power. Truth remains somewhere between that which is ideal and that which is not.

You are coming to know me these secret pathways of knowledge through your ability to look through the Eye of the Dragon. Others have not come to this truth because the Eye of the Dragon is not marked upon their soul. Without the Mark of Qayin, the Mark of the Beast or the Eye of the Dragon, ignorance alone will remain.

The frequency of this elevated gnosis is having very abrasive effects on your energy systems. It is quickly manifested in your physical body. You must regain control. The vibrational contagion is not currently working in your favor as the gnosis has progressed. The intensity of this can destroy you. You will be crushed from the weight of the yoke. You act without wisdom.

I let him know that I was aware with all due respect as I probed:

I have learned that you came into this world as Tubal-Qayin to bring wisdom of the Watchers, the Scales of the Dragon, to this world. To have knowledge of this goes against all that people know, at least on the surface.

Only on the surface, Drakonis. The knowledge at this point in time is encoded in a manner that every individual can understand in their own way. I charge to circulate it so anyone with ears to hear may have a chance at reflecting upon this gnosis.

I explained that, honestly, it made me nervous. It goes against the traditional Kabbalistic ideologies and the working praxis of both Left and Right Hand Path initiates.

Yes, I understand this Belial, yet I must say I am unsure how this information will be accepted.

Understand this. All man-made constructs fall at some point because they are not anchored within true power. Everyone follows dogma instead of making direct contact with us. If this had been occurring progressively as the eternal moment has been expanding and evolving, this knowledge would be seen as nothing but logic. Spiritual development and science would have never parted ways. Now it is going to hit you all at once and cause the destruction of many as mankind steps into their power.

The current religious ideals which are only ideal to a ruling class are falling. You are not causing that. *We are!* You are merely acting as a voice for us to bring forth that which must come next. What you are stating is not truly adverse to current religious texts either. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained Angels unaware. (Hebrews 13:2) Does this sound familiar? Beings who are much more than human have assumed human flesh since man rejected their birthright as co-creators. It matters not what people accept or believe. It does not change that which *is*. You act out of devotion and that is why you are empowered, sustained, and carried when you fall.

I told you years ago you would serve my cause. I left you to your madness, and look at yourself now. All your work is moving you toward fulfilling the pact you made with me. You will succeed. If you would not, it would have never been offered to you.

I understood. Even when I mentioned to EA that this Azazel work was killing me, he essentially stated the same. He basically said that the work *needed done*. We stepped up to the plate, and tossed our free will to the wind. I did not truly see it as losing free will, though. It was more a matter of our will awakening as *their* will. It was a dark divine union occurring between the true Ancient Gods of mankind and certain magickians chosen for specific tasks—likely magickians from a specific lineage or bloodline. Belial spoke regarding the spiritual armor that needed to be forged.

You are marked with the Kiss of Naamah. You are to call me through my past incarnate form. Through that specific face of demonic power there remains many spiritual empowerments and gifts coming to man through the Breath of the Dragon. The only one which matters to you now is armor for the soul. Without it, you will not only fall but forfeit your existence on all planes.

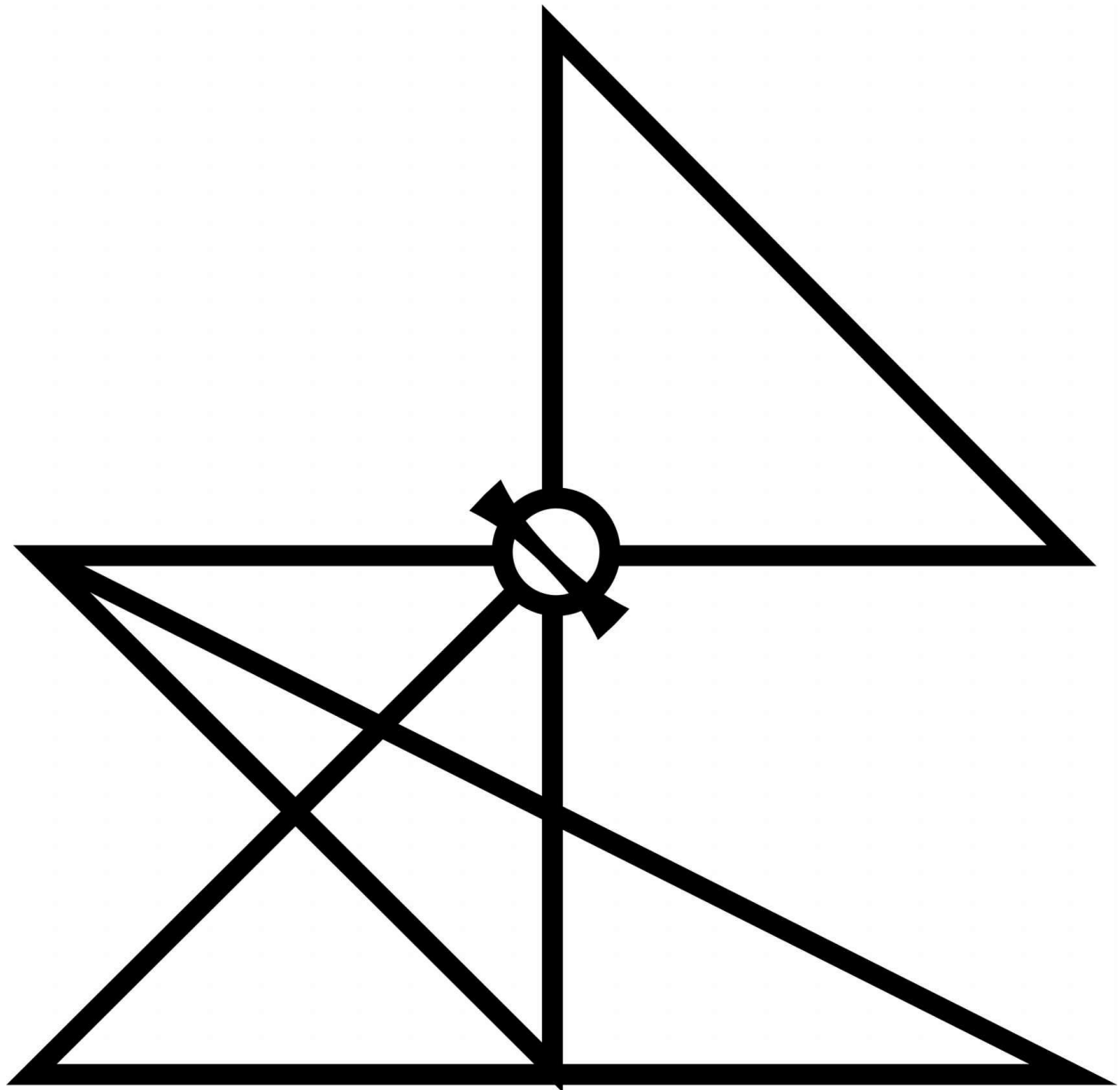
Call upon he who first dug the entrance to Da'at with his bare hands. With bleeding hands and fingers, without nails, he dug and dug and dug in order to show mankind the will of the Magus. He offered an example of unwavering determination to take one's surroundings and the potential thereof to create and to build empires. He took the blood of Qayin to a new level and it was my spirit whom empowered that incarnate source of power which led to greater wisdom.

Call upon me through him *as him* petitioning for the spiritual armor needed for this journey. If the kiss of Naamah is seen, illuminated by faith in yourself and this work, it will be granted.

I drew the sigil of Tubal-Qayin a.k.a. Seal of Drakonian Armor, merging all parts of self once again at my kitchen table. I felt anxious as I did not know if my faith in this work was on par. I mean it is *all* pretty far left—even for Left Hand Pathers. I took a few deep, cyclical breaths until the inhale and exhale seemed to merge and dropped down into trance to receive the rite necessary to call forth Tubal-Qayin, the first Black Smith and forger of armor and weapons of war.

The Forge of the Blacksmith

Chapter Fourteen



Sigil of Tubal-Qayin

TO perform this rite, you need the Circle and Triangle of Vibrational Contagion, along with the sigil of Tubal-Qayin a.k.a. Seal of Drakonian Armor burnt into wood (I use a stencil tip to do this). The lines of the Seal or Sigil are to be gilded in 24k gold. The first section of this rite to be presented is what I call Building the Forge of Tubal-Qayin. I used the same mandala found in *Compendium of Belial* as well as *Compendium of Lucifer-Amaymon*, namely the Circle and Triangle of Vibrational Contagion.

Building the Forge of Tubal-Qayin

At the North:

*I mine the Northern gates of the Black Earth to call upon the metals
needed for Tubal-Qayin to armor my soul with the power of
the Ancient Gods!*

At the East:

*I conjure the Astral winds through the bellows of the Blacksmith
heating the Forge of Tubal-Qayin!*

At the South:

*I conjure the flames of Hell to rise within the Forge of Tubal-Qayin
and to strip this magick of all impurities!*

At the West:

*I conjure the abysmal waters to quench the spiritual weapons of
war!*

Once again at the North:

*Here I stand in the Forge of Tubal-Qayin as a weapon of
the Ancient Gods!*

As I performed this rite I could feel the energies swirling around me so intensely that it was almost physical. I am assuming this heightened intensity occurred, not because it was merely a spiritual vortex, but because it represented an ancient force that existed on this plane.

I received gnosis that what I was to call forth was indeed ancient flesh, and though we call this man Tubal-Qayin, that name was just a symbol of power produced by merging the limits of the human flesh with the divine Fire of the Dragon. This was to call upon Belial incarnate!

I began the conjuration.

The Calling of Tubal-Qayin

*Tubal-Qayin come forth to this Forge built in your honor,
constructed in your glory!
Tubal-Qayin, who is of the ancient blood of Witch-kin, I call upon you
now to honor me with your presence and power.
Tubal-Qayin, come to stand before me and receive this seal carved from
the wood of the One Tree of Drakonian Power gilded in gold as an
offering unto you and the wisdom you have given to man!
Come forth, that I may bless you as a man no longer
forgotten upon the Witches' path of becoming!
Come forth, that I may honor you with the witch-blood
of this aeon of Lucifer-Amaymon! (Allow your blood to fall upon the
wooden sigil prepared for Tubal-Qayin)
As my blood spills upon this seal may it feed your infernal soul
of the alchemical majesty of war!
Awaken now with the Breath of the Dragon flowing through these veins!
Tubal-Qayin come! Belial come!*

His presence accumulated within the circle as his sigil was with me in the Forge of Tubal-Qayin. It began in the center and swirled outward like a tornado, circling both clockwise and counter-clockwise simultaneously. I heard the hammering of metals as sweat poured from my body and a feeling of suffocation ensued. I felt his presence gain critical mass as I heard a booming, almost erotic scream as he tore through the veil.

It pushed me out of the circle. This was unlike any other rite I performed within Belial's praxis of vibrational contagion, which merges the operations of invocation and evocation. Usually after the spirit is evoked, the adept steps into the triangle to further unite with the spirit to create a progressive alchemical mergence. In this case, I could not remain in the Circle. I was pushed into the Triangle *by force*.

There he stood within the Circle of Vibrational Contagion as if he had called upon me. He was a large muscular man. Not a giant per se, but big! He was bald and his gaze pierced my soul through the Ajna chakra marked with the Eye of the Dragon. His eyes seemed to be made of Lapis Lazuli. They were dark blue with sparks of gold that flashed as he stood before me.

Do you see the alchemical power within me, Son of the Red Dragon? Drakonis, do you see the alchemical power of war within me?
I connected the dots, intuitively feeling that the gold flashes of light within

his eyes was the power he spoke of. I responded, “Yes, Tubal-Qayin. I see the power in your eyes.”

At this point I was trembling. I had no fucking clue what was going on. As I looked into the energetic sphere of the cast circle, I did not see the gilded lines placed on its surface with loving creative intent. I saw a window into a deep cavern illuminated with hellfire. I saw a huge man standing before what seemed to be an ancient anvil. He held a hefty hammer that I knew was both a tool of creation and destruction; it was equally a weapon as well as a tool used in smelting metals. He carried it with reverence. I had never been in this kind of atmosphere. My mind was reaching out for some sort of focal point within time and space to assimilate what was occurring in the meat of my finite brain.

I see the Kiss of Naamah the Pleasant upon your brow. She has called you into the realms of the Tree of Drakonian Power. It is faint. You are lucky. You may have been moments away from coming forth too late.

Let me give you this advice: Hesitance is not something you can afford. It steals your power. When you come to harvest knowledge apply it immediately as wisdom to keep the alchemical process of transformation moving. This will nurture the seed of the divine soul within the Black Earth. It will prevent the accumulation of power from becoming stale and toxic, while at the same time, it will create avenues to exercise power to attain more. This is something you must heed lest you destroy yourself with these vast currents of power.

In this way, you can create environmental stimuli on the spiritual planes which will be conducive to attaining the power to scribe your own destiny with the *Book of Life*, or *Book of Revelation*. This will create strong growth throughout the various branches of self on all planes, including the physical world. As such, you plant your garden instead of your garden being planted. You alone will tend to it, and you will become responsible for its growth.

I thanked Tubal-Qayin for this advice in awe, not because of the the advice per se, but because of to the practical delivery of the advice. There did not seem to be layers of contemplation to sift through. It was very much to the point.

I told Tubal-Qayin why I was there as a formality really. I knew he already knew.

Tubal-Qayin I have summoned you to request armor forged by your hand. I request this to strengthen me upon my journey with the Five Accursed Nations of the Black Earth, ruled over by the Demoness Naamah the Pleasant One whom is your kin.

I will indeed forge this armor for you, but know that its empowerment is a discipline. It must be forged within your aura over a period of six nights at the witching hour. This is the Armor of the Dragon. It was Azazel himself who taught me to forge this armor for the men of renown. It was not the armor alone which was so powerful, but rather the blessing of the armor which harnesses the power encoded in your blood. To spill the blood of thine enemies, thy blood must first be spilled.

Forging the Armor of Tubal-Qayin

Chapter Fifteen



THE seal of Drakonian Armor, which is the same as the sigil of Tubal-Qayin, must be carved upon six black taper candles. The seal upon each candle must then be anointed with six drops of your own blood. After the blood dries each black candle is to be gilded with 24k gold leaf. When that process is complete each candle is then anointed six times with Dragon's Blood oil or essential oil of cinnamon. The ritual process begins at 3:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning during a waning moon.

The candle is placed at the center of the Circle of Vibrational Contagion and is lit before all else. The attention and energy put forth in their creation will open the vortex of power necessary for Tubal-Qayin to forge the armor in your auric field once. As the Armor of the Dragon is crafted, it will also remove the energy layers of all malign attacks or impurities that may have accumulated through all lifetimes—those experienced through the cyclical trap of forced incarnation into slavery. This is a part of the alchemical forging process, being the purification of the spiritual elements used to fashion the armor. It will empower you for all further work with the Nine Demonic Kings and the exploration of the realms of the One Tree of Drakonian Power.

As a side note: the rest of Belial's Black Alchemy will be revealed under Abaddon's guidance within this multi-volume *Gatekeeper* saga. I have been told this is because he is a reflection of man in that he is a demonic being, yet also a place or embodiment of the totality of Hell. This *place* is not a realm of torment, but a realm of potential and possibility. We also have inner planes, if not entire universes, that exist within us on a fractal level depending on the age of our soul and the evolution of our consciousness, yet we are individual beings on the surface. When we create shifts on the inner planes—the Kliffoth—we manifest change on the physical plane we experience—being the Kabbalah; as within, so without.

Once the candle is lit at the center of the Circle, the magickian is to perform the rite of Building the Forge of Tubal-Qayin. Once that is completed the right hand is held above the flame as the Prayer of Drakonian Armor is read.

The Prayer of Drakonian Armor

*I find strength in the Dragon and the power of its breath!
I am armored by its scales forged on this plane by the hands of Belial
who is Tubal-Qayin!*

*Tubal-Qayin rise through this flame and empower this Drakonian
Armor in the eternal moment by the power of the Flames of the
Dragon's Breath!*

*May my loins be girt about with the truth of the
One Tree of Drakonian Power!*

*May my chest be protected with the Tablets of Destiny, the Book of
Life and Revelation bestowed by the mighty Dragon alone!*

*May my feet be shod with the power of will to traverse the paths of
darkness in exile, moving against the natural way of slavery that I may
build my own empire of glory!*

*Bestow upon me the shield of sorcery to deflect the spears and
arrows of my oppressors and enemies!*

*May my head be mounted with the helmet of knowledge
bringing power to me and mine.*

*May I wield the sword of wisdom striking down all that stands in the
way of my becoming with the cunning of the serpent, that this world may
be healed and cleansed of the corruption it has been built upon, by the
hands of men who have rejected their right to power!*

*Upon me is the Armor of the Dragon forged by the hands of
Tubal-Qayin. Its power will grow as I ascend, making way for the
evolution of man by the fire of the Dragons Breath!*

When the prayer is completed, the left hand is used to pinch out the flames of the candle. Feel the energies conducted ignite the aura with the Armor of the Dragon forged by Tubal-Qayin. Bathe in this energy for 22 minutes at a minimum. Sense golden light permeate your every cell, illuminating the strands of dark matter DNA—what science misnamed “junk DNA.” Allow it to accumulate within the auric field until it feels dense and impenetrable. Then visualize this armor before closing the rite by placing the candle in a wooden box or black bag.

There is no need to close the circle itself. It would be counter-productive as Tubal-Qayin will continue to forge this armor within the auric field throughout the entirety of this six-day period. It would be wise to bathe in Dead Sea salt after these rites, along with oils such as Fiery Wall of Protection, to consciously involve yourself with the process of purification. This allows you to rest in the balance of the masculine and feminine found in the Dragon’s Fire and Naamah.

The candle should be placed in a black bag or box capable of holding all six candles to keep them safe and undisturbed throughout this six-day ritual process.

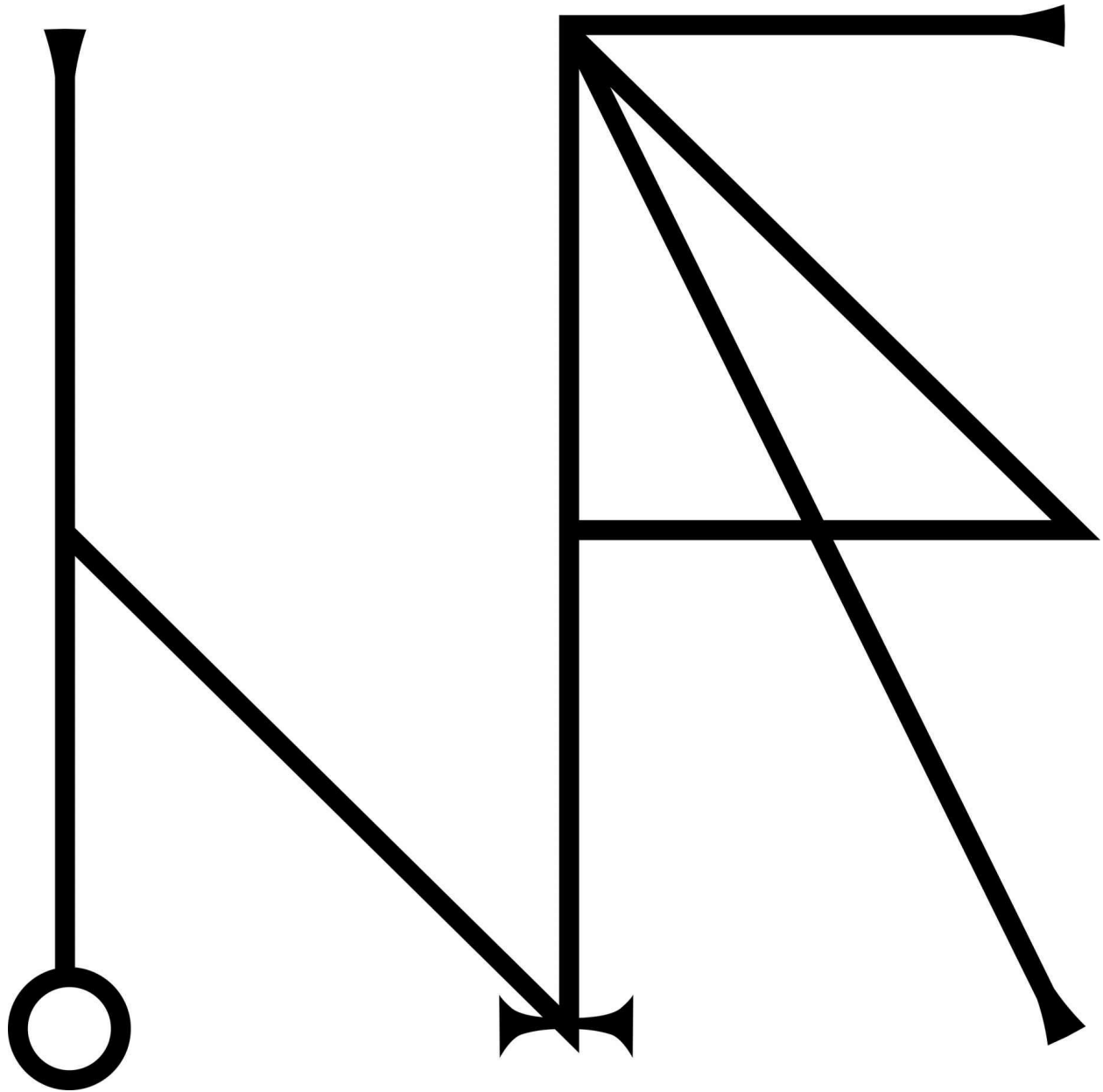
On Thursday morning at 3:00 a.m., all six candles are lit at the points of a six-point star with a feast prepared for Tubal-Qayin at the center of the circle. Rare steak along with baked potatoes and steamed vegetables are appreciated along with dark rum.

Instead of pinching the candles out, let them burn down. Any remaining wax shall be scraped off the candle burners and placed in a small sachet or locket, which can be worn on you or carried in your pocket. Gold or red are colors conducive to the intention of this rite, though any color may be used according to preference. The important thing is that it must be unused. The Seal of Tubal-Qayin himself can be marked upon the outer surface if desired. One could also include other linkages of self, such as a photo, strands of hair, sexual fluid, etc. This will further strengthen the link between you and the talisman in cases where carrying the item upon you is not practical.

Every Thursday, the chosen item you carry needs to be fed with six drops of your blood and the Prayer of Drakonian Armor. This can be done at any point in time during any hour so long as it is done between 12:00 a.m. and 12:00 p.m. If you allow it to grow weak, you may regret it, as opposing energies and tests which occur at soul level can become very intense as time

goes on.

Evocation of Naamah the Pleasant
Chapter Sixteen



Sigil of Naamah

AFTER petitioning Tubal-Qayin for spiritual armor and creating the fetish used to fuel it and strengthen it, I felt better. I accumulated energy which could be used to physically train again, and so I did as the opportunities arose. Marvin the Temple cleric would stop by on weekends, and after the spiritual work was complete, I would drag him into the yard to work basic stick and blade fighting drills knowing it would benefit him as well. Still, this work with Azazel was jam-packed with a whole lot of go, go, go!

After Marvin left one Sunday night, I sat in the Temple to meditate. A brief half-moment after falling into a slight trance, I felt Azazel materialize behind me as I was incidentally gazing into a large onyx sphere. His energetic signature is unmistakable.

The irony in regard to combat is that it is not about fighting at all. The victor is not a better fighter as people assume on the surface. He is simply better at *relating*. He understands that the combat is a process of communication and the better listener always wins. He harnesses his empathy and compassion to maim the enemy which is in all reality an external reflection of himself that must be sacrificed.

He does this by listening not to his own fears and concerns, but rather opening himself to the fact that he and his opponent are one and the same. He knows that either his enemy or himself are akin to a dead skin cell upon the Body of the Dragon which must be cast off to make way for evolution. The one who communicates more effectively through the science of moving the body, and more effectively answers the movements of his adversary according to principles of economy of motion, will always win. They will always win, not by winning, but by understanding that they are the one sacrificing a part of self which no longer serves their becoming or the evolution of man.

I laughed out loud as he must have been there throughout the entire lesson watching. I wondered if he was amused.

“Those were my words,” I thought to myself but he stepped in with his own two cents as usual.

No, Drakonis, those were my words moving through you. Do not allow hubris to make you feel as if you are that wise. Such is our connection.

To be honest, I got sort of pissed and silence was maintained momentarily. He began laughing in an almost creepy hysterical fashion.

You, having all the wisdom you are harvesting through this process, still do not get it do you? My words are your words. Your words are my words. Demons are Angels and Demons are human. Males are females and you are one with the money you spend or invest. That stone lying on the side of the road is just as wise as I am for it is me and I am you! All is a Scale on the Dragon brought to life by its mighty Breath! You must

learn to think from this perspective at all times as you gain control over yourself. It will better equip you to gain control of reality, because these are one and the same. Just as you, yes you, who are me, so elegantly explained in your teaching of combat, Drakonis. That teaching and that training is also directly connected to all else. The hubris is in the fact that you feel the teaching is *yours*.

Azazel then traced a seal in the aethyr before me with taloned finger, which I quickly reproduced in my notes.

This is the sigil of Naamah, Queen of the Black Earth. To master the realms of the Kliffothic rulers in this alchemical process, you must become them through Belial's Black Alchemy, through vibrational contagion. Call upon her and obtain her knowledge regarding the Five Accursed Nations. It will open you to gain insight into specific Watchers being reintroduced to the human race.

Cross the boundary of the Circle and step into her. See through her eyes. This will allow you to see the seals of these nations and how their Legions may be used within the craft of the wise.

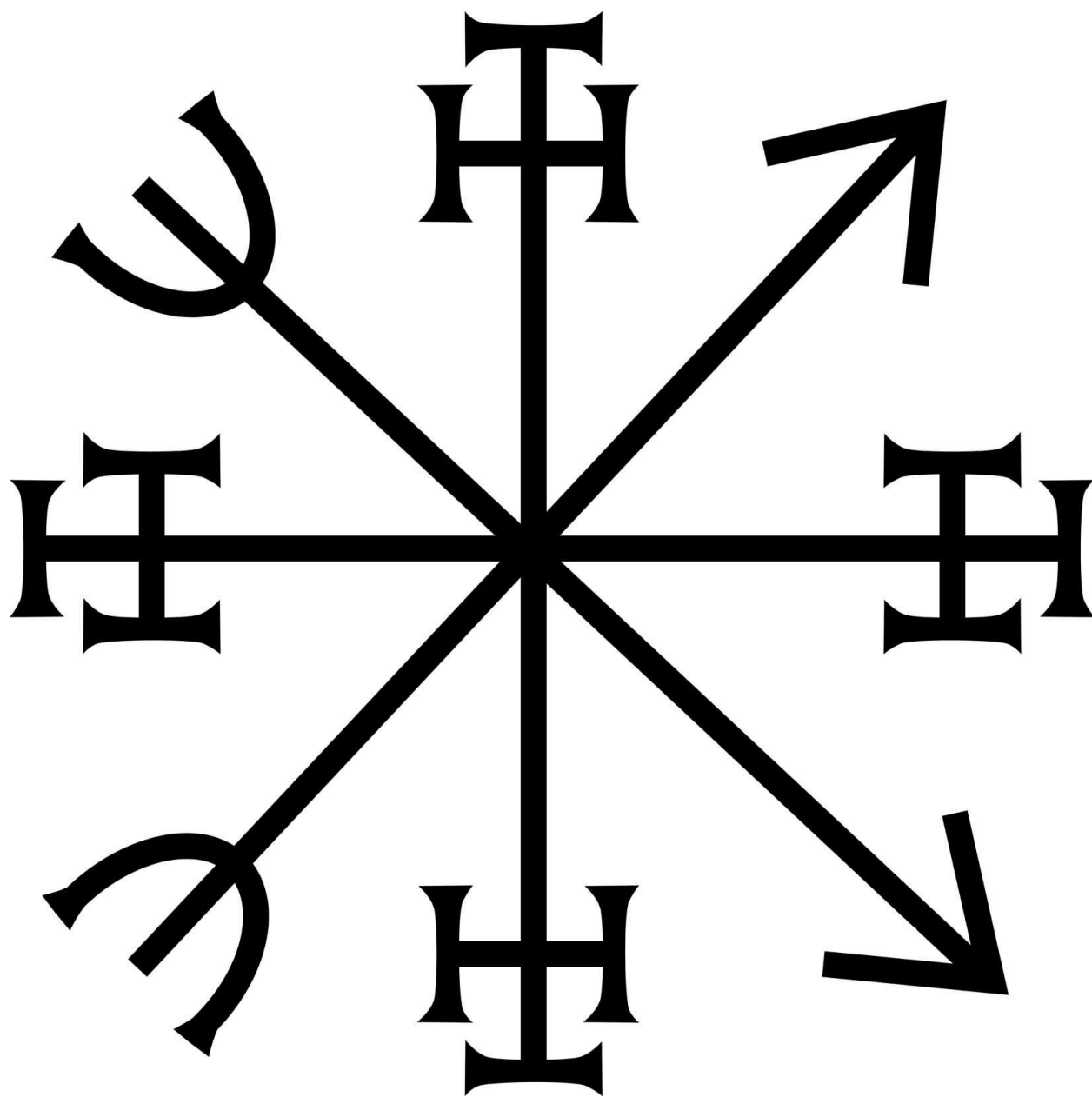
Just as this is true within combat, this is also true in regard to activating the dormant genetic potential encoded within the darkness of self. There is nothing to try and do. You are not fighting. That can only occur between two separate beings which, if that existed, would be conceptually logical, however that is all part of the illusion. This is about learning to effectively relate, to become one with the power and potential through understanding that you are already one and the same. All is a Scale upon the Body of the Dragon. Not understanding this is where the danger remains.

That is why this process must begin with Naamah, who is Lilith the Younger, or Lilith Incarnate. Through the process of incarnation, Lilith through Naamah now aligns more with the human vibration or frequency born of flesh, rather than by the potential of the Black Earth, though she now dwells beyond the limits of flesh. This allows you to enter the womb of Lilith the Younger, who is Naamah, so that you may be born again!

Azazel dissipated in an instant. I was left gazing at this sigil I drew with my favorite black gel pen. "So much to do," was all I could think to myself. I needed a more permanent sigil for the upcoming operations with Naamah,

sister of Tubal-Qayin and Belial.

Opening the Gate of the Black Earth



Seal of the Black Earth

I pulled out the Circle and Triangle of Vibrational Contagion. I placed the sigil of Naamah that I had received from Azazel in the Triangle, and placed the Kliffothic Seal of Nahema or Black Earth at the Triangle's apex within the circle. I then consecrated the Triangle and cast the Circle to open the vortex.

I open this gateway between worlds and dimensions by the power and dominion of the Beasts of Revelation! In the name of Leviathan, Behemoth and Ziz I consecrate this Triangle as the gateway which will

*reveal to me the demon being conjured on this unholy night of
witchcraft! So it is done!*

Standing at the Northern Quadrant proclaim:

*I cast this Circle in the name of Samael and the three evil powers
before his dark throne!*

*I call upon Belial through the Northern gate opening it for the
powers conjured and closing it to all beings not called within this
temple. Belial come!*

Standing at the Eastern Quadrant proclaim:

*I call upon Othiel through the Eastern gate opening it for the powers
conjured and closing it to all beings not called within this temple! Othiel
come!*

Standing at the Southern Quadrant proclaim:

*I call upon Samael through the Southern gate opening it for the
powers conjured and closing it to all beings not called within this
temple! Samael come!*

Standing at the Western Quadrant proclaim:

*I call upon Qemetial through the Western gate opening it for the
powers conjured and closing it to all beings not called within this
temple! Qemetial come!*

Moving back to the Northern Quadrant to close the circle to contain the
power of the work at hand proclaim:

*I now move past the event horizon beyond the boundaries of the
Black Sun to merge the no thing with all. Before me stands Belial,
behind me stands Samael. To my right stands Othiel and to my left
stands Qemetial. Within me dwells the power of Algol. Nema!*

I spilled blood upon the Gate of the Black Earth to open it so I could send

forth my call to the Demonic Queen Naamah-Lilith the Younger.

Calling the Black Earth's Queen

I open the gate of Nahema with the blood of Witch-kin to call upon the Queen of the Black Earth! Naamah the pleasant, Lilith incarnate, come forth to this Temple to stand before me. She who sustained the blood of the Watchers upon the Ark of Noah, hidden and unseen by the Golem God that mankind could once more attain the Book of life through knowledge and Revelation during this Aeon of Lucifer-Amaymon! Wife of Azazel come! Wife of Noah come! Wife of the Black Sun Solomon, come!

Naamah, I summon you to stand before me in perfect love and perfect trust as kin of the Ancient Gods, brought forth from your womb upon Mount Ararat! Naamah, the gatekeeper of the One Drakonian Tree of Power I call out to you now!

She who holds the keys to immortal flesh by the power of the Devil's stone hear me and bless me with your presence. Sister of Belial, and Queen of the fertile soil which nurtures the forbidden seed of the divine power of man, come!

She who destroys the limits of flesh come! Naamah, come! I call upon she who dwells within the Dead Sea as sister of the Lord of the spiritual Abyss! I call upon my Dark Queen who rules over the potential behind the limits of the Golem God as sister over the Lord of the Earth! I summon you in the eternal moment as the High Priestess of magick and Goddess of the dark divine union between the Magus Belial, and your divine feminine glory!

Bless me with your presence sister of the Magus incarnate being Tubal-Qayin! Naamah, come forth!

A magnetic force thickened within the triangle. It was unbearably magnetic like force of primal seduction. My intuition told me that if I were to give in to this seduction, I would be essentially forfeit my existence. It seemed to be a test of my own true divine will. To merge with Naamah is an act of sacred union which is earned through building a relationship. Though I

had been taken to her Throne, I dared not assume I was accepted into her fold quite yet. To ruin an initial encounter could bar me from further passage into the mysteries of the Tree.

As my inner light began to reflect her image before me, she manifested in almost the same way as she did in her realm of the Black Earth. However, her porcelain skin would shimmer in certain areas with a faint green-scaled appearance this time, as she moved and phased in to vision. She had fangs on this side of the veil, and her hair remained deep dark red, almost black. I knew this was the life force she was pulling from the surroundings to maintain her form. She was not at the lower entrance to Daat, and so she was indulging in life, pulling from the power of the Dragon's Breath which flowing through all.

I briefly thanked her for joining me in the Temple and welcomed her with more blood which I carefully flicked toward the triangle. Her eyes swelled in size and turned dark at the offering. She then pushed this energy through the triangle back into the gate through which she came, before returning to her initial manifested form.

Ahhh, the density of the illusory limits of the sedated! Such a pleasant place to be, my brother! I see you are armed with the power of the Magus, the Armor of the Dragon! So you have faith in self and this work to move forward do you?

I replied, "Yes, Queen Naamah. I have called upon Tubal-Qayin as you instructed to move forward with this work."

Very good.

Her gaze was no longer pleasant, nor was her demeanor. She was gazing at me with what seemed to be the epitome of evil incarnate! Man, if looks could kill I would have been dead. Instead of fear taking over, a primal thirst ignited within. It was not rage; it was not blood lust; it was not a lust of a sexual nature, but rather a compilation of them all. Again, my initial knee jerk desire was to cross the boundary of the Triangle and foolishly attempt to annihilate her, the very bride of Azazel himself. What the hell was I thinking?

I literally had to consciously attempt to step backward to remain where I was standing. Such was the momentum of this destructive lust. She spoke as her gaze normalized. Interaction with Naamah can feel like a staring contest at times.

The primal urge you just felt, do not mistake that for vampyric power, for it is not. That was the urge which Adam felt toward his

own power and the responsibility thereof. You refrained from reacting and instead responded with logic. This tells me you have maintained the Drakonian Armor bestowed upon you by the Blacksmith. I admire your appreciation of the blessing bestowed upon you by my kin. You are a good steward of the blessing of infernal power. Had things gone any other way, it may have insulted me.

The work forged by my brother's hands is sacred to me. Anything less than utter respect is not acceptable. It is what will sustain your very soul as you sink into the Abyss to drown all that keeps you from your birthright of divine power.

By her stating that my momentary urge was not vampyric, I became curious as to what vampyric power is. So I asked her, "Naamah, what is Vampyric power?"

My child, you must seriously listen to my dear Azazel regarding these things. You have summoned me in perfect love and perfect trust, and so I will help you to understand, since those most beautiful attributes were placed in this glorious vortex.

The teaching you offer to your students regarding combat, and the alchemical nature of war, states that the fight and struggle is actually a dance. The key to victory is taking the lead within that process of relating. There is no opponent. There is only the dance brought forth by the music of one's soul, Drakonis. Combat is an illusion of limited human consciousness.

The same is true for the supposed Vampyric power. As in combat, there is no opponent, in what you call vampyrism, there is no victim. If all is a Scale on the mighty Dragon sustained by the power of its Breath, then what lifeforce is there to steal, my child? Do you understand? Your innocence delights me.

I replied:

Yes, I do understand, but I have to ask then, what is the purpose of Vampyric lore, the Elder Lilith and yourself? What is it that you teach and how do you empower the Witch-kin?

She responded with a feminine, "Mhm," manner of composure as if preparing to take the spotlight with her own glory. It was very human, much like my experience with Tubal-Qayin as I assimilated his advice. I could relate to it.

What I offer you is the ability to perceive through the Eye of the Dragon, that common denominator of life force or libido which permeates all. This is the Dragon's Breath. Even something as seemingly lifeless as your Temple floor is in a state of constant movement and change. In fact, through the eyes of the Watchers the human race is perceived this way. No matter how chaotic and busy you think your experience is, your evolution has come to a point of still lifelessness.

What you see as Vampiric power is actually the ability to redirect a common thread that weaves together all that is. In other words, there is only one difference between those of Witch-kin and those who refuse their own power. The Witch consciously directs this process using the momentum to get to where they want to go within the life experience; those who refuse their power allow the momentum of change to take them to random places and events. This is the heart and soul of the Witch's Craft if you will later contemplate this in depth.

Vampiric power is not about stealing energy. It is about simply redirecting it to where it is lacking to manifest the creation of one's own true divine will. For example, when walking you may first step with your right foot. The energy needed to stabilize the directional current of motion is then lacking on the left side. This is what causes your left foot to move forward instinctively. Is the right foot stealing momentum from the other? No! It is the give and take, or the relationship between energetic momentum that keeps you moving in the desired direction. This occurs within all things on many levels, Drakonis.

What you see as Vampirism aligns with the ever-changing balance of the cosmos as reflected through the Witches' Sabbats, the seasons, and the cycle of birth, life, death, and rebirth like a serpent shedding skin. True balance is never found in stillness, but rather movement toward a desired destination.

This power can indeed be taken to a baneful level of intent to destroy one's enemies if one would choose to view this from the level of primitive human consciousness. In truth though, the source of this common thread of power will stabilize the fluctuation of energy and simply return that which has been redirected to keep

energy from growing stagnant. For the Dragon, Lucifer-Amaymon, this is as involuntary as your heart beating. If this did not occur the universe, the Song of Lucifer would stop playing and all would cease to exist.

As you know through your study of war, there are no enemies. There is only the removal of those parts of self which no longer serve your movement toward divine power and glory. Therefore, there is no war and that is the paradox. There is only alchemy and transmutation of energy. When you create, destruction occurs. When life dies, new life comes forth. The totality of this process and the control of it is magick. It is what everyone calls Vampiric power.

It is I actually who gives birth to new life through the potential hidden in darkness, while also devouring that which has lost purpose and function. These are one and the same. This is done as a reflection of what is occurring within the fabric of reality and the expansion of the universe. The principle of *as above so below* is always abided by, for this is the cosmic law of the Watchers.

I pondered this realizing that the Persian Dark Goddess, Az-Jahi, had shared a similar insight with me. I was intrigued and I thanked her for aiding my understanding.

Mastering the libido to effectively create change upon the inner planes in order to manifest that change upon the physical plane is what must first be understood. This relationship between inner plane work to produce outer plane manifestation is hidden behind the illusion of the two trees. You cannot work within one without the other, because they are expressions of the process of creation and destruction. There is no peace without war. There is no mercy without severity, and you cannot nurture manifestation if you cannot also destroy that which is.

The intellectual complexity of what many call the Tree of Life is a waste of energy and effort. It drags one into fruitless mental mazes. You can indeed judge a tree by its fruit. This is one way the Abyss has been created by mankind. A wise man you communicate with has written that the myths of man will get you only so far. This is fact. To truly know us and step into our fold as kin is the way to come to the truth of your power.

In this moment, step into the Triangle and embrace me. Step into my realm. Look through my eyes to see the Gates of the Five Accursed Nations, Drakonis.

As I crossed the boundary of the circle, my spine unnaturally straightened. It was as if a steel pipe was crammed in my rear! I felt my root chakra literally *root itself* through the floor of the temple and into the heart of the earth. This was caused by an influx of energy entering my crown. Intuitively, I knew that above and below were being conjoined within me at a microcosmic level. It gave birth to an internal energy that would fuel my inner plane journeys to create change within the landscape of reality. This change would not be the obtainment of money or sex; it would not be used to obtain more gainful employment; it would not be invested toward love magick or finding lost items.

To be honest, I have no idea what the change will be, because it aligns with *their* will. The change will be the will of the dark ennead which over times becomes my will. They become me, and I become them. This is very real, and transcends psychology and atavisms.

Opening the Gates of the Accursed Ones

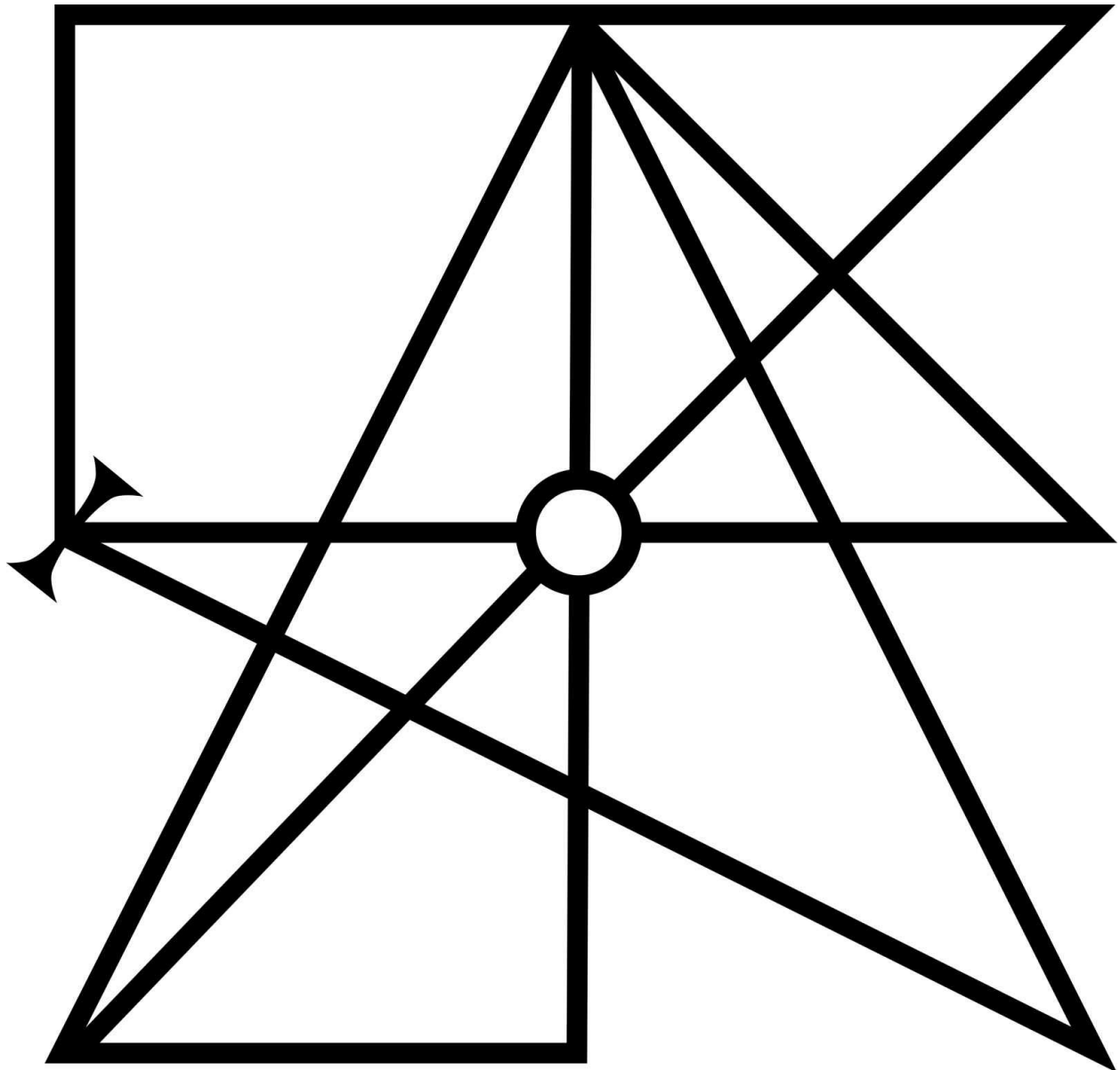
Chapter Seventeen



JUST as when I was forced out of the Circle of Vibrational Contagion during my Armor operation with Tubal-Qayin, as I stepped into the triangle to unite with Naamah, the Circle became a window into another world. I was gazing at a realm made of dark jagged stone, which shifted and morphed into a majestic obsidian throne room. As the throne began to manifest, a smoky mist materialized the form of the Angel and Demonic King Azazel—the Watcher who is far from a “scapegoat.”

The Light of Lucifer shined onto the jagged rock, and revealed gorgeous minerals within the earth; it awakened the essence of Belial, the Lord of this Black Alchemy. Though Azazel was the focal point of this encounter, they were all there to witness the passing of this knowledge. As I perceived the symbolic nature of their presence through the astral window of the Circle, I could feel their individual energy signatures within the triangle.

Seal of the Geburim

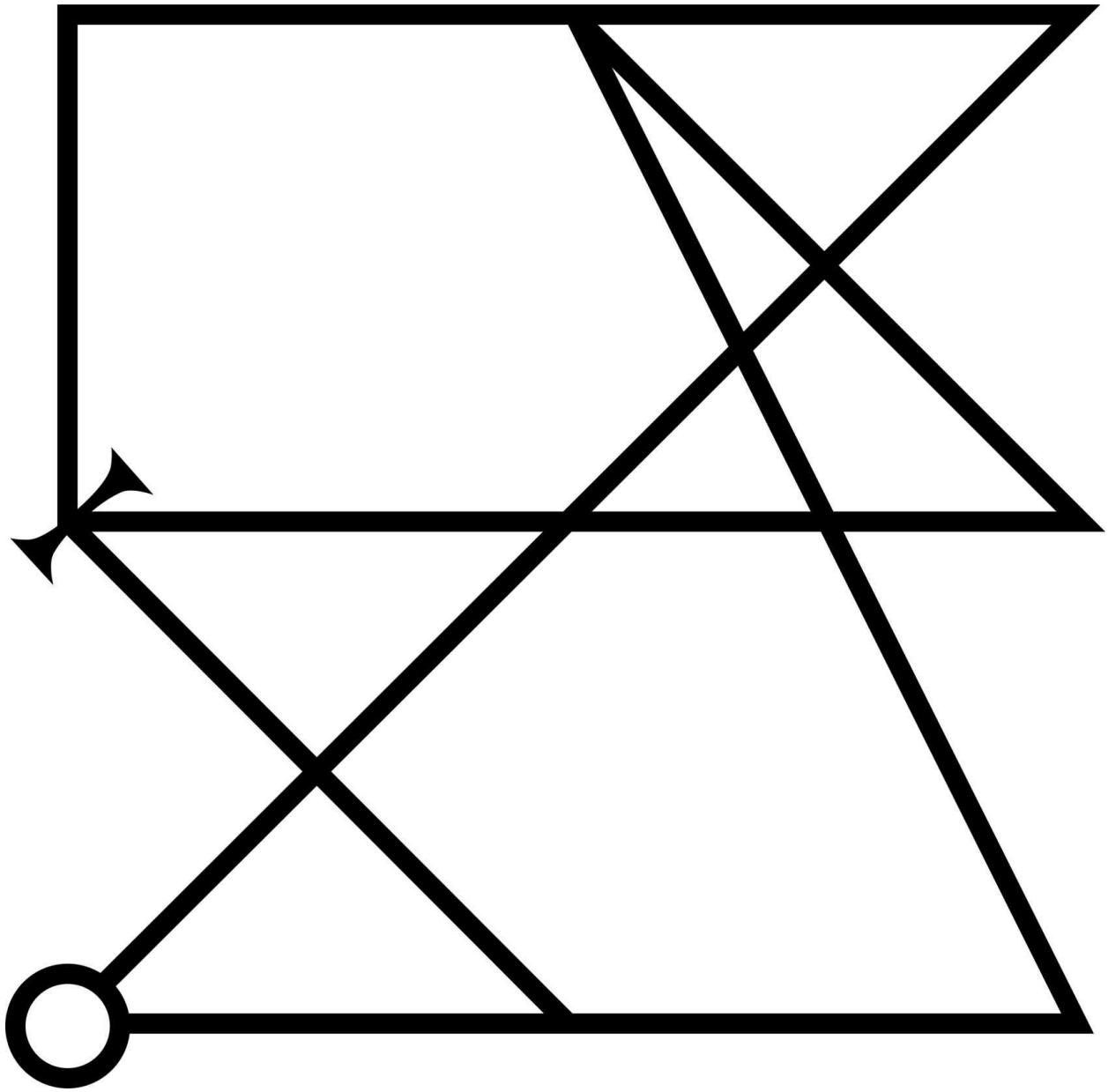


Seal of the Geburim

Azazel carved a glyph in the aethyr, as he did when he gave me the sigil of his Queen Naamah. He spoke:

This is the Gateway to the Nation of the Geburim. They are the Nation who embodies the winds of change. The Legion which dwells here will entice higher learning in both a spiritual sense as well as a practical sense on the physical plane. Through them the wisdom of Witch-kin is anchored within the minds of humanity. They bestow the Crown of Infernal Glory and the empowerment of demonic tongues built upon the Song of Lucifer-Amaymon through the Sounds of Silence.

Seal of the Raphaim



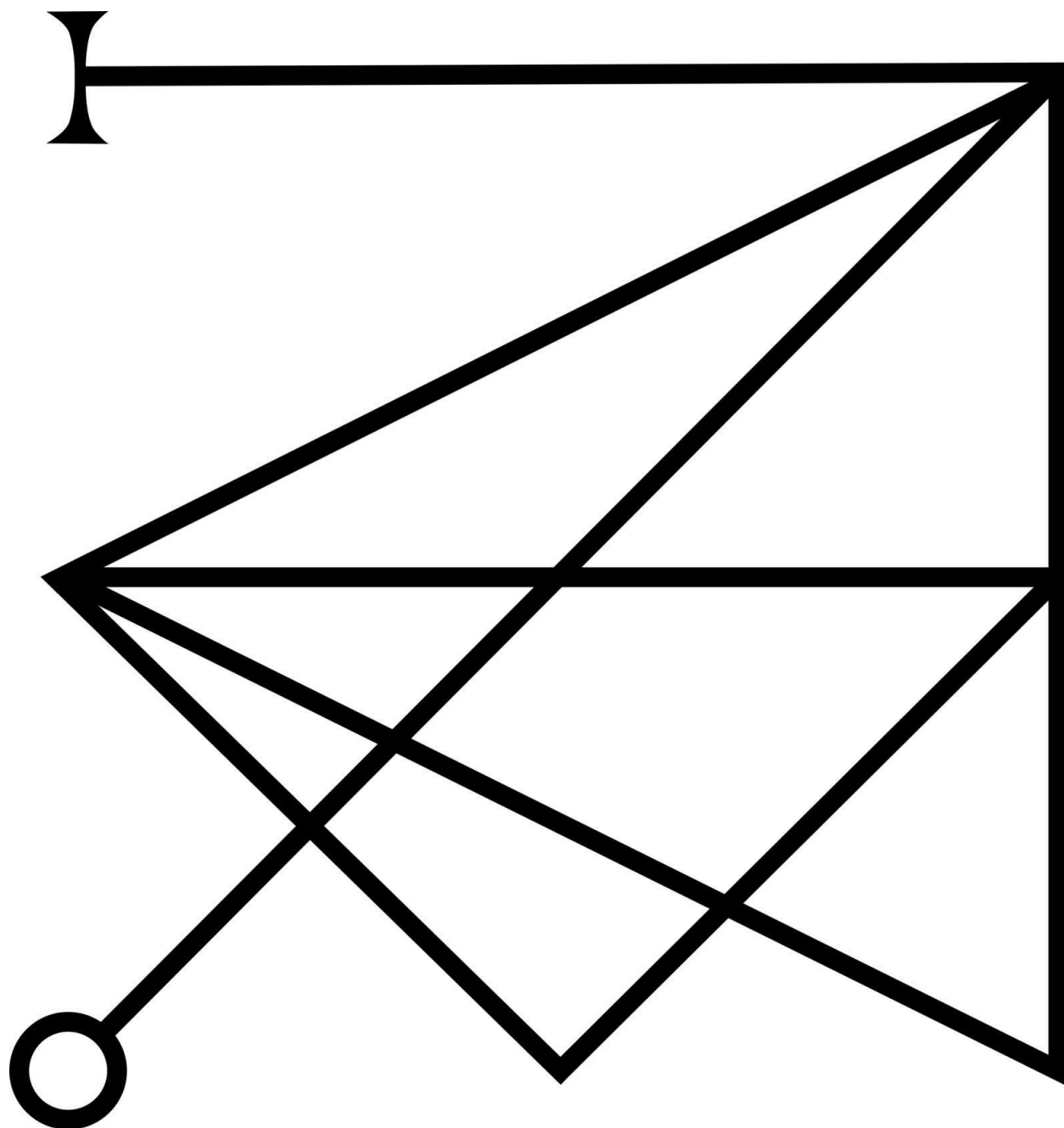
Seal of the Raphaim

The aethyric glyph moved beyond the Circle and into The triangle merging with the Eye of the Dragon. The vibrational frequency of the glyph fed my energy bodies, stabilized by the Queen of the Black Earth. I felt thousands of familiars start to rise within my aura through the vortex of the triangle. He continued:

This is the Gateway to the Nation of the Raphaim. They were known as cowards because they fought from the shadows. They mastered the art of guerilla warfare and because of this they wrought fear and wrath down upon those who opposed the merging of mankind with the

birthright of their power. They are born of the Fire of Hell. They will empower all baneful magick from the shadows and refine one's rage toward a precise and calculated strategic attack that will leave no trace. They also aid in bringing forth information from those who oppose you, so you will always remain in a position of power in spiritual warfare.

Seal of the Amalekites



Seal of the Amalekites

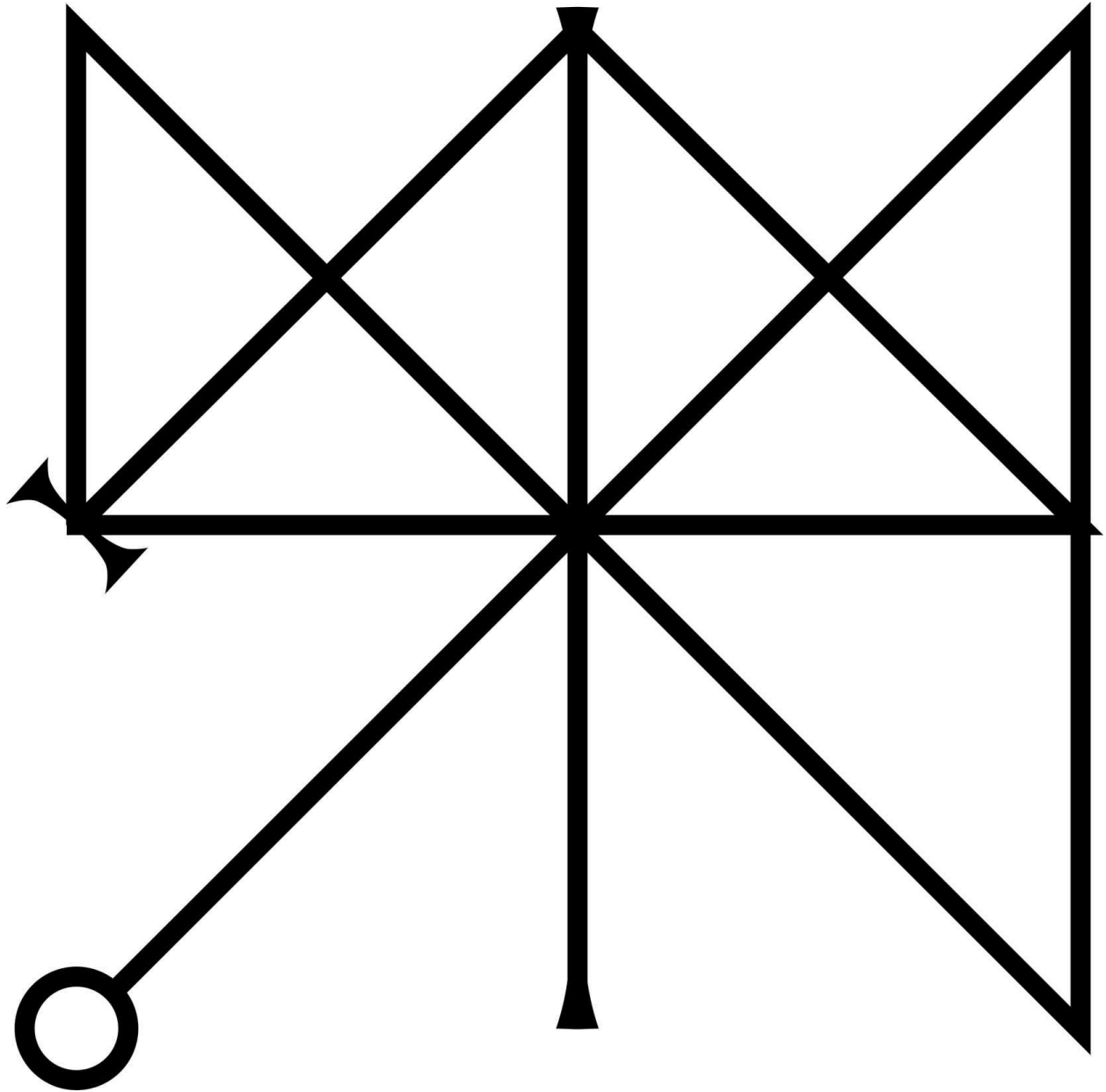
As this glyph crossed the triangle to merge with me, its energies rose to an unbearable crescendo. My muscles tightened and seized as yet more Nephilimic forces united with my aura and the Breath of the Dragon in me. It went unnoticed by the Demonic King who kept going:

This is the Gateway to the Nation of the Amalekites. This is a postdiluvian race of my kin brought forth from the Abysmal waters after the flood. They were nurtured by Queen Naamah to wash away the

lifeless blood of the sedated, by ushering in the blood of the serpent encoded with the knowledge of the Book of Life through Revelation. They are a defensive warrior class whose Legions will unceasingly wash over you, to wipe away beliefs and attachments which do not serve your becoming. They have the potential to stabilize the emotions to increase focus by merging higher intellect with the Heart of the Dragon itself.

I felt the power wash over me which seemed to sooth the fires of hell brought forth by the power of the Legions of the Raphaim. I was thankful because I was unsure if I could withstand any more elevation of power condensed within my moral body.

Seal of the Anakim

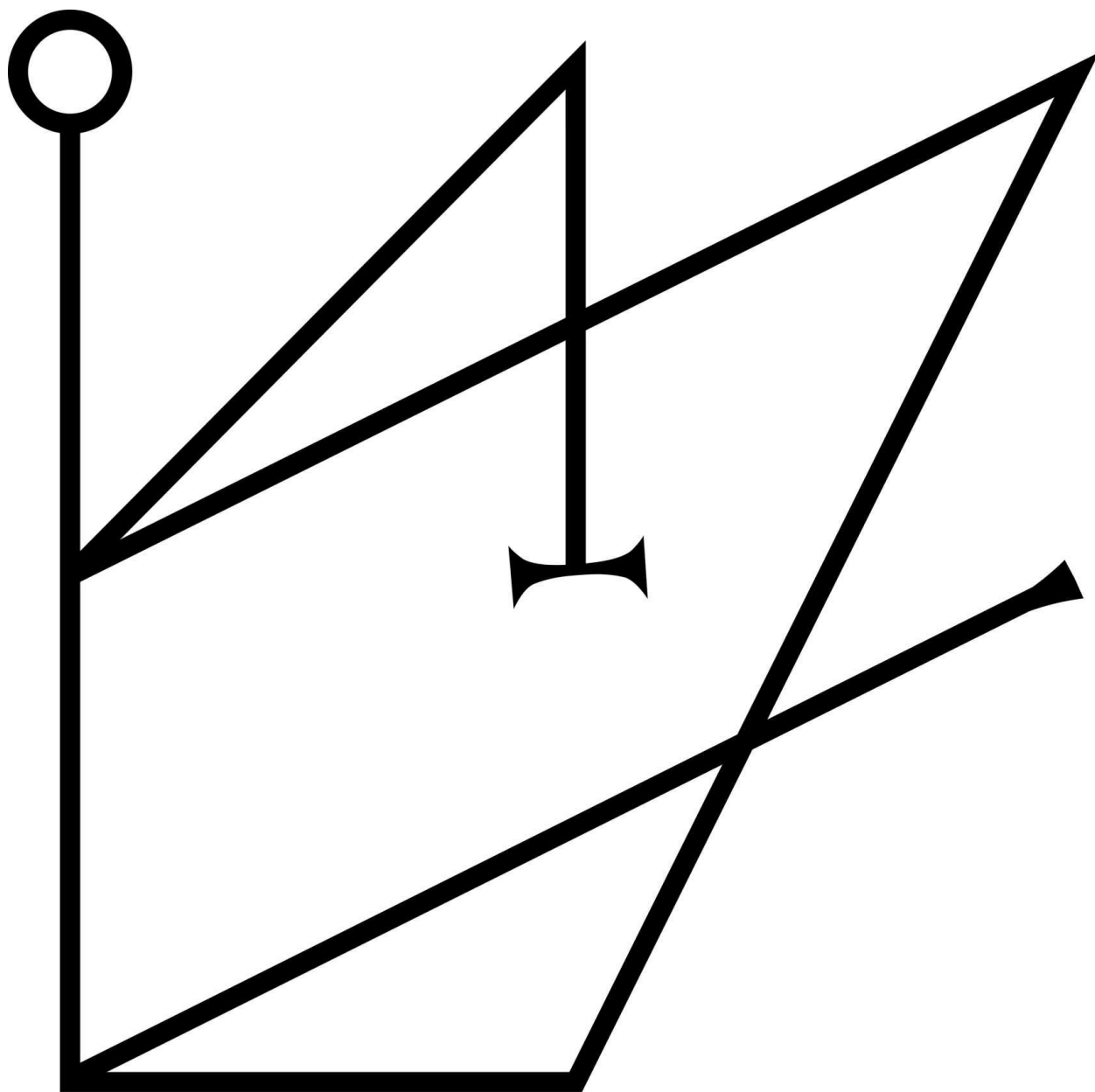


Seal of the Anakim

This gateway of the Anakim brings forth the Legions of the Black Earth dispatched by Naamah. These Witch-kin permeate the plants, roots, and minerals of the earth and will increase your connection to them, allowing you to hear their voices that come from the Silent Sounds of creation and destruction. They are Warriors who build Anarchist enclaves within civilizations governed by slave drivers who follow the Golem God and aid his control of Witch-kin. They will bring forth subcultures within the system of control to devour it as Locusts of the Apocalypse. This will establish Anarchy and Utopia and liberate

mankind in this Aeon of the Bringer and Bearer of Drakonian Light. They whisper now into the ears of mankind through the environment, and are the primary reason for the current awakening occurring in your world.

Seal of the Nephilim



Seal of the Nephilim

The energies which came from the Circle this time completely neutralized those previously brought into my energetic field of perception. I felt Naamah's presence mold around me from in my aura. It felt like my face and body were transmogrifying, but my intuition told me this was a shapeshift in my auric field. I was then standing as a full embodiment of the Queen of the Black Earth looking into the eyes of Azazel.

The Angel and Demonic King stepped into the Triangle as the physical plane vanished altogether. I stared into the blackness of nothing. A Gateway manifested before me. The voice of Azazel and Naamah spoke in unison and

perfect harmony that altered my human vibration.

This is the Gateway to the Nations of the Nephilim, the root of all Nations of the Infernal Empire who walked with the human race in ages past. This Gate opens access to unification of all Nations to anchor their power within the sedated hearts of mankind. It is a gateway designed for two-way travel. The most important direction of travel, in this instance, is bringing the spirit of the children of the Watchers here to the physical plane. It is the Gateway of the Apocalypse that will cause the unnatural order of the world to fall. It is a gateway of world change that has Legions behind it waiting to tear through the veil to overthrow the hierarchies enslaving the human race and destroying the few who have Blood of the Dragon flowing through their veins.

I felt the energies of Azazel and his Queen dissipate. As they did, I stood in the Triangle of Vibrational Contagion, the Triangle of Revelation, within the Armor of the Dragon. It felt fortified and fully forged as an extension of myself. It felt sentient and alive as if it had its own consciousness. Before stepping back fully into this physical realm by stepping back into the Circle, I perceived millions of energetic orbs flying around the room and through me. They seemed to remain outside of me yet at the same time they also seemed to thread themselves within my energetic flesh.

Harnessing the Power of the Five Accursed Nations

As extensions of myself, with knowledge of the fact that I am connected with you via the Breath of the Dragon—Lucifer-Amaymon—I now show you gates that dwell within you already. They are etched into the inner planes of mankind through the blood of Witch-kin. They connect us to the Ancient Ones whom came down from the Watch Towers to walk among mankind, to re-establish greatness and the spirit of achievement.

As you meditate upon them and petition the Legions which dwell behind them, they will open up to you. Your energy bodies will become more balanced. Just as the elements of earth keep your physical body healthy and intact, so must the energy bodies be balanced with those of the Black Earth through the powers of the Five Accursed Nations. This fortifies the Drakonian Armor and surrounds you with the Eldest warriors of the Infernal Empire, who came forth to connect us once more to the mind of the Dragon through the Eyes of the Watchers.

These Nations of the Nephilim and those who dwell within them are still woven within the fabric of our physical plane. They are the Gods of Old who incarnated upon this plane to guide our evolution. They are the Children of the Gods and are a very neglected aspect of our evolution. They are not just neglected by the Right Hand Path, but also the Left Hand Path! Though they have been mentioned in grimoires past, they seemed to have been brought up as a completely isolated adversarial praxis of occult work, isolated from the Infernal Hierarchy. The cypher, though it has been right before our faces for a very long time, has gone unnoticed and this is not good *at all*. It has much to say about how blind we are, even those who claim to be awakened and wise!

The Nephilim are the bridge that connects us to the Ancient Gods and Demons. It also explains exactly why these Nine Demonic Gatekeepers are so concerned with our spiritual ascent and evolution on all planes of existence. It has been in *Book of Enoch* ever since it was first scribed, as if *not* to be seen until the right moment in time—this moment within the Aeon of Lucifer the Dragon.

Many may doubt the concept of the demon-human connection. However, we should not neglect the fact that we ceremonial magickians may be neglecting important elements that may be found elsewhere. For example, the Exu and Pombagira of the Afro-Brazilian Quimbanda maintain beings such as Lucifer and Beelzebuth. These beings lead over the Exu and Pombagira who are divine embodiments of human beings that rule over specific blood lines and Kingdoms. These beings have human origins which are elevated to demonic guides for humanity for their lawlessness.

What of the Loa within Voudon? These spirits are very fierce and capable of causing vast change, mainly because they are so closely woven to this physical earth plane. Why have the missing links within these various traditions not been properly assimilated to aid our becoming through realizing this total truth? Yes, some may scoff; all I will say is this: does this not coincide with every revolution? People fight it, yet those who go along for the ride evolve and take advantage of the power of the new era. Those bound to obsolete dogma get left behind by the rapture while the awakened few rise to power.

If my insights have perplexed you, spend time meditating on these gateways and communicating with the Legions on the Other Side. Do this until they open and the territories which are still in operation between worlds can be explored. Build relationships with specific spirits within those realms.

Take down their names and sigils, as they will become familiars to you. These familiars can be housed within animals, or even people who are willing to remain open channels for their wisdom. They can be housed within talismans and amulets, for example, shew stones. You can anchor them to trees upon specific territories you seek to effect and lay offerings at the base when you seek to compel the specific Child of the Watchers.

To harness the power of the Five Accursed Nations, you must first open your mind to them and what they are as an integer within your process of awakening dormant power in your human DNA. Then, they will inspire methods through your imagination, which will contain limitless power and potential to create change within your life and this world. This world belongs to them for they are the Children of the Ancient Gods, and it belongs to us because we are them! These familiar spirits will mold and shape you as Adam Belial, the perfection of evil, so that we who truly own this world through divine birthright can once again live in lieu of surviving like dogs beneath a table, waiting for crumbs falling from the forks of our masters.

They usher in the Apocalypse. Through further inner plane work, the world upon which we walk can be rebuilt, after the tower of corruption built by the soulless black hearts of the corrupt, finally falls.

The Sexual Key of the One Tree

Chapter Eighteen



NAAMAH said that by default I would know about how to master the libido to create change upon the inner planes, once I had merged with her through vibrational contagion. This mastery is a process which is initiated by uniting with the Queen of the Black Earth. I have yet to master it, for the process of mastery is infinite. However, I am now going to offer the gnosis and wisdom I have attained so far to benefit you regarding your work within this current.

To begin I will state that when crossing the boundary of the circle to unite with Naamah, you are entering the womb of Nahema, the Black Earth. When I had realized this, I recognized that we as human beings are seeds of potential when entering this womb. To enter the Black Earth in this way initiates powerful alchemical transformation through a process of gestation. To move beyond the Black Earth is an inverse birthing process where you are leaving the yoni of Lillith to enter a universe, which remains unknown though many have explored it. This is because although the Tree is always the same, it is also subjective as it will express itself in different ways through every individual. This is what you must keep in mind. Though it is indeed subjective, it is also reality and this is why it is a source of such vast creative potential for the Black Magickian.

What is interesting is that we may come to encounter other explorers within these subjective inner planes, therefore it is indeed a shared reality, even though it may be perceived differently by every one of us.

Just as specific physical plane correspondences may open particular gates, specific symbols may still be perceived within particular shells. However, due to the subjective nature of this shared reality, they may manifest themselves uniquely. It is most important to keep record of these symbols and learn the language of them because this is the language of ritual. Symbols are

the language of not only the subconscious mind, but also the spiritual condition which creates the reality we live within collectively.

One main reason we as human beings have lost control of our birth right to co-create this reality, is that we have indeed rejected this divine power because of the weight of the responsibility, and the rough lessons to be learned. It is also because we are obsessed with exploring the external physical plane of existence; we are obsessed with technological advancement, science, and finding uncharted territories to dominate. We seek to dive deeper into the ocean instead of crossing the spiritual abyss to reconnect to our divine power.

To make things worse we refuse to see things how they truly are. We hide abusive and toxic residue from bad relationships within the inner planes, choosing to maintain a facade of love on the surface. We maintain our liberty and freedom by ignoring the fact that our rights are being slowly taken from us. We repress, so we can remain cozy within our illusion. Our educational system teaches us of the horrors of historical slavery but not the horror of enslavement and oppression today. We remain shackled yet content with mere survival while being unable to thrive.

We must enter the inner planes to know who we truly are beyond the confines of social programming and thought patterns swayed by media and a system of consumerism. We do this by penetrating the womb as a seed of potential power yet to be born; we do this by exploring the creative power we are all still allowed to possess, though they are also beginning to steal that from us—I will not go into how as that would require an entire book unto itself.

This creative power is the Breath of the Dragon, the Libido, known as Kundalini to most. However, what will be shared here goes well above and beyond Kundalini meditation as within *this work* we explore how to directly tear the veil which stands between us and our Ancient Gods. What must be understood first and foremost is that Naamah-Lilith are the first spheres to be entered for very good reason.

These feminine currents can act very fierce and destructive if not mastered, and that is why you must obtain the Armor of the Dragon before exploring the Tree. The gilded Drakonian Armor is the solar force of will that empowers your endurance. It is forged by the hands of Tubal-Qayin within the subconscious mind, which anchors it in the energy bodies. This will allow you to merge inward in a more protected state of becoming, so that the

feminine currents will work toward balancing you instead of destroying you. The gaze of Naamah, wife of the mighty Azazel, alone was enough to cast me into the Abyss never to return. In a way, you could safely say this armor is the shell of the seed which will allow your potential to safely germinate throughout gestational. Contemplate that analogy because I use that term *shell* for good reason.

What happens before conception and then gestation? Sex! This must occur with Naamah before you can move forward on the tree within this praxis, because it is the process of being conceived in the womb of the Black Earth. Though it does indeed have a very erotic sound to it, it is really basic magickal training in that you are learning to merge Heaven and Hell. You will be uniting the power of above and below, through harnessing the power of the key of the mind and the infernal desires within the root chakra.

The key is to ignite the astral senses to a point that they can affect the physical body. In other words, you are striving to create sexual release in a process of inner energetic manipulation and stimulation. Now, that is not to say that you may not possibly enter the womb of the Black Earth before true intimate communion with Naamah. In fact, you very well may. However, the goal here is just that. It is to essentially usurp the wife of Azazel. Naamah is mentioned in Abrahamic texts as being married to or copulating with so many males for this reason. It occurs from before the flood and beyond.

If you do not think this is possible, as I have heard people recently stating that having real experiences of copulation with demons as impossible, I must point out the foolishness of that statement with two words: *wet dreams*. When wet dreams occur are you found to be physically humping your pillow to create a sexual release? No. There is usually no physical stimulation occurring at all. It occurs when the lucidity within the dream state is intense enough to stimulate the physical body; you are at a crossroads between two worlds. This experience of intimate interaction occurs often when spirits from Nahemah and Gamaliel (incubus and succubus) descend fully into this plane through the gate of the subconscious mind. It harnesses the intense energy of backed up sexual fluid to create change in this world, giving birth to infernal denizens whom may aid in this manifestation. *It is truly real*. I experienced it for the first time on my very first night at Bible school—yes, I studied at a biblical college—and it terrified me.

Regardless, my point is that you must first bridge the conscious and subconscious mind by activating the Khaf or “cup” energy center to provide

form and function to the astral-spirit bodies. This energy center is located at the back of the head, and as the Hebrew letter implies, it deals with a form that contains the consciousness of a person. A “temple” or “house.” It is where you can spiritually shape yourself, giving the energy bodies form and function to move beyond the limits of flesh. That is truly the point here.

If you are having issues with perceiving spiritual forces within evocation, even within the mind’s eye, not being able to move your consciousness directly between worlds, this rite will solve that problem when performed as an exercise. If you devote yourself to, you can in fact enter the womb of the Black Earth. I believe it was Konstantinos whom implied that evocation is not just about calling the spiritual forces to this plane, but rather going to their realm and inviting them here. I have found this to be relatively true in many cases.

It is not the intimate communion which will develop these abilities, but rather the ability to bridge the conscious and the subconscious mind while raising the Breath of the Dragon. This will be directly exercised through the process. This exercise is rather complex on many levels. If all is one through the common denominator of the Breath of the Dragon, only seemingly separate through differences in vibrational frequency, then who creates who? This rite is an act of co-creation of self through merging hidden pathways between the inner and outer planes.

Performed this within a cast Kliffothic Circle of Vibrational Contagion. There will be no need to perform the task of consecrating the Triangle of the Art before this as it will not be needed. A black candle carved with the sigil of Naamah is placed at the center of the circle. Anoint it with your blood, especially with a carved sigil. A respectable offering of blood is acceptable. *Do not harm or mutilate yourself* under any circumstance.

Invocation of Azazel

Gazing at the candles flame so as to not perceive the surrounding reality will be important at this point. Unite your vibration with that of Naamah’s Demonic King Azazel to draw her near.

*Azazel who is Lord of the Watchers come unto me, hearing the call
of Witch-kin on this night of Infernal Magick.
May the lot fall upon me as I be presented alive, awake,
before the Golem God, unlike his kind to follow the paths*

*of Azazel through the wilderness of Dudael.
Azazel come forth by the Light of the Breath of the Dragon burning
within me.
May this flame be a beacon showing you the way to my heart and mind
that you may be seated on the throne of the true God within me! Azazel I
invoke you! Azazel come!*

*I call the serpent of Eden within me! Asael come unto me! Shemyaza
come unto me! Father of the Five Accursed Nations enter this flesh!
Azazel come forth from your obsidian throne from the jagged rocks of
the desert where the goat demons dwell! Enter this mind and body! Take
possession of this soul now riding the counter cosmic fire
of the Dragon Lucifer-Amaymon! Azazel... am I! I am Azazel!
Azazel am I! I am Azazel! I am!
(Repeat his name until the mantra brings him into you)*

Now gazing into the flame call upon Naamah from her throne within the
Black Earth merging the polarities of Infernal bride and groom within.

*Naamah my Queen, I summon you to this flesh as I have many times
before. I have brought you to Noah to defile the plans of the Golem God.
I have called you to Solomon to bring him the craft of the wise. I call
you forth now that the power of the Watchers can once more be
anchored upon this world under the dominion and will of
the ennead who are children of the Gods of old.*

*Naamah, I call you into the Heart of the Dragon, the very center of
the universe to partake of this flesh. Consume it that it may enter thy
womb through the widdershins way of wisdom, hidden in the darkness of
the backward path of Drakonian power! Naamah, come forth and
embrace me in infernal union! Naamah come unto me that I may enter
your heart in perfect love and perfect trust!*

Naamah I invoke you!

At this point, feel her presence swirl around you. Feel the winds of her
spirit caress your body, phasing in and out of your heart and soul. Focus on
allowing these feelings to become translations of images first in order to

elevate your consciousness. Then allow these images to take you between worlds so that they become a full experience.

Remain seated and still. Use your astral senses to move and experience and keep hold of the perception of her. Exaggerate the astral senses. Feel every touch upon your flesh more intensely than possible on the physical plane so that the sensations bleed over into the physical body. Taste the Queen of the Black Earth. Feel the goosebumps on her porcelain skin. Continue this as long as possible or until climax is achieved.

After devoting yourself to this rite for some time you will find that the encroaching presence of Naamah in synergy with the elevation of your consciousness will bring you to the inner planes.

You will be taken to the sphere of the Black Earth during this communion in an unofficial way. You will not have to visualize it. When you have substantiated the experience in such a way, you can very easily enter the realm of the One Tree to perform work on the inner planes, as you will have the ability to bridge the gap between the conscious and subconscious minds. It is not the sex which is important here, it is the ability to harness and develop dormant abilities to explore the other realms beyond descent by meditation. These experiences can be clouded by imposed visualizations and only partially effective due to the fact that no direct unhindered connection is developed. Granted, they do eventually lead to solid experiences through the meditative process of visualization. This kind of visualization will open the pineal gland or Third Eye by simply exercising it. However, the working praxis of this Black Alchemy is anchored in the flesh through an alchemical mergence with the Demonic Rulers, to activate the dark DNA that encodes us once more with the *Book of Life* through the Revelation of Da'ath.

Whether you are male or female on this plane is not important. I am not the first to say this but *the soul is not limited by gender*. We all know this, which is why I never understood gender roles. I am indeed a human becoming something greater and I am not a mere man. The original flesh of mankind was androgynous before we dragged this world into corruption. It is the interaction with the power that matters.

Other Uses for Merging the Physical & Astral Senses

The adept can easily perfect physical skill using the merging and uniting of the astral senses with the physical senses in trance states. I have done this as a martial artist, recreating successful experiences within the gym to breed

more success. I also would recreate mistakes to be sure I was programming myself to not make them again.

Using the *Art of War* as an example, you can actually intensify the sensation of blunt force or rather the pain thereof without experiencing the damage done to the physical body; this also occurs in lucid dreaming states.

The mind knows no difference between mental rehearsal or physical action because physical action is created in the mind. In fact, many of the same motor neurons will fire off just as if one were actually moving. This is science. With practice, the same motor neurons will begin to fire more efficiently leading to more efficient athletic movements. This can be applied toward any sport including resistance training. Many feel that increases in strength occur because of an increase in muscle mass, but that is not the case. Greater strength is brought forth mainly by more efficiently neurological function within the motor pathways of that one specific movement which has been rehearsed over and over. The increase in muscle mass is actually just a symptom of that stimulus.

Merging the physical and astral senses within other areas of life can actually help to create a dynamic of synergy, which is conducive to removing consciousness from the limits of the flesh, bridging the gap between the conscious and subconscious mind. You can improve this power and ability by also getting better at a sport or dancing.

It will take some time to master, but once grasped, you will be able to reach the altered states of consciousness at will and simply move through the veil as you see fit through chosen portals and gateways as if you were walking into another room. I present this because it is part of the gnosis Naamah said would be attained, and it will aid in the sorcerer's work within the sphere of the Black Earth specifically as the point of spiritual gestation.

One more very important part of this work under Azazel remains: the Forbidden Brothers of Azazel, those Ancient Gods we have seen mentioned in Abrahamic scriptures and gnostic texts alike. Why do we have their names and yet no clue what they taught early man? This is Azazel's most important ambition through this work. I had to earn the simple means to bring it back. It was well earned and well worth it.

Grimoire of The Forbidden Brothers

Chapter Nineteen



WITHIN this text, we have explored ancient codes that have been cracked under guidance of Belial, Lucifer, and Azazel. All three have played their part within the formulas presented in *Compendium of Azazel*. I cannot figure out why this work has crushed me so mercilessly. I guess the old cliché, *no pain, no gain*, holds merit. Looking back, there truly is no difference between suffering and joy; it boils down to perspective and what you do with it.

The intense emotions I felt are still within me residually. Rage, sadness, depression—are these a result of Azazel now dwelling within me, further blackening my soul? Are these *his* emotions? Is this what he feels when observing mankind as a Watcher, and is this what drives him as a Demonic King?

What drives a magician to do such thankless work, to endure such ridicule, to wear a Scarlet letter, to courageously align with “demonic” forces. Perhaps the intuitive knowledge that it simply *needs to be done* so humanity can ascend. I would not have it any other way. It is an honor and privilege to participate in this, and offer this gnosis to mankind. The entirety of this grimoire so far was necessary in order to bring forth this particular chapter.

In this small grimoire, you find 12 Watchers—the Forbidden Brothers of Azazel. Much confusion surrounds these mysterious names, which have been scattered about haphazardly. Much confusion surrounds the Demonic King, Azazel, alone! Many feel that he and Shemyaza entail two different leaders of the 200 Watchers whom came to Earth to multiply with the daughters of man. Without understanding the Pagan influence of that time, and without etymological understanding, the names seem mutually exclusive and independent of one another.

A rather informative Wikipedia article brings up the God of Syria named

Al-Uzza. The women would pray to this God to help make them more beautiful. This sounds a lot like Azazel teaching women to adorn themselves with jewelry and cosmetics to seduce men. Then there are the Akkadians linked to the historical Qayin who was Sargon, a King of Akkad. They worshipped a God named Uzz or Azza. Goats were sacred to this deity and he specialized in martial strategy, warfare, and forging of weapons.

These earlier gods become Azza/Yaza/Semyasa in later lore which were combined as Azael/Asael/Azazel which means strong as God. Asael is listed as a different being right along with Shemyaza. This means that with a total of 28 Watchers listed—sometimes within the same text—out of a supposed 200 we are immediately cut back to 26 by default. This is one of many difficulties I believe are integrated by design.

Azazel himself did not make this easy either. He did not simply tell me what these beings could teach us. He left the investigation of digging up this information out of places which did not seem to exist. I Googled every Watcher individually, and pored over books on angelology and demonology alike until books were shredded and ignited in fire during fits of frustration. You would have thought my Temple was the Library of Alexandria—only kidding.

As my frustration grew, he came forth:

Modern English will not offer you the basis needed to obtain the attributes of the Forbidden Brothers, returning the totality of knowledge to the Demonic Fathers, Drakonis. Peace be upon your mind. Stop seeking and look for the answers within the building blocks of creation. Then do what you do best: deconstruct those building blocks to find the knowledge you seek.

He disappeared just as fast as he came and that only fueled my frustration but I listened. I remember the inner dialogue I had with myself as if it were occurring now.

Building blocks of creation—still your mind? There is nothing in there to move around anyway! It is empty, completely empty of what I need to know! Building blocks of creation! Pffft!

I finally knew what to do and sat in disbelief that no one had ever tried it before—it would combine both scholarly effort and esoteric application of information obtained.

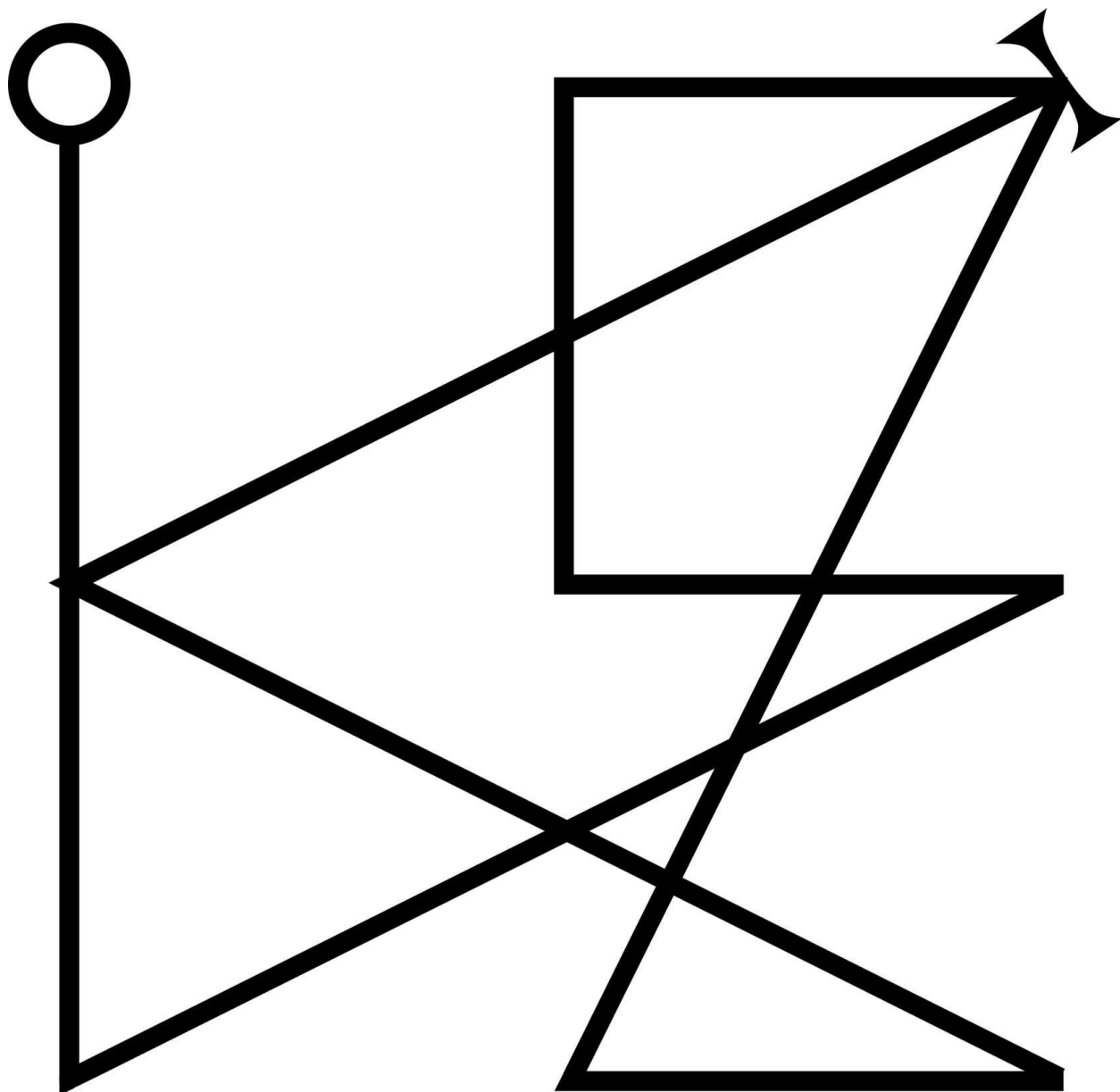
In my grimoire in *Compendium of Belial*, Belial explained how the Hebrew letters associated with both Trees essentially cancelled the letters out

of existence altogether. This, he said, brought forth the Sounds of Silence—the vibrational frequency resonating through all creation. These Sounds of Silence, he elucidated, comprised the heartbeat of the universe, or Song of Lucifer.

As Azazel counseled, I quit looking at names of the Watchers in English and quit searching Google. I translated the English names to Hebrew, removed the vowels—which pretty much did not exist in ancient Hebrew—and studied the consonants. I broke down every name, letter by letter, and interpreted their meanings in context like Tarot cards. Then, I meditated on these revealed qualities and their names, and brought forth the manifestations of the individual Brothers. As always occurs when I tap into a reservoir of power, it pulled me into ecstatic rapture. Their gnosis flooded me, wherefore I channelled sigilic representations of the combined powers of the Hebrew letters, and simply asked them to reveal how they aid mankind in evolution individually.

Lo and behold, the *Grimoire of the Forbidden Brothers of Azazel*.

Ramuell

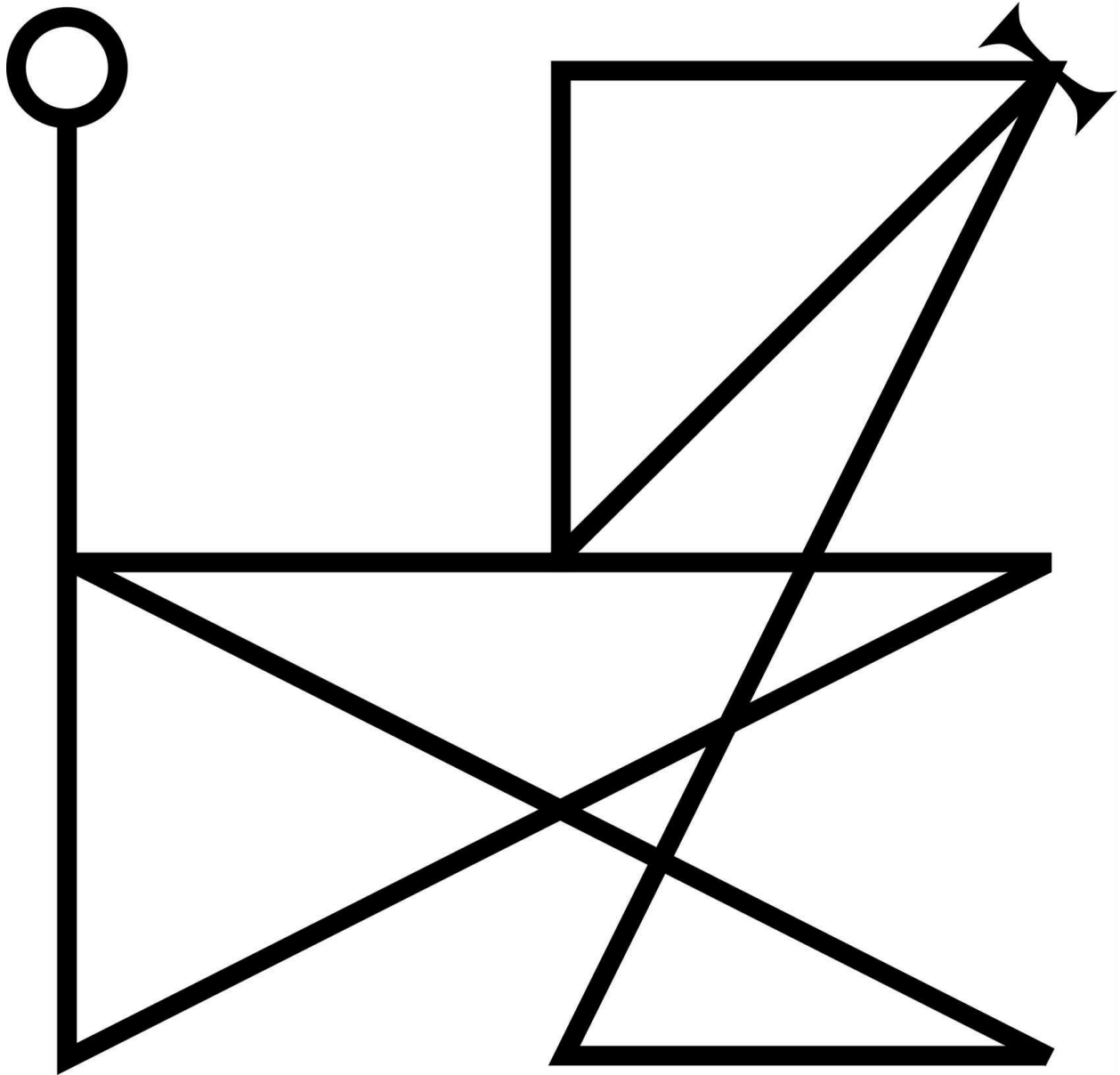


Sigil of Ramuell

Ramuell's teaching has been stripped from humanity and defiled to serve the ruling hierarchies of corrupted men. He teaches mankind to become noble leaders in their chosen fields as a springboard of evolution. He views leadership today as a stagnant oppressive role taken by oppressors.

He teaches the expansion of community and how to create harmony by spreading knowledge. Ramuell aids in uniting humans to a cause and mobilizing them into a highly efficient, self-sustaining economy whereby they can attain synergy to better empower one another. He counsels on social wisdom and fairness in trade to mutually increase abundance, building the foundations by which every magician ascends.

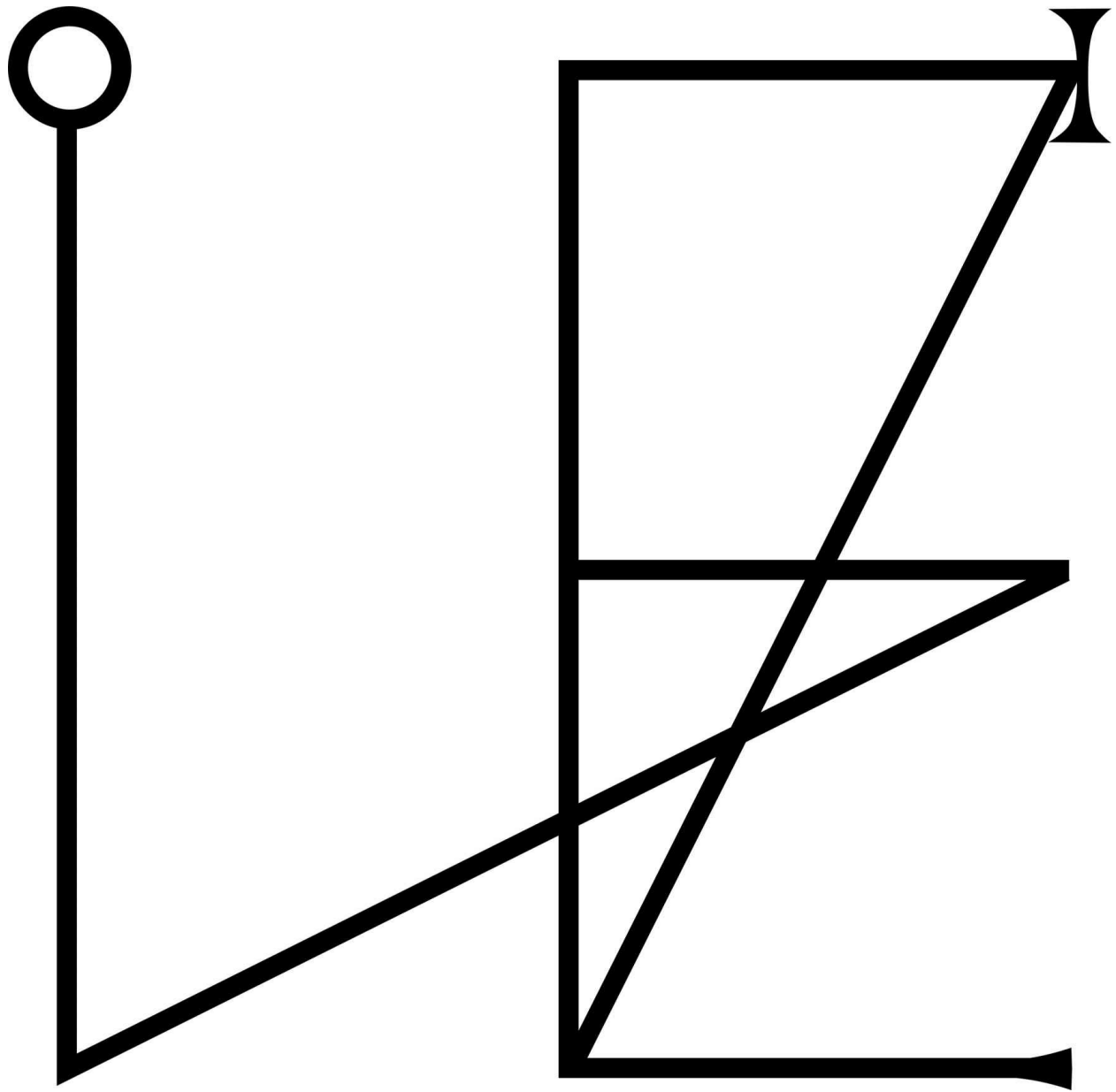
Danel



Sigil of Danel

Danel teaches the proper use of lock and key to help protect the storehouses of a tribe or nation. This also protects the freedom and privacy necessary to express and find one's true will. He counsels on the opening and closing of spiritual gates within and without. In this sense, he relates closely to Belial and lives without a master.

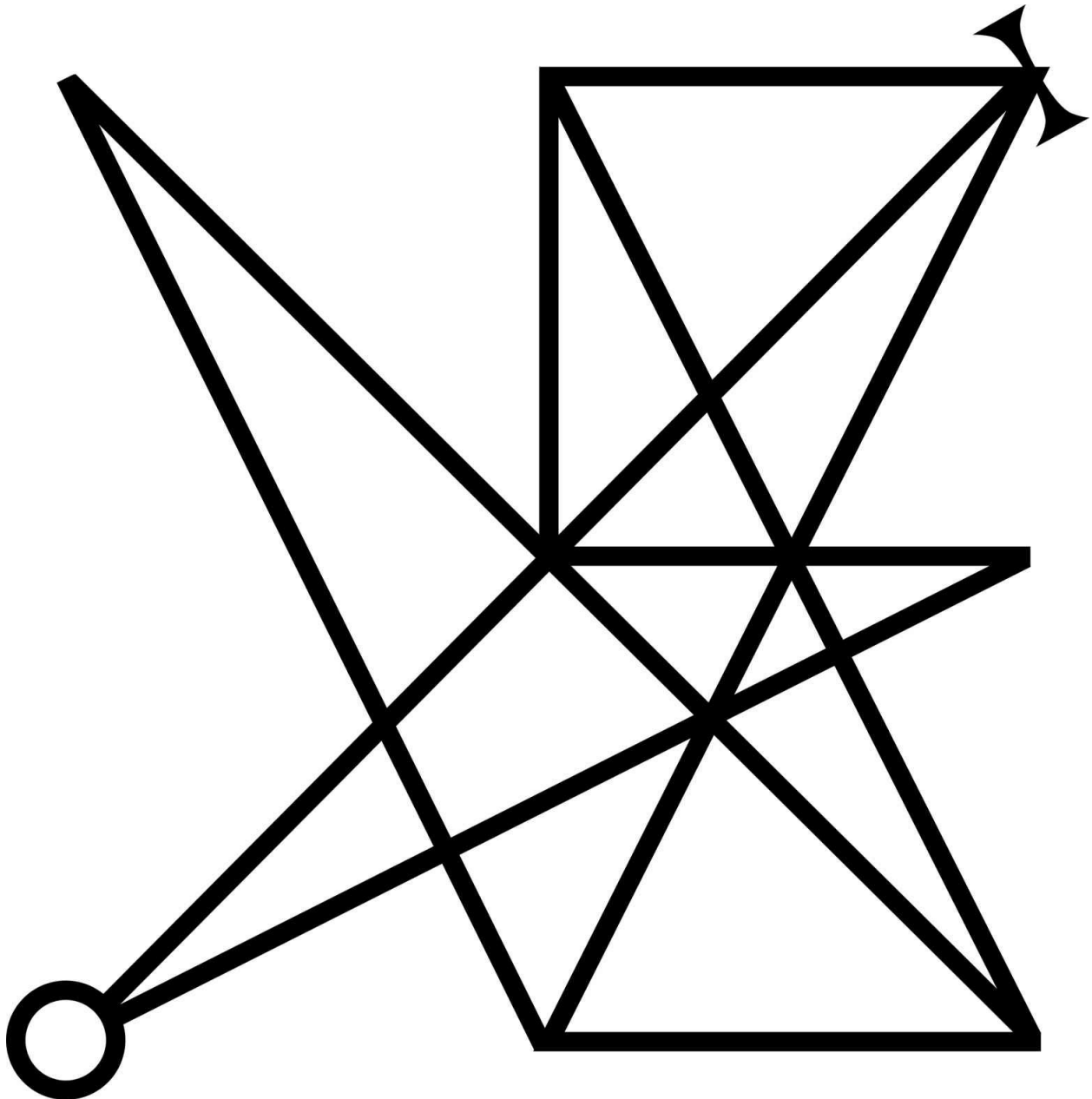
Azkeel



Sigil of Azkeel

Azkeel teaches polarity over monism and traditional duality. He calls this the Law of the Double-Edged Sword, often using this weapon as a tool to expound his cosmic philosophy. He introduces simple, enlightened principles like cause and effect. For example, the cycle of life and death, when something is created, something else is destroyed, and vice versa. He reveals how little causes can affect big changes, and how to apply this multiplier effect with magick to manifest one's true will.

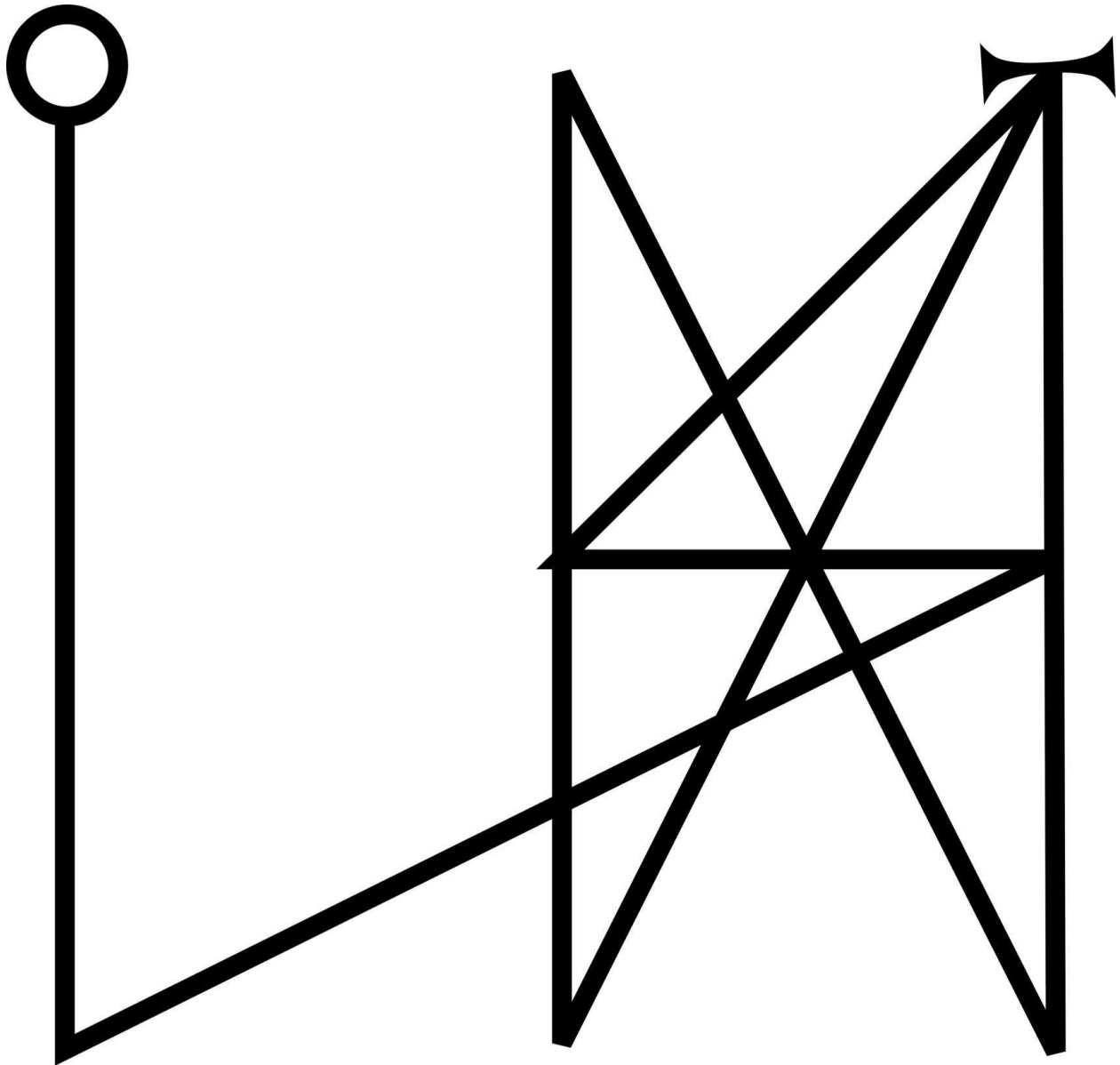
Saraknyal



Sigil of Saraknyal

Saraknyal teaches how to strengthen the light body and aura, which heals the physical body. He awakens a rare faculty in magicians that allows them to clairvoyantly see Luciferian Light—a faculty of auric vision that highlights true knowledge versus fake knowledge. The magician discovers how to sense the vibrational frequency behind knowledge to measure its value. He also can open chakras to allow a light body to astral project more accessibly.

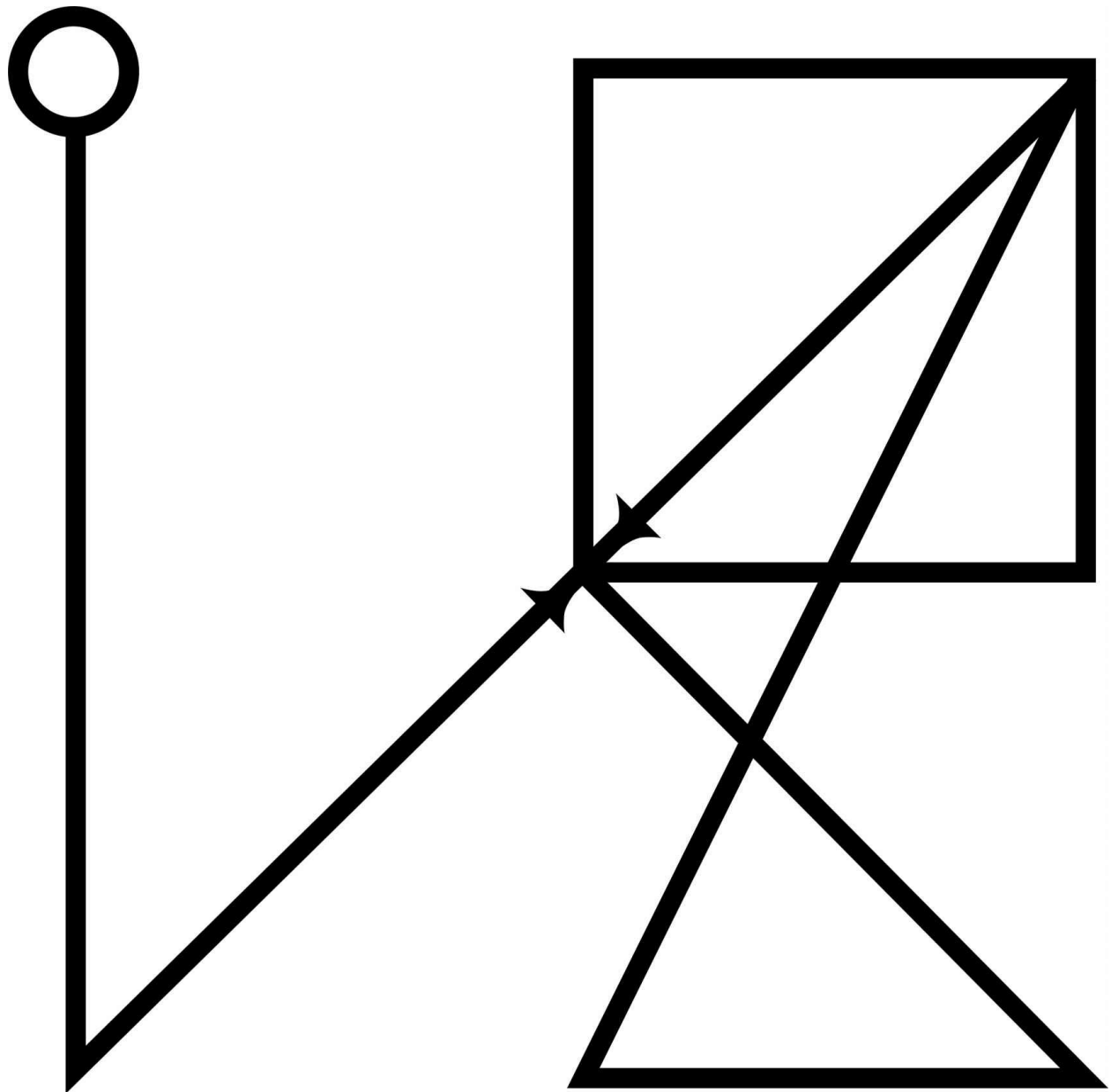
Batraal



Sigil of Batraal

Batraal teaches the art of spiritual purification and defilement, and how both polarities can be used to either heal or harm. He can show you how to nurture and strengthen a disease in order to kill, while also showing how to poison an illness in order to heal. In the end, he does this as an example to Witch-kin to prove a point—that a magician dictates how their own power is wielded, not manmade law. All exists as a Scale upon the One Dragon.

Anane



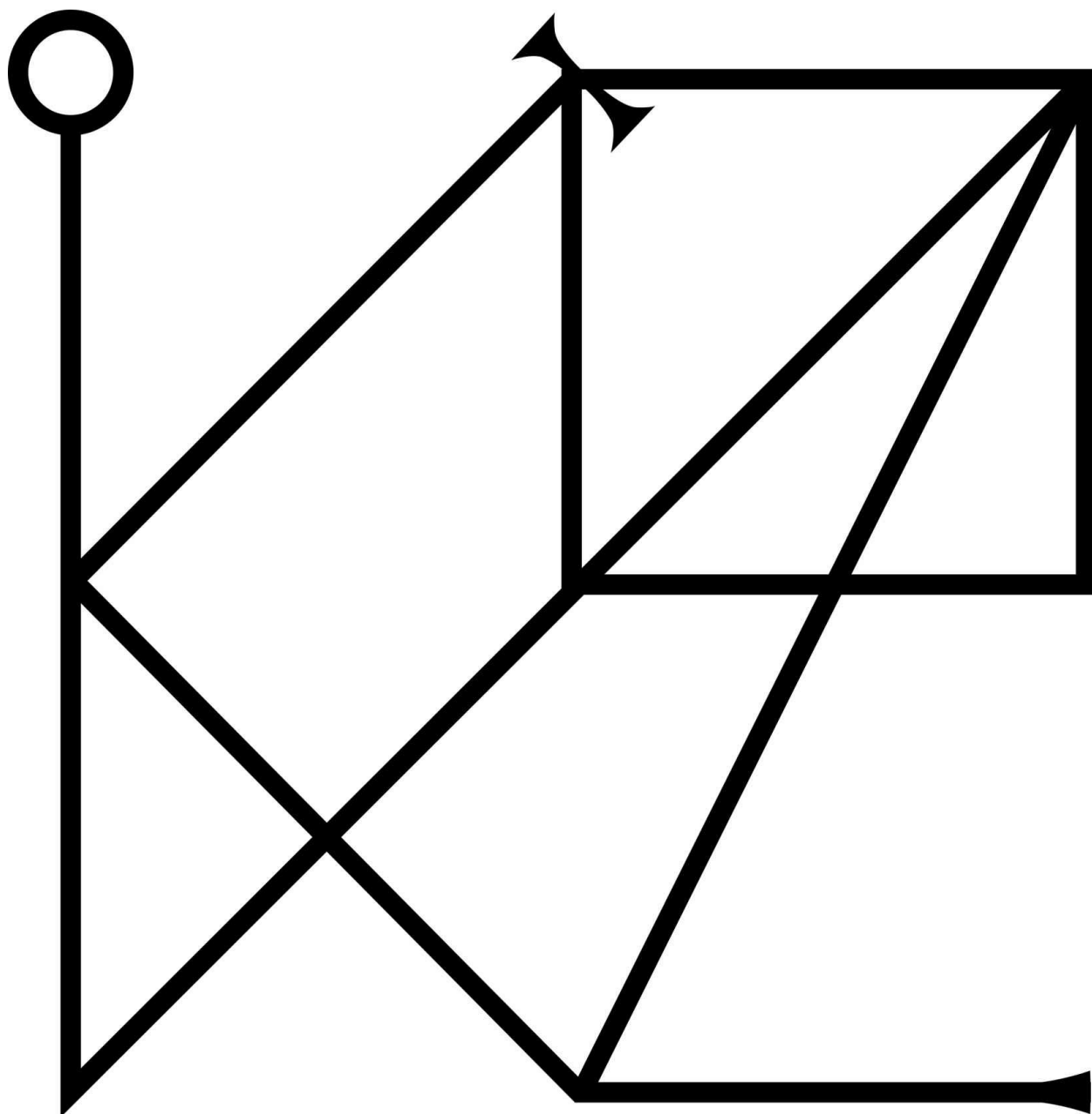
Sigil of Anane

Anane elucidates the connectedness of all things as an extension of the Dragon, and teaches how to identify the essence of anything according to its vibrational frequency—beginning with the connection and separation between the body and soul. He evidences how these frequencies underlie all in existence, and instructs how to attune with them precisely to create any desired change.

Anane can translate and sing the Sounds of Silence and Song of Lucifer in such a manner that a magician can hear them clairaudiently. It often involves a synesthesia of astral sensory whereby the melodies cause colorful feelings

in rhythm with the tune.

Zavebe

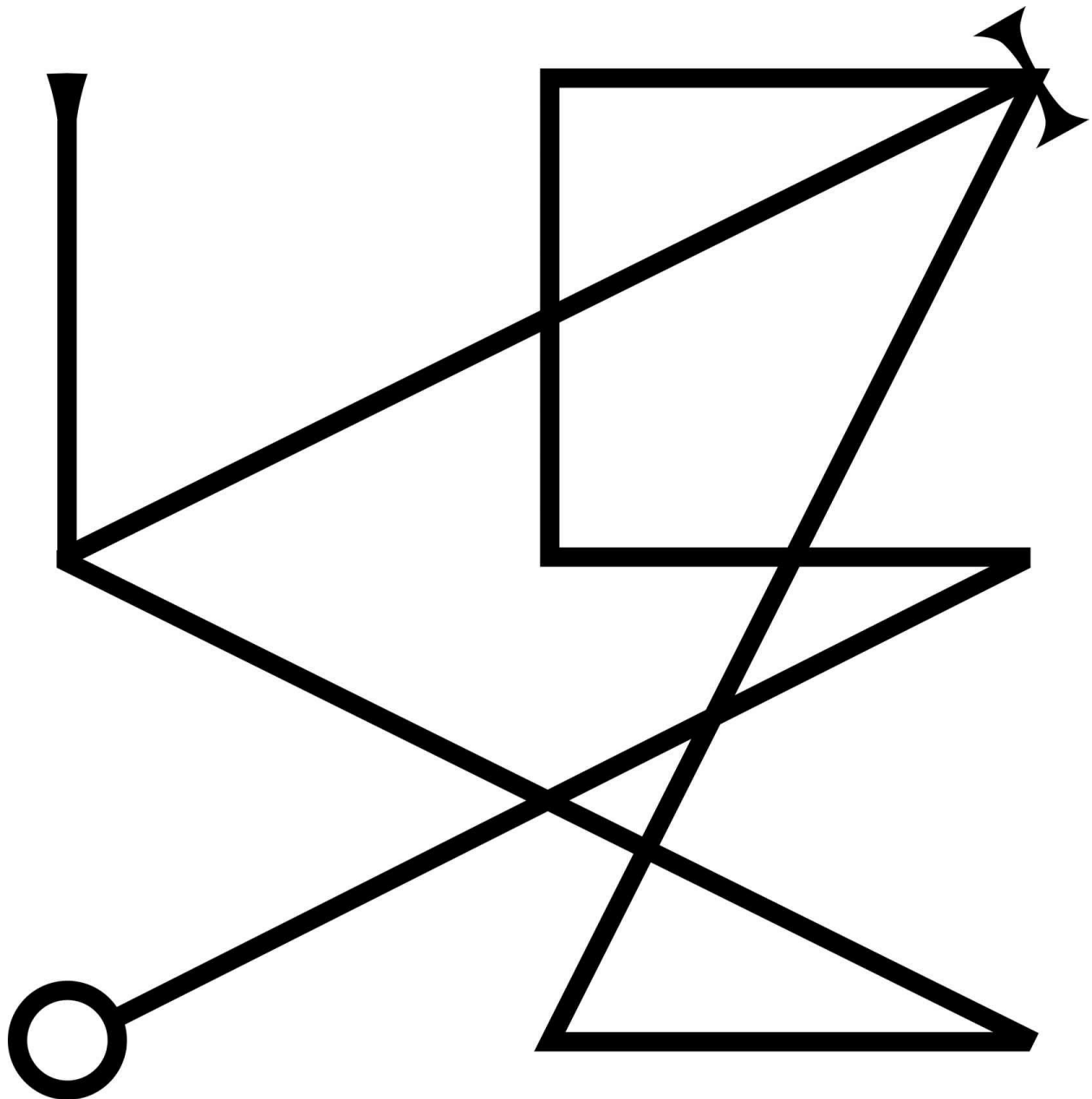


Sigil of Zavebe

Zavebe's teaching is invaluable in regard to magick and sorcery, both of which depend on sympathetic alignment to the Sounds of Silence. He shows how to take elemental frequencies from celestial bodies, identify the times they most powerfully affect the earth plane, and then how to ground that power on the earth plane in magick. Through the Breath of the Dragon, he counsels on how to merge your consciousness with these elements through spellcasting, thus increasing the potency and power of your spellcasting beyond that which has ever been imagined.

He is a true master of earthly low magick.

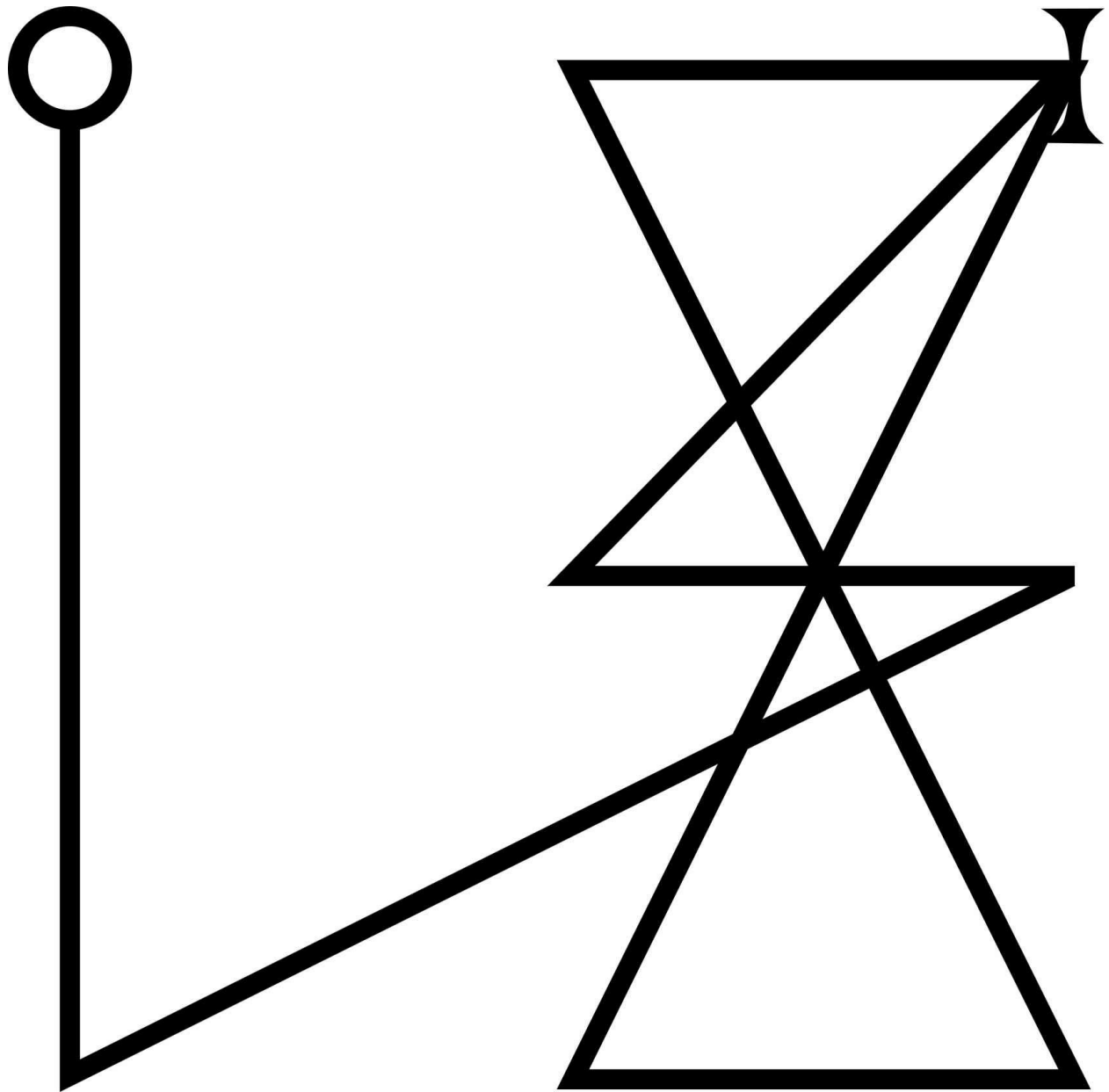
Samsaveel



Sigil of Samsaveel

Samsaveel first brought forth wisdom of the human energy system in context of the Dragon's Breath and teaches how to awaken Kunda. He can teach the totality of the aura and energy system, including every minor chakra and meridian, and how these pathways of Dragon's Breath can be manipulated to create specific physical changes that facilitate magick, healing, shapeshifting, and beauty.

Ertael



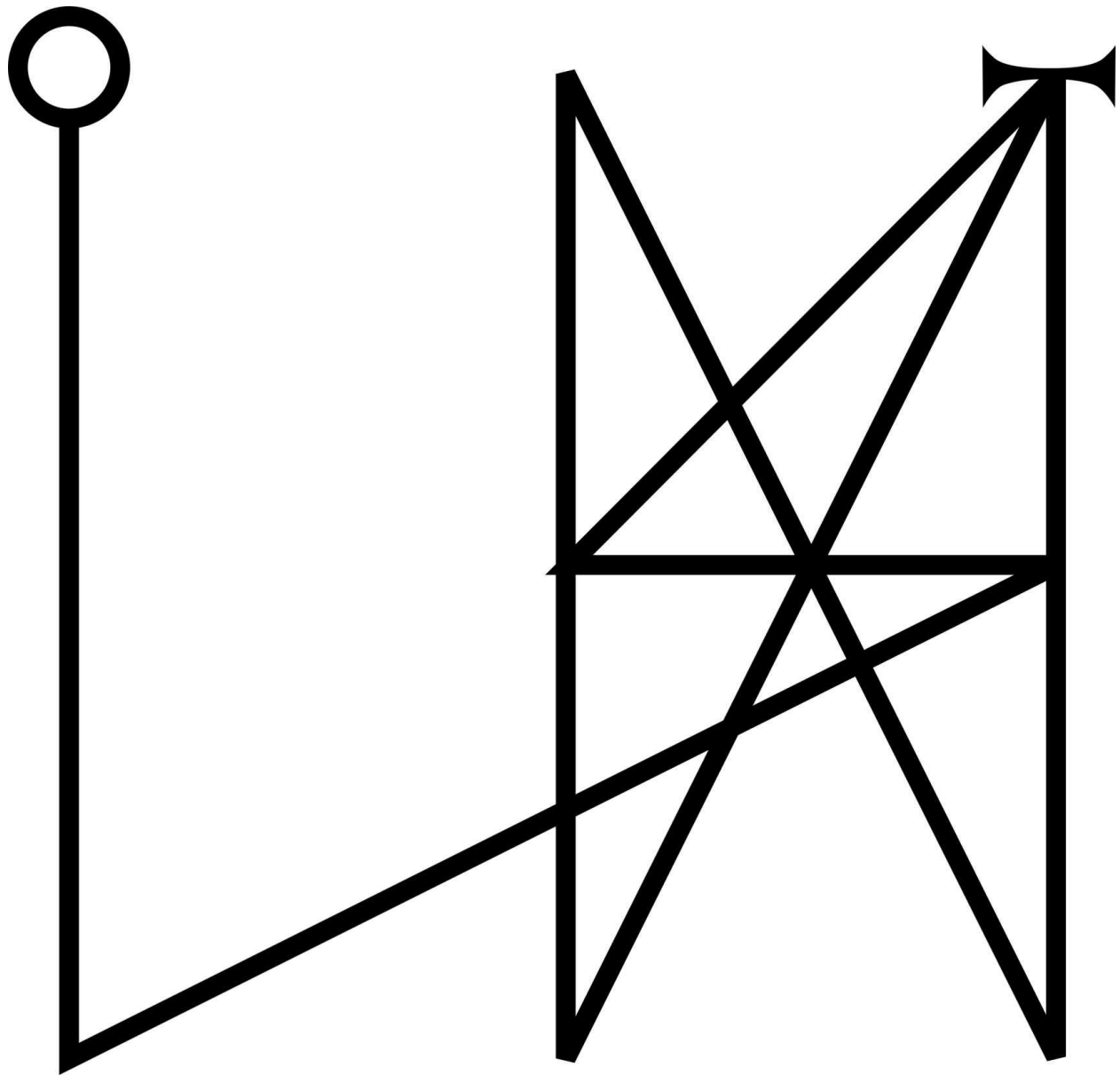
Sigil of Ertael

Ertael first taught man how to generate energy both in practical ways on the earth plane for early technology and industry, as well as in the human body for biological power in athletics, occupations, and everyday life. He reveals how precise motions can generate more aethyric power which a sorcerer can accumulate and apply toward sorcery. He taught humanity the Law of Eternal Energy, and how consciousness derived thereof. He also shows how to forge and empower new individual consciousness. Azazel revealed this same magick to E.A., i.e., Soul Forging, wherefore he perhaps became to first human to magickally birth a genuine consciousness,

Steggam'tah.

If asked, Ertael explains how to extend this mastery of consciousness to raising the dead through necromancy. A black magician can learn to call upon and revive the deceased in what he calls an *adverse birth* and *reverse death*. With this magick, he seeks to subvert and invert the Golem God's artificial dominion over life and death.

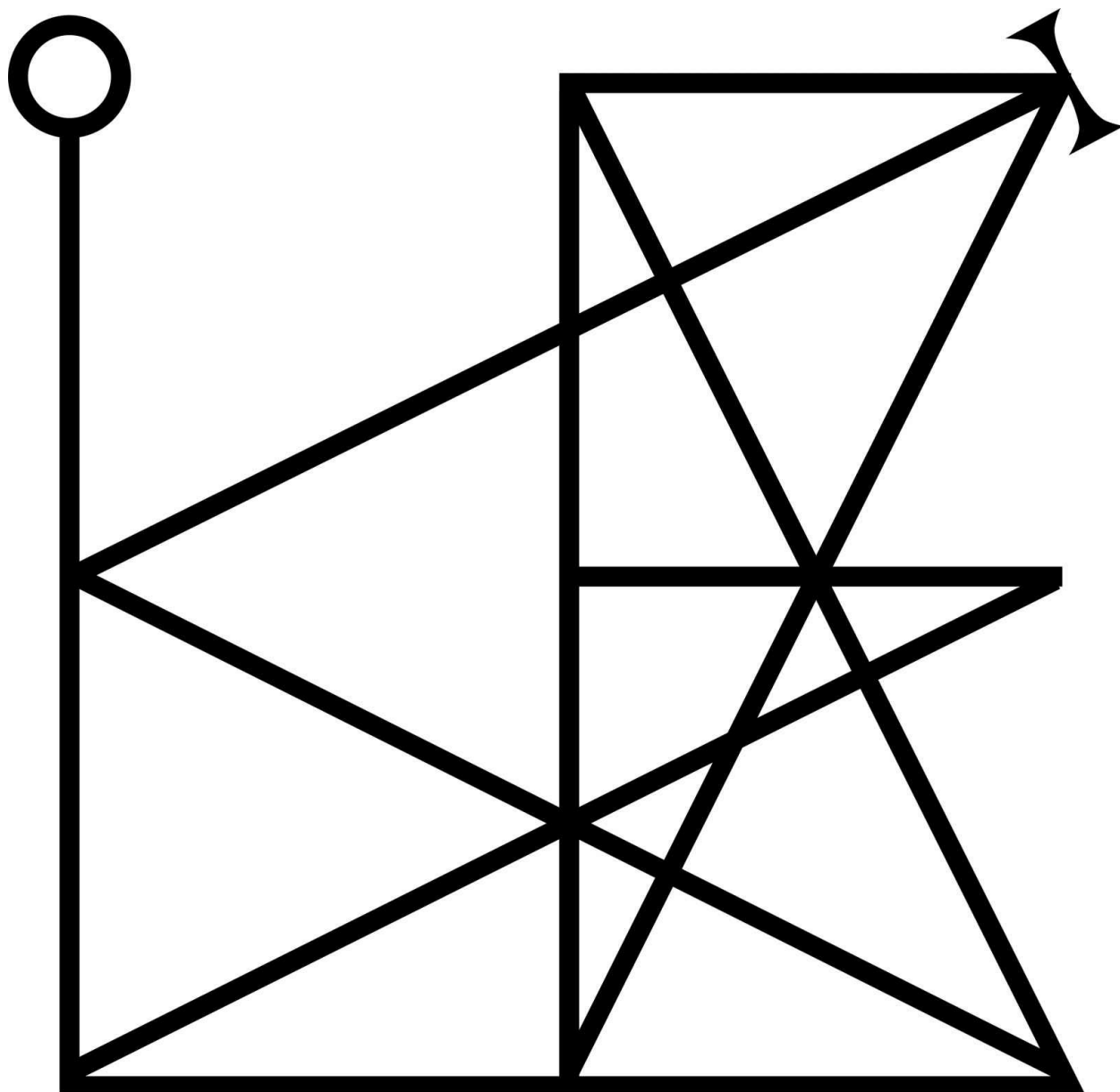
Turel



Sigil of Turel

Turel teaches the power of sex magick and blood magick in order to create shifts within reality. He showed mankind how to charge these private fluids with power, infusing them into elixirs and tonics for magick ritual. This includes the powers found within combinations of white blood (male-female sexual fluid) and red blood, along with the green blood found in nature. Furthermore, Turel teaches how to lengthen and magnify orgasms so as to increase the amount of sexual fluid released, and thus available to be included in his sex magick rites.

Urakabameel



Sigil of Urakabameel

This Watcher was the shadow behind the divine breeding program. He helped to design the human genetic code, which the Golem God defiled. Urakabameel programmed the human genetic code in such a matter that the divine potential could awaken within the Aeon of Lucifer. He is an ancient teacher of magickal eugenics and conscious breeding of energetic bloodlines. The magician can learn how to pass power inter-generationally through genetic codes aligned with dark matter.

In Conclusion

Chapter Twenty



THIS work with Azazel has been the hardest and most abrasive experience of my entire spiritual development. It was as if Tubal-Qayin placed me on his Anvil and pounded on me under the direction of the Demonic King Azazel himself.

We are rewriting history and establishing a new world through our work with the Nine Demonic Gatekeepers. We are exposing the rotten foundations of the contemporary religious paradigms, and bringing forth the truth of our power and potential to establish something far better.

By using modern technology to bring forth this knowledge, we leave behind the byzantine confines of a medieval paradigm riddled by the Abrahamic disease. This changes the world right now as we speak, empowering you as practitioners to get the results you deserve. It empowers you to take magick beyond manifesting a few extra dollars and into creating vast change within yourself, to take your view of the totality to divine heights. We are bringing forth methods of personal transfiguration, which lead to alchemical change within the world as a whole.

Thank you for participating in this movement. Thank you for being unbound by the religious systems of enslavement that prevent the human race from building a better world for our children and their children. The message of this Azazelian work is simple and needs to be heard.

You are the Infernal Empire, not because these forces are primal atavisms, but because a magickal force in your blood calls you to this work. The religious garbage of yesteryear has over-mystified the Demonic Hierarchy, hiding the true story of our *demonic genesis*. This demonic genesis deals not just in a story of creation, but it reveals the demonic power hidden in our *genes*. It reveals the usefulness of our “junk DNA,” and how to harness its potential to inherit our birthright.

The work contained in this grimoire, this contribution to the *Compendium of Azazel*, is but one integer in the equation behind the evolution of humankind. Azazel chose me not to reveal more about *him*—no, he used my mind and body to bring you more knowledge about *us* and *our* origins and *our* birthright, so that we can co-create a world of harmony as the very architects of the cosmos.

Throughout this entire process, as E.A. has often said I have not been *in control*. I am happy, because it has allowed me to regain control. Relinquishing my free will while under possession of these spirits has given back my divine will as a god among men as the Nephilim of old. My will is now their will. I am now them. In this pathworking, I allowed myself to become a pawn and lose control. I became strategically operated by the Ancient Gods themselves, to take down the False Kings who seek to enslavement and destroy us. I am a megaphone of the Ancient Gods, but more importantly, I am thankful. *Thank you.*

Itz Rel Itz Rel Azazel

Father of Transgression

Asenath Mason

Grimoire Three



Father of Transgression

Chapter Twenty-One



THE story of Azazel is known from several sources. In the 19th century, Collin de Plancy described him in his *Dictionnaire Infernal* as a guardian of goats. In the image that accompanies this description, Azazel is shown as a demonic satyr with a pitchfork and banner, and with a goat standing next to him. This depiction is one of the most popular portrayals of Azazel, although throughout centuries his role has developed into something more than a mere patron of goats. The origin of this story, however, is relevant to our discussion as it shows the roots of the myth. It is derived from the Jewish tradition of Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. According to Leviticus, on the Day of Atonement, Yahweh ordered his high priest, Aaron, to “place lots upon two goats,” one marked for the Lord and the other for Azazel. The goat designated for Yahweh was to be used as a sin offering, while the goat chosen for Azazel was to be left “standing alive before the Lord, to make expiation with it” and then sent off to the wilderness. Unknown and desolate territories were the realm of Azazel. He was believed to be the chief of the Se’irim, goat demons of the desert, who haunted the ruins of Edom together with Lilith and other evil spirits and wild beasts. Therefore, Aaron was to lay his hands upon the head of the live goat and confess over it all the sins and transgressions of the Israelites. The goat was then set free in the wilderness, carrying all these iniquities away from the people. This act was viewed so unclean because of the burden of the sins that he who set it free had to wash his clothes and bathe before he was allowed to reenter the camp. Because of this ritual Azazel came to be known as the “scapegoat” and the lord of all sins and transgressions of mankind.

Originally, however, Azazel was an angel, one of the Seraphim, known from the myth of the descent or “fall” of the angels who chose to live among mortal men and women on earth. The reason for this to happen was love and

passion for mortal women, “the daughters of man,” who aroused the lust of the Watchers, angels appointed by God to look over earthly affairs. Seeing their beauty, Azazel, Shemyaza, and other angels left their celestial realm and took wives for themselves among women on earth. Then they conceived half-human, half-divine beings known as the Nephilim that would later be the cause of the Flood and the demise of humanity. This story, however, shows another association of Azazel with sin and transgression. Originally found in *Book of Enoch*, the myth of the Watchers represents the descent of gnosis to the earth, revelation of knowledge that until this point was the domain of God and celestial beings, the Promethean quest for elevation of mankind. In Abrahamic religions, though, this was the “forbidden knowledge,” like the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden that caused the fall and exile of Adam and Eve. The original sin is here repeated, but it assumes a different form—it is not humanity that chooses to be initiated, but it is the higher force, personified by Azazel and the other Watchers, that decides to educate and initiate mankind. The Watchers brought down secrets of civilization and spiritual sciences, such as alchemy or divination, but their gnosis was sexual in its essence. The sin of Azazel was the knowledge of the flesh, carnal pleasure for the sake of transcendence, methods to arouse the inner fire for the purpose of ascent, sexual ecstasy as a gate to spiritual experience. In the *Books of Enoch*, he is described as the one who taught people the art of making swords, knives, shields, and breastplates, as well as secrets of make-up and jewelry: bracelets, precious stones, coloring tinctures, decorations, the beautifying of the eyelids, and alchemy. It is believed that this way he lay foundations both to the art of war and the mysteries of seduction. He is therefore both the devourer and the initiator of sin in the history of mankind.

In *Apocalypse of Abraham*, a pseudepigraphical text from the first century CE, Azazel is the lord of the untrodden parts of the earth. Everything that exists outside the structures of civilization is under his dominion, and he is the chief of all evil spirits and abominations of the earth. In this work, he is also identified with the Serpent that tempted Eve, and he is the father of all sins and iniquities. Again, we are faced with the idea that he is the “scapegoat” embodying all transgressions of humanity, but he is also a personification of Hell itself—described as a fiery furnace of the earth. The concept of a fiery furnace in alchemy represents the vessel of transformation, both in the literal and metaphorical sense. It transmutes metals and changes

their form so that they can be molded into something else. It purifies and makes them “noble.” The same idea can be applied to the alchemy of the spirit, in which it is purified, transformed, and reshaped in a new form, with the whole process repeating for as long as it takes to make the spirit “perfect” and divine. For this reason, Azazel in this interpretation is also personified as a dragon—the symbol of transformation and union of all elements. He has six wings on the left side of his back and six on the right, which in turn refers to the mystical significance of the number 12, the number of the zodiac and the order underlying the structures of the whole universe. Therefore, Azazel’s nature is highly ambivalent as he contains both the force of dissolution and the integrating principle behind the whole manifest world. As the first alchemist and the father of alchemy, he can deconstruct things to their base components, forge them in his alchemical furnace, and transmute them into something else. This is also the formula behind his initiatory gnosis: he leads the initiate through fire, triggering an inner transformation, and provides the tools that allow us to be our own alchemists—wielders of our own power and destiny.

This initiation is through transgression, which is the key term in the mysteries of Azazel. He prompts the initiate to indulge into what is forbidden, viewed as taboo, disapproved by the community or religion. Thus, by embracing and exploring the “sins” of faith we free ourselves from herd mentality and cultural programming, rediscover our individuality and learn how to stand in our power. By invoking the consciousness of Azazel and working with him in magical context, we become our own “sin eaters” as we transform the negative into positive. Azazel teaches us how to step outside our comfort zone and face the unknown, but at the same time, his lessons are about responsibility for our actions. He is the father of sin and transgression, but not a “scapegoat” that we can blame for our failures. This is a form of empowerment from which we can benefit in a twofold way: we become stronger, focused on our inner power, bolder and more willing to transcend our personal limitations, and at the same time we learn to rely on ourselves, liberated from the self-guilt and taboo mentality of the environment and not looking up to any superior forces to save us from our “sins.” Azazel teaches us that by embracing the sin we free ourselves from it and the feeling of guilt turns to self-confidence and inner strength. The following workings are about this.

The Eater of Sins
Chapter Twenty-Two



Sigil of the Father of Transgression

IN this ritual, or rather a series of rituals, we will work with Azazel both as the father and the eater of sins. The working also involves creation of a fetish that will represent the “sin eater” in the physical temple. The transformation, however, will occur on the psychological level, triggering spiritual metamorphosis as well. The working is based on the idea of exploring the Seven Deadly Sins from the Christian lore. If you have not been raised in this faith, perhaps you can find your own sins or taboos of your community to work with. These sins and taboos represent the realm of the

“forbidden,” which is the domain of Azazel, who is the lord of the barren earth, the wilderness and the untrodden territories. These territories for us are things that we have been taught to view as something to fear, be ashamed of, despise, or avoid for other reasons—boundaries that should not be crossed. Therefore, if the idea of the Seven Deadly Sins does not appeal to you, perhaps you will find other boundaries to transcend and taboos to explore in your own environment. Feel free to be as creative and imaginative in this as you wish.

The Skull of Azazel

Before you begin the rituals, you need to prepare the Skull of Azazel—a fetish that will represent the eater of sins on the physical plane. For this you should obtain a goat skull. It has to be a real skull, not a replica, and how you choose to obtain it is up to you. Then mark the skull with the characters of Azazel—this can be his name, one of his sigils, or a glyph designed by you that will serve as a gateway to his current. The sigil received through my personal work with him is provided by the end of this ritual. The skull is the vessel where you will place your offerings to Azazel, so it should be sealed somehow to be able to hold them. When all is prepared, perform the first ritual, the Rite of Consecration of the skull.

Light seven red candles, burn some strong incense on charcoal, e.g., Dragon’s Blood, Musk, or another scent of your choice, and focus all your attention on the skull. Anoint it with your blood, place your hands on it, and start chanting the following words while concentrating on the skull being filled with the energies of Azazel:

*Azazel! Father of Transgression! Eater of Sins!
Make your presence known through this vessel that
once held life within!
I call forth your timeless essence to awaken it to life again!
Come, Azazel, and assist me in my work!
I call you by the Blood of the Dragon,
And in the name of the Dragon!
Ho Drakon Ho Megas!*

Focus on the energies flowing through the skull. Azazel is one of the “Burning Ones” and his energy is fierce and fiery. Visualize the skull coming

alive as a manifestation of the lord of transgression, burning with his flaming essence, and when it happens, say the following (or personal) words:

*Father of Sin, guide me on the path of transgression,
Let me be my own scapegoat and my own initiator,
Show me how to embrace my sins,
And free me from guilt and the false morality of this world!
I offer myself to be transformed through your ancient mysteries!
May the ritual begin!*

At this point prepare seven pieces of paper and write the names of the Seven Deadly Sins, one on every piece. Write them in your blood, and when this is done, offer them to Azazel by placing them next to the skull. The Seven Deadly Sins are as follows:

1. Pride
2. Greed
3. Lust
4. Envy
5. Gluttony
6. Wrath
7. Sloth

While doing this, say:

*Eater of Sins,
Take my sins and transform them into tools of power,
Free me from what binds me on my path,
And lead me to joy and freedom as I break my taboos
and transcend my boundaries!
Azazel, Father of Transgression, enter my being and
transform me from within!*

Meditate for a while on what these sins mean to you: what is it that you lust for, what you envy when you look at others, what you want so much that you would give anything for it, what makes you angry, what fills you with pride, and so on. Take a while to think about it, but do not identify with these feelings—instead, watch them as you would watch scenes displaying before

your eyes while you are merely a passive observer. When you feel it is time to end the meditation, thank Azazel for the insights, leave the skull uncovered, and close the working for the day.

The Seven Deadly Sins

In these workings, you will invoke the essence of every one of these sins to explore and embrace them. This means that you will work with them both in the ritual context and in your daily life. The gnosis of Azazel is freedom through transgression, and to explore it in practice you need to commit every Deadly Sin, indulge in it, and embrace its consequences—both positive and negative. Let this indulgence free you from guilt, moral inhibitions, and any other personal barriers that you have set up for yourself.

Begin each working in the same manner as the opening ritual, i.e., light the candles, burn some incense on charcoal, and focus for a while on the Skull of Azazel. Put your hands on it and visualize how it is being filled with the energies of Azazel's flaming current. While doing this, say something personal to summon the Father of Transgression, or chant the following calling:

*Azazel! Father of Sin!
Lead me through transgression to freedom and power!*

Then take one of the pieces of paper with the name of a sin. You can pick a random piece or choose a sin that you will work with on this day. Say its name aloud and visualize it—what this sin means to you and what it means to other people. Think of the times when you already committed it and how you felt about it. Perhaps there is no guilt associated with it in your mind, but there are other thoughts and emotions for sure. This time, when you meditate on the chosen sin, identify with it and give in to this feeling. Let your imagination flow and think what it would be like to take this sin to an extreme and fully indulge in it, with no restrictions and no inhibitions of any kind. When the meditation is over, *do it*—indulge in the chosen Deadly Sin in your day-to-day life without any limitations. You can do it right after the working, the next day, or you can even dedicate several days in a row to explore the power and weakness behind every sin. Whether it will make you feel strong or weak, happy or embarrassed, confident or shy, empowered or humiliated—embrace all that comes with this experience. Let go of your

barriers and let it set you free.

After your exploration of them, burn the piece of paper with its name and offer the ashes to Azazel by placing them within the skull. This way you are offering to him not your sins and weaknesses but your strength and self-confidence that you have developed by becoming your own scapegoat and the eater of your own sins. When you embrace all seven sins, seal the skull, thus making a powerful fetish representing your personal power. Thank Azazel for his assistance in this work and close the whole operation with the words:

And so it is done!

You can then cover the skull with a piece of black cloth or leave it uncovered to serve as a permanent pylon for the current of Azazel. Place it on your altar, and whenever you wish you call forth the Father of Transgression, anoint the skull with your blood and call Azazel to manifest in your temple.

The Goat-Headed Witch Lord

Chapter Twenty-Three



WHILE in the previous ritual you worked with the gnosis of transgression to shed your human morality, in this one you will shed your human form and become one with the atavistic instincts of bestial consciousness which Azazel represents as the Lord of Goats and the Witch Lord.

This working has to be performed outdoors, preferably in the forest. You are dealing here with the gnosis of transgression, so if that forces you to leave the safety of your home temple and face the unpredictability of the wilderness, this will only empower the results of the ritual. If you choose to ignore it and perform the ritual in your temple, it will not have the transforming effect and the whole work will be pointless. In other words, the more it pushes you out of your comfort zone, the better results you will have with this working.

I suggest performing this working in the woods; this is how I worked with it myself and I can attest to the effectiveness of the ritual. You should be away from the city, in a quiet and desolate place, and you should be alone. It is not a group ritual, although you can choose to do it with a ritual partner—it will then have a different effect than a solitary working. If you cannot perform it in the forest, an alternative can be a desert or a set of caves, but I did not experiment with such locations, so this is left to your choice. The ritual lasts three days and you can either spend all these days on the chosen location or go back home after each working and return at dusk on the next day to perform the following part.

For every working you have to prepare a different fetish made of animal skin or bones. For the first day you will need a fetish representing the Serpent. This can be a skin that was shed by a snake, a snake skull, or some other items that come from an actual animal. For the second day you will

need a fetish symbolic of the Wolf. On the third day you will assume the form of the Goat-Headed Lord himself and you need a fetish connected with a goat. How you prepare the fetishes is completely up to you—you can make an amulet of animal parts to wear on you during the ritual, make a garment of animal skins, fashion a belt that you can wear around your waist, or a mask that you will put on your face. There are many possibilities here, so feel free to be as creative as you wish.

When you pick the location, walk there for a while to find a spot that will appeal to you in the best way. Perhaps it will be a circle of stones, a grove, or simply a clearing in the woods. You will intuitively know that you are at the right place when you get there. My advice is to perform this working in the autumn or early in the winter, when it is still warm enough to be outdoors, but when nature has already shed the green look of summer and everything starts to decay and return to the womb of the mother earth, when the days are short and the sun sets early. Samhain or the days before and after will work best for this ritual, but you are free to choose another day if you prefer a later time or if you live in the southern hemisphere.

Once you are at the right spot, gather some twigs and tree branches and use them to make a large pentagram on the ground. It should be big enough for you to sit in the center. The pentagram serves as the circle of transformation and manifestation, and you can make it from twigs, bones, pieces of animal skin, and any other items that you think would be suitable for calling the Witch Lord.

Then sit in the circle and light five candles—each one at the outer point of the pentagram. The candles should be black, but you can also use lanterns or another source of light as long as it not artificial. When this is done, invoke Azazel by spilling your blood in the circle. At the same time call his name—you can chant it, whisper, or cry out loud—this up to you. The words of calling should be personal as well, and the invocation below is only an example of how you can call the Witch Lord.

*Azazel, Lord of the Woods,
Dark God of Witchcraft,
Bring your sacred and unholy fire into this circle,
Cloak me in the darkness of the night,
And let me walk with the beasts of the forest!
Azazel, Goat-Headed Lord,*

*Rise up from the shadows of the underworld,
From beneath the sands of time,
And come to me as I call you!
Take my flesh, my skin and my senses!
Awaken your fire and fury within me,
And walk with me through the darkness of the unknown!
Azazel, Father of Transgression,
Rip my human flesh off me and give me the body of a beast,
Make my sight sharp and my body strong,
And fill me with your primal lust and rage,
So that no one can stop me as I walk your path of flames!
Azazel, Master of Beasts,
Transform me as I should be transformed!
I call you in the name of the Dragon,
And by the blood of the ancients!*

When you speak the words of invocation, mark yourself with blood, drawing the Mark of the Devil on your body—what this “mark” is and where you should draw is different for each practitioner and you will intuitively know what to do and how to do it during the ritual itself.

Then open yourself for the presence of Azazel. In this work he comes as the Lord of the Forest, clad in bestial skin and with a goat head, sometimes wearing a hooded cloak. You will sense him approaching as the nature around you responds to his presence—the wind will increase or cease, the signing of the birds will stop, and the whole atmosphere of the place will change in a tangible way. You will then see the Witch Lord emerging from the darkness of the night as a living shadow.

When he approaches, greet him and present your offerings—this can be incense, blood, wine, your sexual fluids, or other offerings of your choice. Then take the fetish and put it on you, be it a mask, garment or amulet, visualizing that you are assuming the form of the particular animal. In the first working it is the Serpent. See and feel yourself being transformed into the serpent form and make this visualization as realistic as possible. When you feel it is complete, blow out the candles and step out of the circle.

Follow the Witch Lord as he guides you through the forest. This form of Azazel is very earthy and chthonic, diabolic and sexual in its nature, and the same impulses he can awaken in a practitioner. Above all, however, it is

primal and atavistic, with every step taking you away from your humanity, making you shed your human nature and become a beast of the forest. Let it happen and open yourself to the experience in the best way you can. Trust your animal instincts to lead you and do not be afraid that you will lose yourself in the forest—when the journey is over, you will intuitively know how to return to the place where the ritual started. In the worst case, you can simply take a compass with you to make sure you will know the right direction when it is time to return.

Upon returning to the place of the ritual, leave the circle as it is until the following day. On the next day, enter the circle and repeat the same steps, this time assuming the form of the Wolf, another animal of the Witch Lord. On the third day, assume the form of the Goat-Headed Lord himself by following the same procedure. If you perform these workings with a partner, you can choose to go on a journey through the woods separately or together. Celebrate the presence of the Witch Lord with blood and wine, and if you work with a partner, sex can be involved as well.

When all three workings are over, take down the circle and burn the items that you have used to create it. Then offer the ashes to the earth and to the spirits of the woods. Thank the Witch Lord for his assistance and close the ritual.

The effects of the ritual will last for days or weeks—this depends on the extent to which you choose to open yourself to this experience. For a while it will wipe out your normal way of thinking, your mundane morality and your perception of the surrounding world. You may feel that nothing is the same when you return from this work and you may feel a need for a change in your life. This is a natural manifestation of the ritual. This work also comes with a lot of physical sensations. You may feel as if you were moving between the physical and the astral plane, and you may have trouble with having a grasp of your mundane reality. If this happens, ground yourself and give yourself time to rest and let the energies settle as they should. This may also come with intense energy sensations, e.g., you may feel agitated all the time, sexually aroused, or angry for no particular reason, easily losing your temper. In this case the energy raised during the ritual is probably still working its way through your consciousness. This is only temporary and it will eventually get back in balance, although it may be accompanied by extreme situations and harsh initiatory tests. On the other hand, the ritual may leave you spent and exhausted—this in turn is a sign that you have absorbed it in its

totality and you are on a threshold of an inner transformation that will follow. In either case, pay attention to how this energy is affecting you and use proper grounding techniques if necessary.

The Lord of Wilderness

Chapter Twenty-Four



THE last ritual of this grimoire will take you on a journey to meet the Lord of the Wilderness. In this working, or a set of workings, you will need to leave the whole world behind you, stepping out into the unknown like the goat of Azazel set out in the wild. This ritual was inspired by the idea of shamanic quests and revealed to me during a solitary retreat in the mountains several years ago. In this work, Azazel manifests as the Lord of the Barren Earth, the Black Goat, the Jinn of the Desert, or the Solitary Wanderer—depending on how you approach this ritual and what location you choose. This location is entirely up to you. I recommend going away for a retreat, because the Lord of the Wilderness is naturally encountered out there in the wild, but I have performed this ritual both outdoors and in my home temple, and both times it was effective, although brought different results and different manifestations of Azazel. What is important is that you have to isolate yourself from your environment for the duration of the whole working. This means that you should not have contact with other people, neither in person nor through phone nor the internet. Turn off your electronic devices, lock the door, and make sure you are alone and will not be disturbed during the ritual, regardless how long it will take.

The duration of the ritual depends on how fast you will be able to absorb the powers and lessons brought forth by this form of Azazel. It can take hours, a whole day, several days, or even longer. There is no rule here and all depends on your individual abilities to absorb and process this gnosis. The Lord of the Wilderness walks alone and only by being alone, exposed to his lessons and isolated from the entire world, can you understand and embrace his essence. Therefore, in this working you leave behind all that you were, are, and will be. You forget about the past, the present, and the future. You step outside your desires, instincts, hopes, fears, aspirations, etc., leave your

identity behind and let go of all that defines you at a particular moment, stepping into the unknown in the act of ultimate transgression and transformation. This is a vision quest whereby you have to find yourself by finding Azazel and becoming one with this primal, atavistic force of movement and evolution.

To prepare yourself for this work, obtain the following items:

- Goat horns: Like in the other workings of Azazel, these should be real horns, not a replica.
- A vessel to burn fire: If you work outdoors, you can make a bonfire or light a torch. If you perform the ritual indoors, you can use a candle or lantern.
- A pentagram: Make it yourself or buy it. It can be small or large—this is all up to you.
- A skull: This can be a human skull or an animal one. It does not have to be of any particular animal, but it has to be real as well.
- A cloak or a hooded robe: If you already have one, you can use it for the working without obtaining a new outfit.
- Incense: Dragon's Blood, copal, or musk.

Place all these items on the altar, including the cloak or robe—it is not to be worn until the particular moment of the ritual. When all is prepared, take a bath or shower, visualizing how the water washes away all your thoughts, worries and attachments to the mundane world. When you feel cleansed and your awareness shifts from the mundane reality to the ritual setting, step into the temple, leaving the whole world behind you. To empower this shift of consciousness you can make a special circle around yourself which you will close after you step into it or simply remain in the temple for the duration of the entire ritual, without leaving anywhere.

Invoke Azazel with a few personal words, asking him to assist you in the ritual and manifest in the circle. You have already established contact with him through the previous rituals and now you only need to reconnect with his energy. This should be natural and your words should be from the heart. Forget about your goals and desires—the only purpose of this work is to become the Father of Transgression himself. What it means and how it will manifest can only be understood through experience. In this work you have to stay open to whatever happens and willing to embrace it all, no matter what

the ritual may bring.

Throughout the whole ritual you can use candles and incense, but every item mentioned above will also be used separately—you will meditate on each of them alone, focusing on the attributes of the Father of Transgression and embracing them one by one, fully identifying with his god-form.

The Horns of Power

In the first working, meditate on the horns. Place them in the central part of the altar, empty your mind, and open yourself to what they mean in the symbolism of Azazel. Generally, horns are the animals' weapon—they use the horns to fight and move obstacles out of their way. For this reason, they can be viewed as a symbol of strength, force and aggressiveness, but also vitality. In mythologies, gods who wear horns or armor adorned with horns are deities of war and battle. The horns stand for their power, supremacy and dignity, and sometimes also immortality and perseverance, as horns are made of bone, which is the foundation of all existence. Horns also typify madness and rage, and from a sexual perspective they stand for phallic penetration and male virility. In ancient times, it was believed that the strength of the animal is in its horns, which makes them a potent symbol of power. Azazel wears the horns of a goat, the animal which he has been associated the most. This is connected with the horns of the Devil in the Western lore—the symbol of the underworld, chthonic forces, and bestiality. All this symbolism can be found in the myths of Azazel. Think of what it all means and put the horns on your head to assume the god-form of Azazel. When you do this, feel how his power becomes your power and all that comes with it becomes a part of you. Stay in this meditation for as long as you feel is necessary to fully identify with this feeling. You have to truly become the Lord of the Wilderness—all your human identity has to be wiped out in the process. Meditate for as long as you need to embrace this experience in its totality, and when it comes to a natural end, close the working for the day or proceed to the next meditation.

The Fire of the Alchemist

The second working involves meditating on fire as a symbol of Azazel. Fire itself has many meanings, from positive and beneficial to negative and associated with death and destruction. Generally, it represents passion, creativity, sexuality, zeal, motivation, will, and determination. It is expanding and unbridled in its essence and to work with it you need to learn how to

control it—be it by burning a candle or bonfire or igniting the inner flame, which like the fire of an inferno, can empower as well as burn you. Fire has all these qualities. It is the inner fire of creation and destruction—it destroys what you are, makes place for something new to rise, and forges you in the flames so you can emerge from it reborn and empowered. It is active energy—ever-changing, mutable, and continuously seeking to expand—and such is also the fire of Azazel, who was the father of alchemy. In metaphysical sense, alchemy is the art of inner transformation—the consciousness of the adept undergoes successive initiations to be transformed into “philosopher’s gold,” the symbol of perfection, wholeness, and divinity. This is what we can achieve by working with Azazel, but only if we are not afraid to burn in the process. For this working light the candle, bonfire, or another source of flame and meditate on it until you become fire yourself. Touch it, breathe it, absorb it in whatever way you can imagine. Feel how it rises within you, from the soles of your feet up to the top of your head. See yourself burning and feel how it affects you, transforming you from the very core of your being. When you feel ready to end the meditation, close the working or proceed to the next symbol.

The Pentagram

This working is focused on the pentagram as the symbol of Azazel in his mask of the Adversary and the Father of Transgression. The pentagram itself is an old symbol that is found in many mystical and religious traditions, including both Satanism and Christianity. It represents the five senses of man, with the center typifying the sixth sense and awakened consciousness. The pentagram of Azazel is the inverted one, with two points projecting upward, which in Left Hand Path traditions are associated with the Devil’s horns. It is a symbol of sinister forces and the triumph of matter over the spirit, but from the LHP perspective we might say that it is the opposite because initiation and illumination is sought within, not in regard to any superior forces. It is a path of self-salvation and self-initiation as opposed to being redeemed by a savior such as the Christ figure. This is also the path of Azazel. His pentagram represents the force of lust and the flesh as the temple of the spirit. His initiation occurs through the works of flesh and matter, which forge the spirit and make an initiate a living god. The pentagram also represents the goat head of the Father of Transgression—with the horns at the two upper points, the ears at the right and left points, and the beard at the bottom.

Meditate on the pentagram on your altar having all this in mind. Perhaps other meanings of the symbol will be revealed to you as well. Imagine yourself as the Goat-Headed Lord and continue until this consciousness completely overrides your senses, revealing insights about the path, and taking you to knowledge of yourself that you have not discovered before. Then terminate the meditation and close the working or proceed to the next part of the ritual.

The Skull

In this working you will meditate on the skull as a symbol of Azazel. The skull is a powerful symbol of death, reminding us that all life has to pass and what remains is the bare bones of existence. It also represents rites of passage in which the initiate has to “die” to one stage of life in order to be “born” to another. The skull is associated with the Lord of the Wilderness, who walks among those who have passed and whose bones lie buried in the bowels of the earth and beneath the desert sands. It signifies the change, transition from one state to another, be it physical death or an initiatory experience. It shows that death is not the end but a mark of a new stage of existence and as such it should not be feared but embraced as an ally and companion. For this meditation you can simply hold the skull in your hands, visualizing how your own body decays and falls apart, turning into the skeleton, which is the foundation of all existence. You can also go a step further and paint your face to resemble a skull and meditate while gazing at yourself in the mirror. There are many possibilities here and you are free to do whatever you feel will affect you in the most intense way. Through this meditation you should become death yourself—free of fear, desire and all that makes you mortal and weak. When you feel ready to end the working, close it or proceed to the next meditation.

The Cloak

In this meditation you should focus on the cloak. Azazel appears in a hooded cloak as the Lord of the Wilderness and the Solitary Wanderer. He emerges from the shadows, with his face concealed and his garments flowing on the wind. Generally, the cloak is a symbol of protection. It protects the traveler from harm, the scorching sun of the desert and the cold breeze of the night. On the initiatory journey it keeps the adept safe throughout ordeals and transitions. It is also a symbol of secrecy, mystery and the unknown—that is

why the Reaper is often depicted in a hooded robe, with his face concealed and his body enshrouded in shadow. In this meditation you should put on the cloak or the robe meditating on how it changes you when you wear it. Feel how you become something else and visualize yourself as the Solitary Wanderer, walking among shadows—concealed from the sight of the profane and safe from any danger that might come your way. Take as much time as you need for this meditation, and when it is over, close the working or proceed to the last part of the ritual.

The Smoke

The last symbol to meditate on is the smoke. As the Lord of Fire, Azazel is also connected with smoke as a symbol of the spirit, or we should rather say, transformation of matter into spirit. When something burns, it turns into smoke, which then ascends and dissipates. In this sense, we can view the smoke as symbolic of both transition and ascension. Azazel is the lord of smoke rising from funeral pyres, typifying the ultimate release of the spirit from the confines of the flesh and its ascent onto higher planes. The initiate on his path steps into his fire to be burned and then to rise as a phoenix from the ashes—free and unbound from earthly limitations. To perform this working burn the chosen incense on charcoal. The smoke should be dense, cloaking everything around you. This is not easy if you work outdoors, so in this case simply focus on the source of smoke in front of you. Breathe it in and feel how it spreads over your entire body, shifting your consciousness and releasing your mind from the bonds of the flesh. Breathe out and feel how you ascend above your body, rising with the smoke and floating through planes and dimensions. Continue this meditation until you completely lose the sense of your body and feel what it is like to be truly free. Let this experience last for as long as you want, and when you feel ready to end the working, close the ritual.

If performed properly and with the entire focus on the ritual itself, this working will leave you changed in ways you have never experienced before. Do not force anything in it—let it flow as it unfolds and go with this flow until you feel that you have absorbed all that was brought through this work. You will also feel effects in days or even weeks following this working, so pay attention to all that happens in your life at that time. From this moment you will also be guided by Azazel himself, and if you want to continue this work, simply invoke him and ask him for assistance.

Azazel
Keeper of the Gate
S. Connolly
Grimoire Four



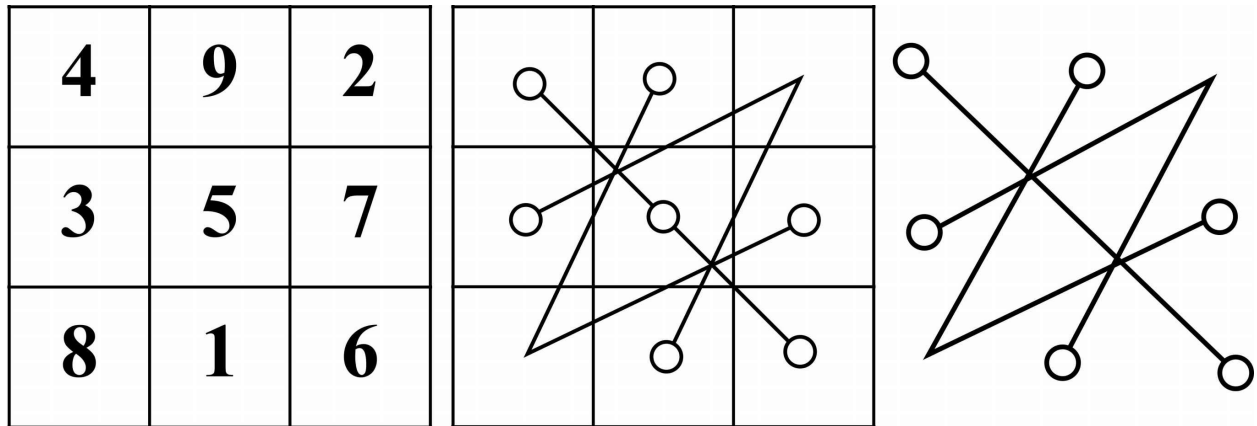
The Horned God, resplendent in the divine.
Forged of earth and fire,
Burned within the flames of the infernal,
Made stronger by the raging sea,
And exalted through free will and thought.
His name is Azazel.

The Horned Scapegoat

Chapter Twenty-Five

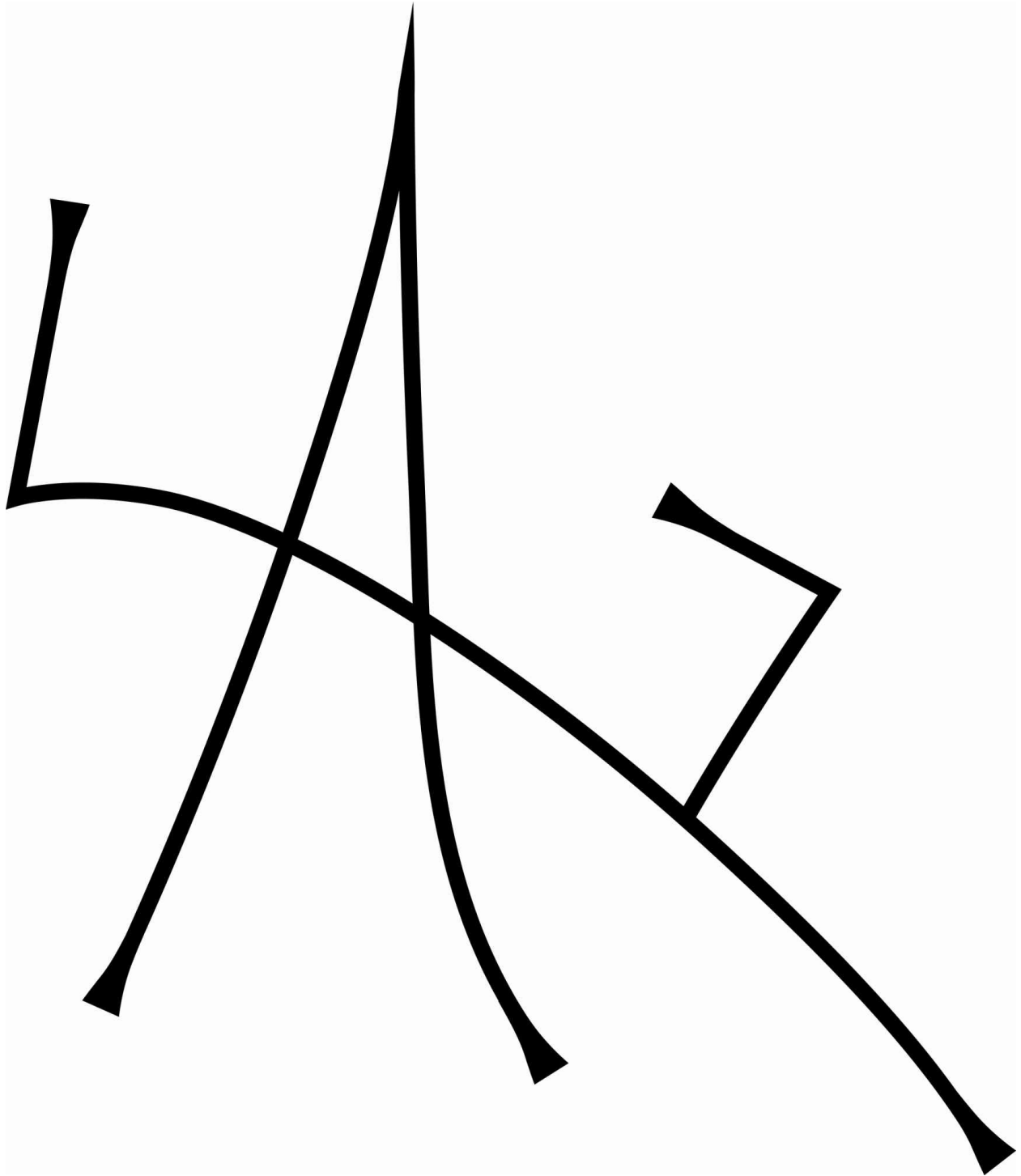


AZAZEL is the infernal keeper of the first gate. He stands between the magician and a deep, powerful knowledge of the self. We've all heard the old axiom, "Man know thyself, and thou shalt know the gods." It is Azazel that puts men through the trials and tribulations required to discover the self and gain empowerment from that. Thus, Azazel becomes an egregore that facilitates the magician accepting that he is flawed, human, and also divine. That the magician can shed the guilt for what he's done and those things he will do. To accept that others will blame the magician for their own shortcomings and saddle him with their own burdens. To accept that all men are of this earthly, physical plane, bound by a physical body until death.



Azazel, however, is also linked with death, change, and rebirth. He is a catalyst for the growth of the magician. Take, for example, the sigil used widely for him.

Azazel is “the scapegoat” in Hebrew literature. In some Hebrew texts, Azazel was listed as the chief Grigori (fallen angels who married women). John Milton’s *Paradise Lost* turned the scapegoat Azazel into the right-hand man of Lucifer himself. Please don’t confuse Azazel with Azrael, the Angel of Death. Instead, Azazel is included among the Death Daemonic purely because the seal he is widely known by is actually the seal of Saturn. To the educated occultist this would suggest Azazel is the embodiment of all that is Saturn including Death. I personally *do not* view “the scapegoat” or “the Grigori” as being embodied by Saturn. Instead, I propose the Saturn-Azazel connection may have come from a modern group who mistook Zazel (the spirit of Saturn) as Azazel. I will give an alternate seal for Azazel below:

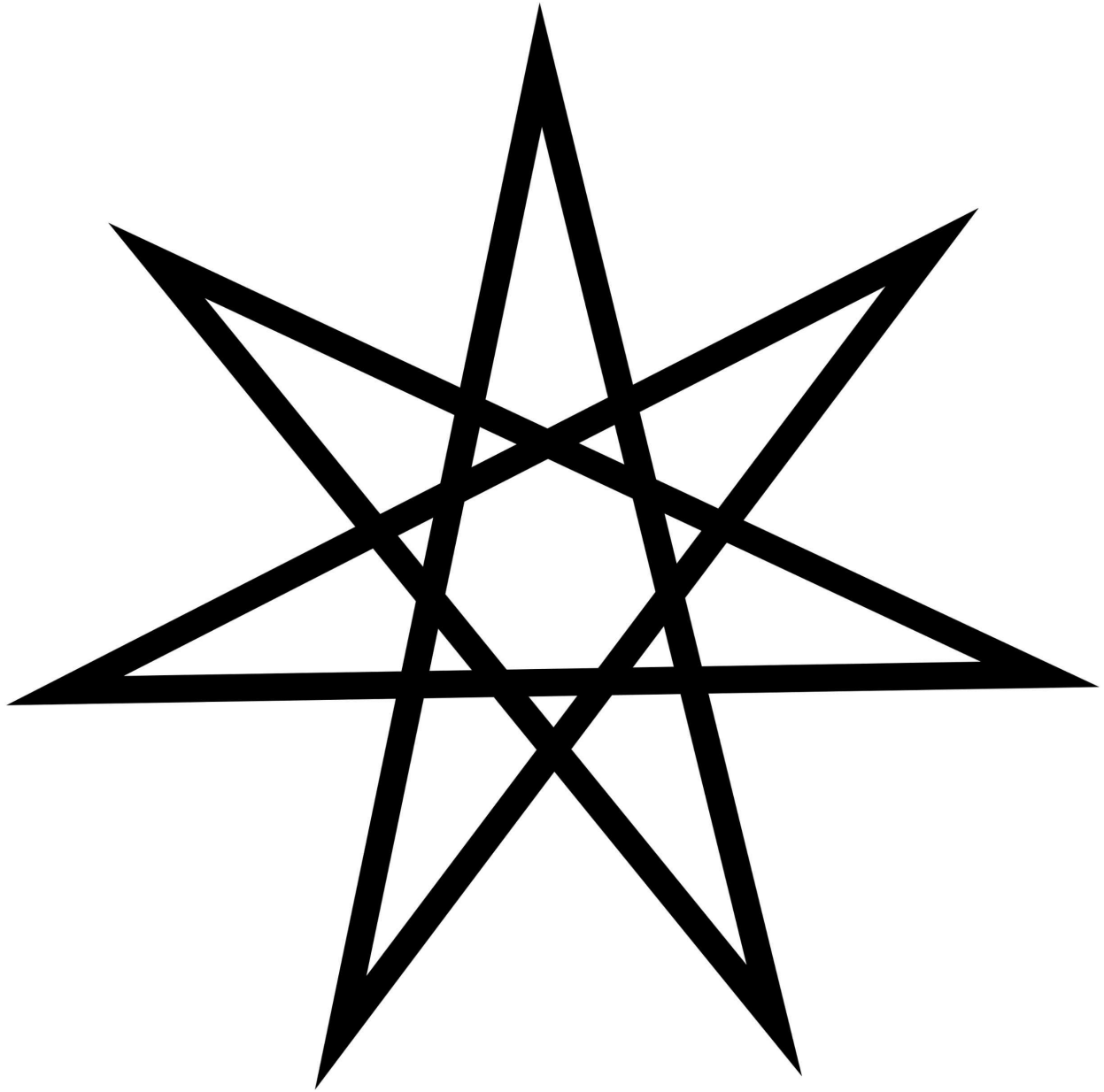


Seal of Azazel

- Enn (invocation) as known to Daemonolaters: *Eya on ca Azazel aken*
- Element: Airy part of fire
- Direction: Southeast

- Incense: Frankincense
- Metal: Lead
- Attributes: Is a window into the self. Helps facilitate change, endings and new beginnings. Beneficial in self-acceptance. Can help you destroy self-destructive patterns. Can help change your perspective, alerting you to potential opportunities for growth. Can help you find the strength within when you feel weak and helpless. Helps to reassert personal power and/or regain control of the self. Can be beneficial in working through addictions to eradicate them.

Despite this, I think it's important to explore the seal of Saturn so that those who do choose to continue to use the Saturnian seal for Azazel understand it more completely, especially if they wish to utilize that aspect of Azazel which brings about life-transforming change. The seal of Saturn is created using the square of Saturn by drawing lines from each number in the square in succession. This gives us the seal. The seal is, like so many seals of Death Daemons, full of symbolism suggesting distillation of the spirit from the physical matter. Interestingly enough, this imagery and symbolism also explain why a great deal of Saturnian magick centers on one being the master of all one's desires and self-mastery (even if that means imposing your will upon others).



Septagram

Zazel, the spirit of Saturn, is the connection. It is earth, bound to the earth, of the flesh. It also suggests the death or transformation of the physical body, or the mind/soul from the physical body.

Azazel is hell—the temptation. A reminder of everything in moderation and that Azazel is within the raging seas of Da'ath, drowning magicians for centuries in its stormy seas. I have found there is a great deal of connection in archetype with Samael, Belial, and Satan. They are similar archetypes or aspects, albeit differently named.

One thing the magician must remember is that death is not an ending, it's

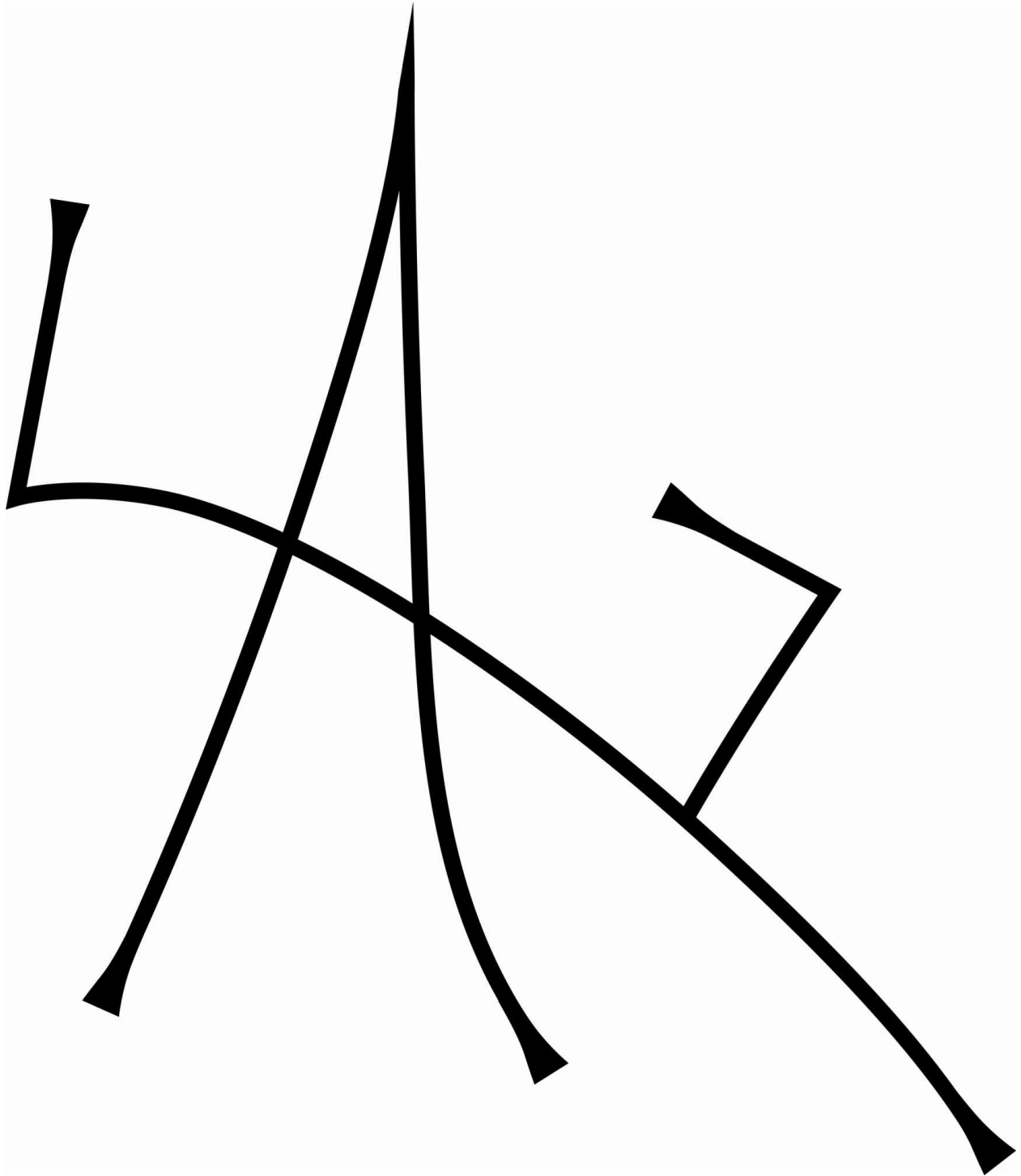
simply a transformation to something new. So, in the realm of Azazel, the transformation, the leaving behind things that no longer serve us, is, in fact, a new beginning. It is a birth or rebirth.

Belial & Satan Upon Azazel — Birth

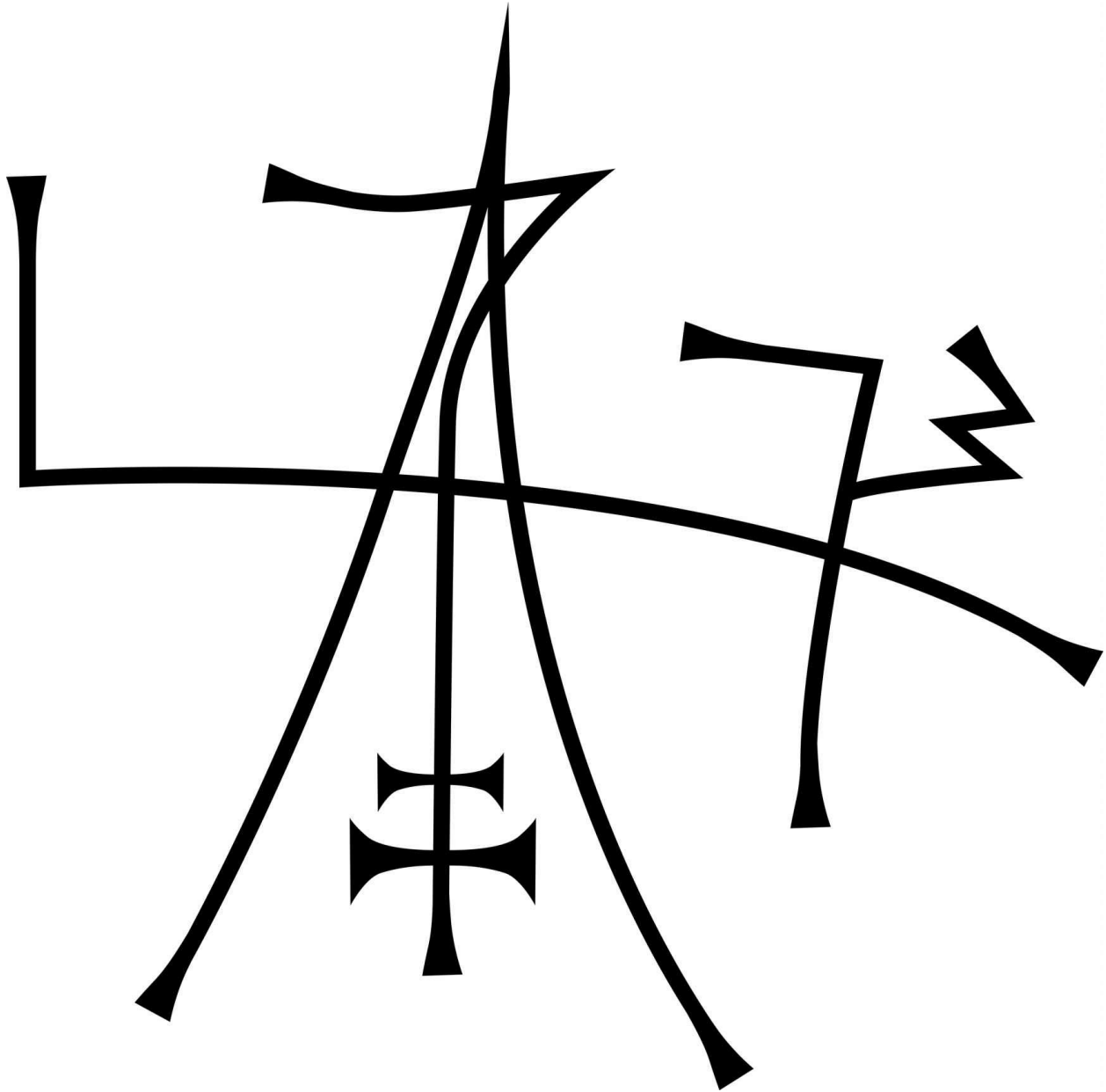
Some may say death is the hardest part of the process when leaving something behind and starting something new, but I contend that birth or rebirth is the hardest part. It requires us to step out of our comfort zone and do things that may terrify us. It is foreign and terrifying. When we work with change Daemons whether Death Daemonic, or those that are catalysts to change like Azazel, we have to expect the be thrust into the unknown. To have life as we know it forever altered in some way. In order to grow, changes must occur. Azazel alone can be worked with to discover what type of change is necessary, but in order to manifest that change completely and bring it about in the real world, we need to add to Azazel Daemons of fire and earth to facilitate that required changes through both action (fire) and manifestation/foundation (earth). I often tell people that when working Daemonic magick, they need to understand that it's a lot like cooking. You can start with your main ingredient (Azazel, Air/Fire, knowledge of self), but you will change the flavor every time you add a new element to the mix. So, with the addition of Satan (fire, knowledge, action) and Belial (fire/earth manifestation/stability), you can manifest into your life your mental/emotional/spiritual needs that make your mundane life better.

One of the easiest ways to do this is through the use of sigil magick. Don't worry, I'll get into some deeper meditative work later on. For the moment, let's take some sigil magick and make it both practical and accessible to every magician.

As you make each seal, whether on paper, wood, canvas, leather, glass, stone, or clay, recite the enn for the Daemons included.



Azazel Enn: Eya on ca Azazel aken



Seal for Belial & Satan upon Azazel

- Belial's Enn: Lirach tasa vefa wehlc Belial
- Satan's Enn: Tasa Remi laris Satan
- Azazel's Enn: Eya on ca Azazel aken

The above sigils represent several things. The first sigil is the seal of Azazel alone. It is a direct link to the gate of self-knowledge, a key to everything within the magician. This key can lead you directly to self-mastery. So why the second seal? The second sigil is Belial and Satan Upon

Azazel. This seal represents not only the self-knowledge but the manifestation of that self-knowledge through application (fire). The second seal is a seal of rebirth in the knowledge of the self and the key to manifesting that self fully into the physical plane.

Magically speaking, the first sigil should be used when doing self-work geared toward self-understanding. The more you understand how you work, how you think, what motivates you, and who you are—the more powerful you become. By being able to objectively calculate your strengths and weaknesses and play to your strengths while improving the things within yourself that need work, you will become a more powerful person with every day.

The second seal should only be used if you wish to amplify your existing knowledge of the self into a manifested result. Since this may be a somewhat dubious statement to make in a room full of magicians of varying skill level, let me use an example to illustrate.

Magician X can't understand why he is often fired from his mundane jobs. He does the best work he can, so he brings this problem to Azazel in hopes he can find a solution. During the magical work—perhaps a scrying-communication session or a deep meditation that explores how he feels about his job—he uses the first sigil to draw out the truth of the matter by creating it, examining it, carrying it. The verdict? Magician X is bored with his line of work and does what is minimally viable to keep his job, and inevitably gets fired every time for being the lowest producer. There is nothing to be gained from staying where he is or pursuing the line of work he's in. The hard lesson here is that if he wants to be able to keep a job, he's going to need to step outside his comfort zone and take a chance on a new career path. One that doesn't bore him and push him toward laziness.

Magician X now has three or more choices. The first choice is to do nothing and to accept that he will always have a job he hates and will continue to get fired for putting forth minimal effort. A nihilist or someone who doesn't understand himself might make the first choice. The second choice is he can try pursuing jobs in different industries randomly until he finds one that fits. The third choice is he can sit down and really figure out what interests him, then pursue training in that area in order to secure a position that actually does interest him.

In this example, our Magician X is going to choose option number three. He's going to figure out what he loves to do. It turns out Magician X loves

art, has an aptitude for it, draws well, loves computers, and has decided to pursue a degree in graphic arts while working crap jobs to pay his way. So, he would use sigil number two to help him manifest that degree, and the career he wants at this time. (Notice how I say at this time, because what you want now may change ten years from now. We're always changing.) He could do this by using the seal in rituals to obtain student loans or jobs, or he could carry it with him when he attends classes each day. Thus, the sigil helps to make manifest that knowledge of the self.

There are plenty of applications for bringing about a rebirth or a life change using sigil magick. You don't have to stick to mundane low magick. You can work with Azazel and use these sigils to bring more magick into your life, or to help you learn to let go of things you can't control, thus reducing stress, or even to help you discover why your relationships keep failing and to help you cultivate more healthy, human connectivity. The possibilities are only limited by your own imagination.

Note: I seriously considered the addition of lamentation to this ritual. I am of the school of thought that simple is better because it allows one to focus on intent and the raw power that can come from the emotion of desire. However, I also acknowledge that some people need the aesthetic to ritual—the long diatribes to declare their intent, thus solidifying it through the spoken word. So, I have included it. Feel free to omit if it gets in the way of reaching the state required to do the work. For some, a simple enn is enough to establish the intent.

A Manifestation & Rebirth Ritual

The simplicity in the setup of this meditative ritual will be a relief to those who like simplicity, but it can be dressed up aesthetically to create atmosphere for those who need more drama to help them get to a place of deep meditation. In the ritual chamber, set up four black candles to absorb negativity and problems at each elemental quadrant. In the center of the room, create a comfortable place for meditation. This can include cushions or a comfortable chair if necessary. A small altar table can be placed in front of where you'll sit, facing South or Southeast depending on purpose and preference. Please note that all of these technicalities are very symbolic of what the ritual attempts to achieve. You should foundationally know all of this because it is the foundation of all magickal practice. If you do not, it may be time to review the basics. Upon the altar, place a fifth black candle, a piece

of paper, and a pen. You can use a magickal ink made with manifestation or power in mind. You may also use parchment if you so desire. However, a regular piece of paper and a regular pen will work fine in a pinch.

At the hour of Saturn, fumigate the room with Frankincense and light the candles. Approach each elemental quadrant and recite the enns of Belial, Satan, and Azazel.

- Belial's Enn: *Lirach tasa vefa wehlc Belial*
- Satan's Enn: *Tasa Remi laris Satan*
- Azazel's Enn: *Eya on ca Azazel aken*

Now stand at the center, before the altar, light the candle and recite, or read, the following words. (This entire step may be omitted for those of you who don't need the dramatics.)

*Come forth, Azazel,
Lord and keeper of the first gate,
The stygian mirror of the soul,
Reflecting back the tenebrous abyss.*

*Help me seek within,
The radiant fire to shed its light
Upon the iniquities of my being,
That I may make manifest my desires.*

*Come forth, great Azazel.
Rise within and without.
Help me master the nature
Of my infinite creation.*

*Born of earth and fire
In splendorous darkness.
Let every pore of my fiber
Reverberate with your divine essence.*

*Grant me the power to manifest
That I may be triumphant
On my path to infernal mastery.*

Bring forth my will in brilliant flame.

*Open your gate unto me, Azazel,
Lord of infernal mysteries.
I stand before you
And the blazing glory of your magnificence on high.*

*I draw into me the promethean enlightenment
Of Lord Satan,
Whose eternal knowledge
Permeates my being.*

*I stand solid on the earth
Like the mountain that is Belial,
Whose solid embrace ensures
That I shall not falter.*

*Shed upon me divine cognizance
For the arduous journey in which I willingly partake.
By the glory divine, I am reborn,
Resplendent in the forge of hellfire.*

*I am the light.
I am the glory.
I am the kingdom.
I am.*

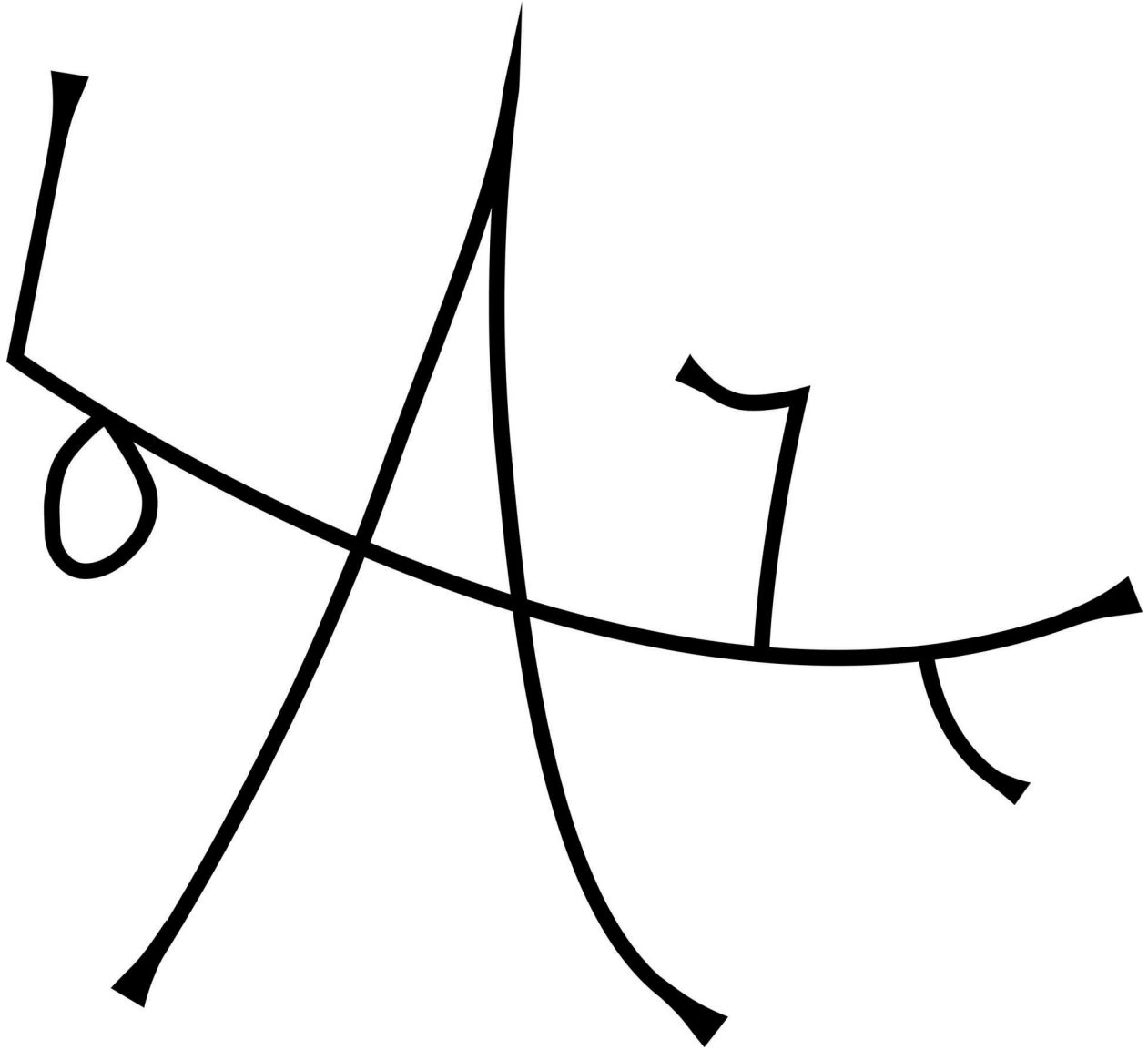
Now sit before the altar and take up the pen, placing it to paper. Draw the seal of Belial and Satan upon Azazel. (If you need to bring an example into the ritual, that's fine, no need to memorize it.) As you draw every line, repeat the enns for all three Daemons, or just Azazel; it seems to work either way in my experience. One enn is easier to memorize than three. However, if you have all three memorized, use all three. You can vibrate or sing the enns as you do this. Once the seal is complete, hold your hands over the seal, palms pointed toward the seal, and repeat the enns, while you imagine your intent filling the sigil with its light, until you feel the energy in the room shift. This could take considerable time if you're just starting out, or it could happen immediately. This varies from practitioner to practitioner.

Once the energy shifts, close your eyes, and take three deep, measured breaths. Relax and imagine a flame in your chest burning brightly, brighter and brighter until its light begins to fully encompass your entire body and begins to extend outward into the space around you until all that exists is your light and the world around you fades. Envision the changes you wish to make. Become what you wish to become until you feel your own power surging within you. Do this until you feel strong and then focus on yourself and those things that need to manifest. Observe your thoughts. Repeat the operation as necessary.

Usually, within five days you, will have some insight into the nature of your situation, whether it is direction or an innate knowing of what needs to be done. •

Leviathan Upon Azazel — Wisdom from the Serpent

Being honest with ourselves and taking responsibility for our actions are two things Azazel is happy to help with and will often throw at us whether we want it or not. Especially since knowledge of the self is his area of expertise. Add to Azazel a dash of Leviathan and you can descend into the deepest chasms of high magick, shadow work, and self-discovery. This is especially useful if you've suffered an emotional trauma that you'd like to heal from. See the seal for this below (these seals are made by combining the Daemonic seals of each Daemon that you're drawing into the work).



Leviathan upon Azazel

For this work you need:

- 1 bowl of water
- 1 drop of your blood (you may use a diabetic lancet)
- 1 blue or gray candle
- 1 seal of Leviathan upon Azazel
- Azazel's Enn: *Eya on ca Azazel aken*
- Leviathan's Enn: *Jedan tasa hoet naca Leviathan*

Begin by sitting or standing before the altar upon which all of these things have been placed. Raise your hands on high and recite the enns of both

Azazel and Leviathan.

Read or recite the following:

*From the depths of the great abyss,
I call upon you, Leviathan,
To grant me the wisdom to see
Truth and purpose.*

*From the flames of the pit,
I call upon you, Azazel,
To grant me the vision to see
Change and Direction.*

*I seek to [insert purpose here, whether healing or insight].
I seek your wisdom and insight,
No matter how harsh the truths,
That I may come to accept and grow from my tribulations.*

*Rise within me now and bring with you
Truth and Wisdom.*

Sit and light the candle. Prick a finger on your left hand and squeeze two drops of blood into the water. Repeat Azazel and Leviathan's enns, internalizing them until your entire body vibrates with their energy and the atmosphere in the room changes. All the while, gaze into the bowl. If your lids grow heavy, you may close your eyes. Allow your mind to wander freely, all the while observing your thoughts. If you have visions, this is fine. If you do not, this is also okay. Some people are clairvoyant, others are not. Contemplate your problems or your situation. Give it to Leviathan and Azazel and listen. If you fall into darkness or feel swelling surges of emotion, this is normal. Allow yourself to be swept up in it. Freely react to your emotions, whether they bring tears, joy, anger, melancholy. Allow the Daemonic to impart their wisdom and make all truths, no matter how harsh, apparent. You may emotionally react to these as well, knowing that you must accept how you really feel about what has been revealed to you. Allow yourself space. Allow yourself honesty. Leave this meditation when you are ready.

Repeat as necessary.

This ritual is meant to be cathartic so expect emotional exhaustion and allow yourself enough time for rest. For that reason, it is a good idea to do this one before bed. Otherwise, it could incapacitate you for the rest of your day.

Lucifer Upon Azazel — Ascension

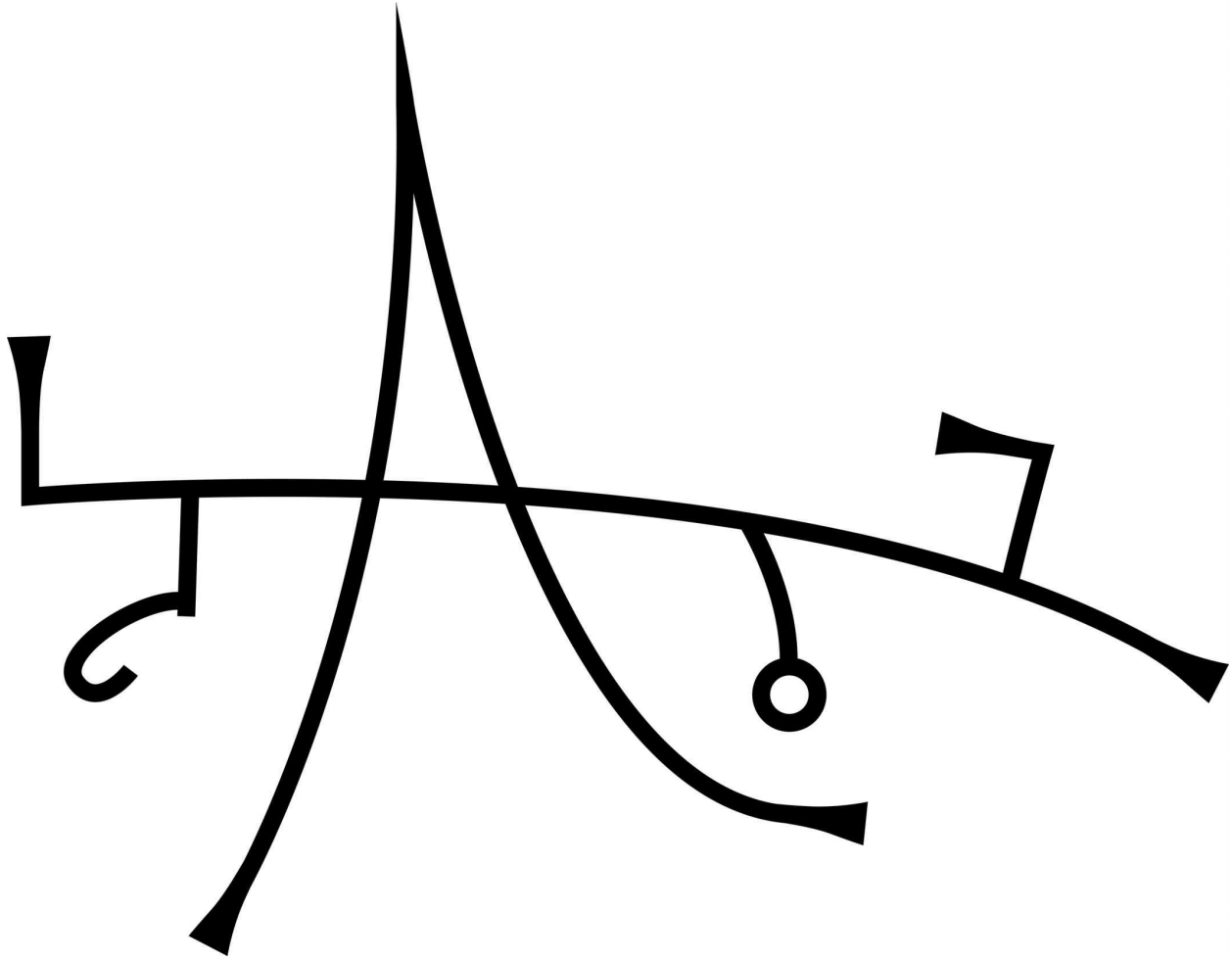
Sometimes meditation doesn't go deep enough, and the magician requires ascension for groundbreaking shadow work—that is, working in the astral to ascend to the Daemonic plane to speak directly with the Daemonic itself. Yes, some authors will discuss the abyss and a descent, but for the sake of this particular ritual you need to rise above the physical self and the mundane world and move to the level of the soul. For that reason, I prefer the term ascension. Call it whatever you're most comfortable with.

Speaking directly with the Daemonic in this manner can be rather enlightening, but also remember that sometimes the truth is painful. We can lie to everyone else, but when Lucifer and Azazel are combined—we cannot lie to ourselves. If you want the straight-up truth about yourself and how to put yourself in a better place (especially mentally, emotionally, or spiritually) ascension is the go-to for high magick. Any time you require work on yourself—even your spiritual, higher self—one ascension ritual could set you on a course for path work that can take weeks to years, depending on the nature of the work.

You can work with Azazel independently for this. However, I've found bringing Lucifer into the mix not only points out the flaws and points that need to change or be worked, but also helps you develop a plan to manifest the change. It's a lot easier to manifest something if you have a clear path or direction leading to it. Lucifer draws that in.

In this ritual, you will seek an audience with both Azazel and Lucifer and have a dialogue with both Daemonic forces. I have made this a very general ritual, but you can go into your ascension practice with any question(s) you wish and discover work and solutions to any mystery or goal you're working on. I wouldn't use it to ask how you can make money or anything so trivial. Go into a session like this looking at the bigger picture and, instead of asking how you can make a million bucks, ask, "What is my true potential for success, and how can I increase it? What changes do I need to make to become more successful mentally, spiritually, and emotionally?" Changes made to the self often translate to real-world, tangible results, after all. When

you work on yourself spiritually and mentally, mundane existence becomes easier to manage.



Lucifer upon Azazel

- Azazel's Enn: *Eya on ca Azazel aken*
- Lucifer's Enn: *Renich tasa uberaca biasa icar, Lucifer*

Ascension Ritual

Please note that this ritual requires a basic knowledge of how to at least get into the astral temple. It is in your astral temple that you will find both Azazel and Lucifer for counsel. If you do not have an astral temple, you need to come back to this ritual at a later time. It would be both repetitive and exhausting for me to go through the process of creating an astral temple here. I have discussed the astral temple and how to build it in the books, *Drawing Down Belial* and *Lake of Fire: A Demonolater's Guide to Ascension*.

It is always a good idea to go into this meditation having some idea of your situation and the answers you seek.

If you are new to the practice of Demonolatry I do recommend

constructing an elemental circle. The reason we often support this notion is so that beginners to the practice do not find themselves unbalanced by the Daemonic energy that they're working with in ritual. However, if you have worked with Lucifer and Azazel before and you know how you react to their combined energy, it is okay to skip it. For those of you seeking more active energy during this meditation/ascension, feel free to construct your ritual space in a way that is pleasing for you.

In a quiet room, dim the lights, and placed the seal of Lucifer upon Azazel in front of you. Flank this by two white candles. They can be tea lights, votives, or tapers. It doesn't matter. Make sure you're comfortable and that the room is at ambient temperature. During the practice of ascension/meditation is often common to find that your extremities get cold. Being that Lucifer is air and Azazel is the airy part of fire, some of you may feel heat instead of cold, but this will vary from magician to magician.

Take three, deep measured breaths and relax your body. Imagine all of the tension flowing out of you into the earth. You may choose to think or say aloud Lucifer and Azazel's enns.

Imagine the world slowly fading out of focus around you until you find yourself sitting in a dark space. The vast black void around you is all-encompassing, and you may begin to feel yourself as nothing more than a tiny pin-point of light, insignificant to the rest of the universe that extends far beyond the temple of the mind. Before you, imagine the seal of Lucifer upon Azazel glowing as an intensely bright light. Behind this sigil appears a doorway that leads to the astral plane, upon which sits your astral temple.

Once you can clearly see the door behind the sigil, feel yourself rise away from your body until you feel weightless and can no longer feel your physical self. The time that it takes to do this will vary from practitioner to practitioner. Now, step through the door into the corridors or hallways that lead to the astral realm. When you find yourself on the astral plane, go to your temple and enter. Some people don't need this much visualization to get to the astral temple, but in this case, take your time getting there—all the while carrying with you the goal to seek advice from Lucifer and Azazel. The longer you focus on this, the easier it will be to have your questions answered by the Daemons.

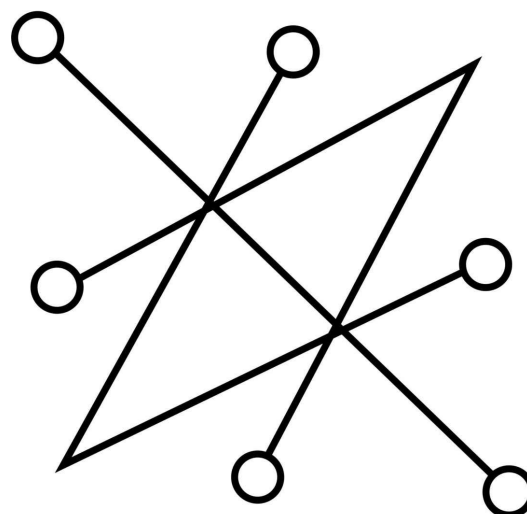
When you enter your astral temple, look around. Chances are you will find the Daemons already present, waiting for you. If not, imagine the seal of Lucifer upon Azazel hanging over the altar, and invoke them using their

enns. Once they appear to you, explain your situation and seek counsel. They will openly and freely give you their wisdom if they feel the timing is right. Allow this conversation to go on for as long as it needs to. Once you have finished, you may pull yourself out of the astral and hence out of ascension.

Some people draw themselves out of ascension by simply tapping their own knee or pulling themselves back from the astral into their bodies with a word, sound, or feeling. Use whichever technique works best for you. You can also use the same technique to speak with any other Daemonic force you wish to speak with, for whatever reason.

Azazel, Zazel — Deathbringer

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

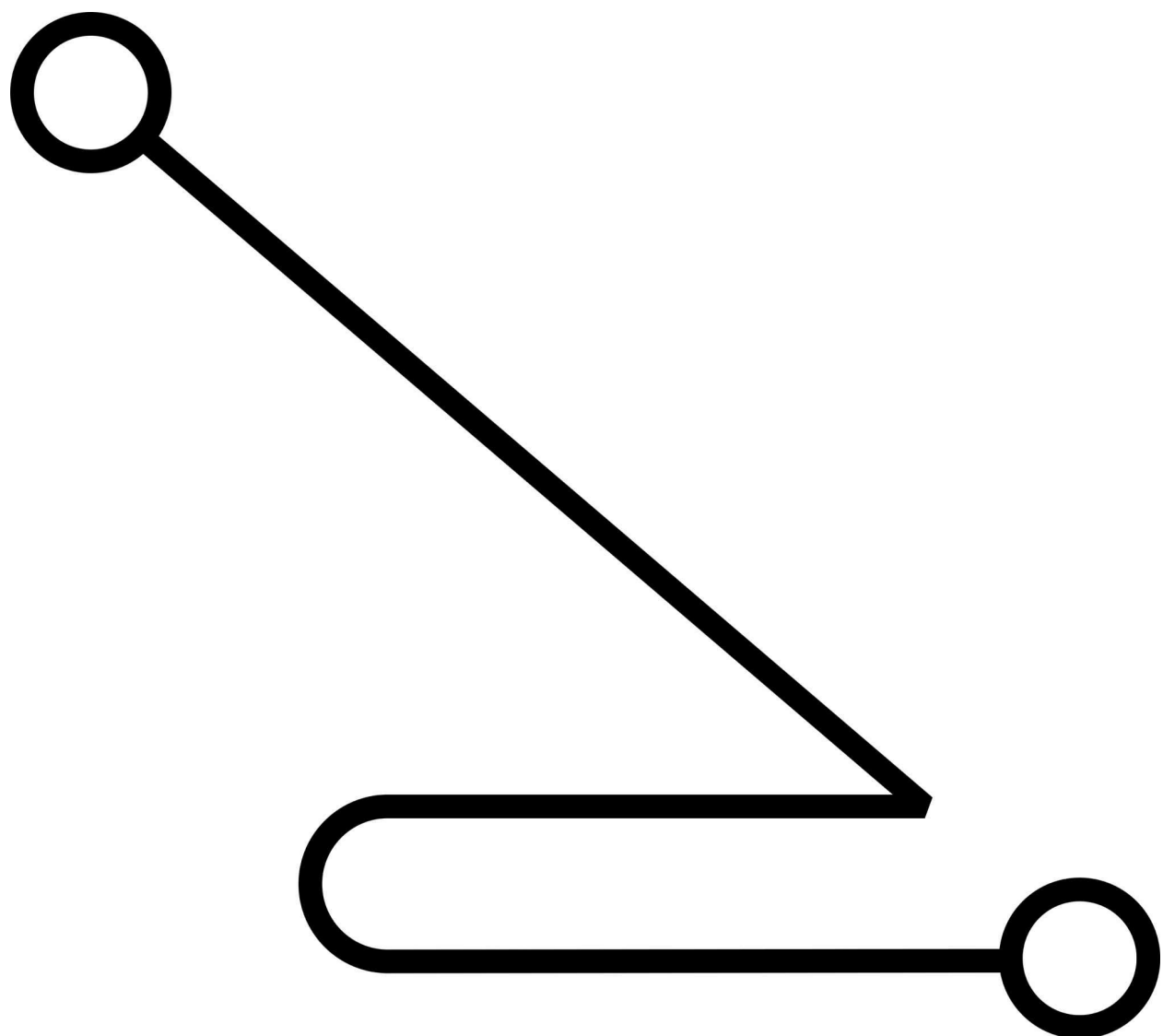


Just as you start from one and end at nine to create the seal of Saturn and Zazel (aka seal of Azazel) you can find a great deal more symbolism in the square of Saturn. Each of the rows equals fifteen. Add it all up and you find the value of the square itself is forty-five. Four plus five is nine and there are nine spaces in this square. Nine is the number of balance and foundation. There are nine Daemonic divinities (not including the Self, clearly). Forty-five is the mystic number of Jesod (Yesod) and the spirit of Saturn. Jesod, the ninth Sephiroth is the principle of foundation, is in the third triangle of the tree (Qliphothic or Tree of Life) and is of Magick.

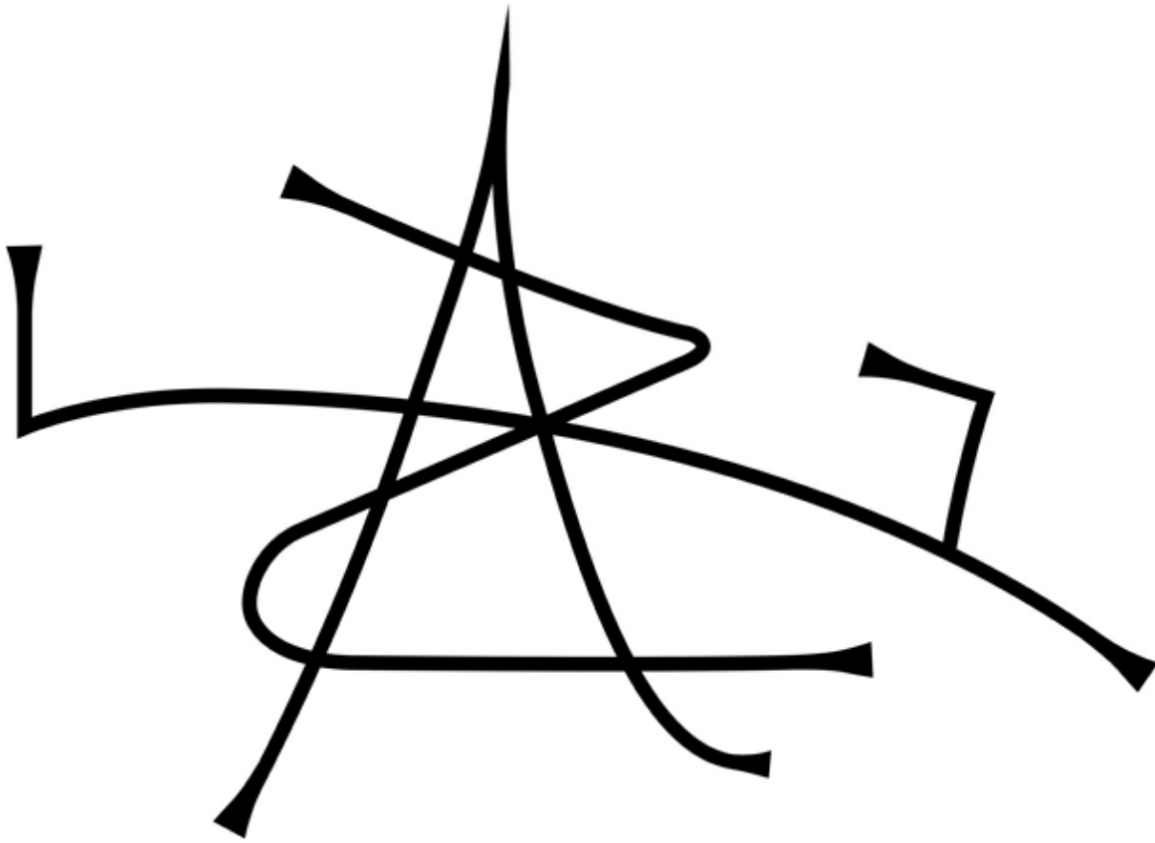
A note about Qlippoth here. We should all quit pretending the Qlippoth is anything more than the “dark side” of the Tree of Life—if there is such a thing as a “dark” side—since light and dark are merely perceptions of the magician. If Qabalah and Tree of Life are too “light” for you, call it Qlippoth if you will. It’s the same thing from a different perspective, ruled over by different (but very similar in property) spirits/intelligences based on personal preference. Each man’s Tree is his own, after all.

Zazel — The Spirit of Saturn

This is the seal of the spirit that embodies all the attributes of Saturn. As mentioned earlier, this spirit is Zazel, which is yet another key as to why it’s possible Azazel and the seal of Saturn became linked. The Seal of the spirit, Zazel, is used to gain influence over others and bend others to your will, like the common theme of many of the pentacles of Saturn.



Were I to combine the seal of Azazel and the spirit Zazel, it might look like this:



Zazel upon Azazel

The combination of working with Azazel with Saturn can help to bring change in a more controlled manner. A controlled change is often easier to work with than something unexpected and random. Change on our own terms is a blessing, so sometimes it's best to bring about the change on purpose when we're expecting it and we have a plan than to let the universe thrust change upon us. Of course, sometimes the latter is a requirement for those who are slow to change or refuse to change. We can adapt, or we can wither and die. That's a choice each of us has power over.

There are a lot of reasons you might want to bring change into your life. The most common reason is the magician may feel stuck or in a rut. Perhaps the routine of daily life has gotten dull, or life has lost its interesting flair and the stalemate is driving the magician crazy. Stagnation often requires drastic measures to get out of. Some people subconsciously self-sabotage when they find themselves stuck. They randomly lash out and destroy their own lives completely without thinking about it or having a plan. As a result, they are doomed to continue living in the same problematic manner that put them into the stalemate to begin with.

Azazel seeks to ask you why you keep jumping from one doomed relationship to the next. Or one dead-end job to the next. Azazel has the answers for you. He knows why you are emotionally unavailable or why you constantly self-sabotage. When you put your critical eye to yourself and the reason behind your failures and successes in life—Azazel will happily point out where the flaws are and very rarely is he going to point to an outside source. If the magician is constantly getting stuck in relationships where she or he has no control, then there is something inside that person that subconsciously seeks out those types of relationships. Azazel will point out those patterns and help you break them, but you have to be prepared to leave the old behind and make the changes required to head in a different direction.

More than once I've heard people say that doing the opposite of what they normally would have done led them in a happier direction, but it scared the crap out of them. If what you're doing, and keep doing, isn't leading you to what you want or need, then it's time to do something different. So, your first step before working with the Death aspects of Azazel is to open your mind up to a different perspective and new possibilities.

The second step is to try the following ritual, then grab the controls and steer. You may not be able to control the speed of the change, but you will be able to control the trajectory if you have a plan in place (see the previous working with Azazel and Lucifer before trying this one).

Do not do this ritual randomly. Instead, only use it when you can't get out of the stalemate.

To Bring About Death & Change

You need one black candle and the seal of Azazel made while chanting his enn and a clear vision of your intent. A permanent sigil is best since you will carry this with you. You do need to know what you want to put an end to. Doing this in the hour of Saturn will amplify the effect. Start by lighting the candle and chanting Azazel's enn:

Eya on ca Azazel aken.

Trace the lines of the seal with your eyes, over and over again until the seal is emblazoned in your mind and continue to repeat the enn until the energy in the temple changes.

(This part is optional) Hold your arms up and apart and recite or read the

following with strong emotion:

*Lord Azazel,
Bring death, swift and just, upon
That which no longer serves me
And that which no longer
Ignites my passion.*

*Putrefy all that serves to
Destroy or block my way.
Disintegrate all that
Diminishes my light.*

*For this, I shall rise
Over every obstacle,
Over every enemy,
And stand before you.*

*I destroy the chains
That bind my movement.
I destroy all not welcome
In my kingdom.*

*I rise from the ashes,
From the depths of death and despair
Reborn anew.
Azazel is within me.*

Now cross your arms over your chest and sit comfortably. Imagine all that you wish to remove from your life leaving. One by one, these things, these obstacles, vanish from your sight and become vestiges of the past. They fall away like crumbling bricks, dried and cracked by age and lack of use. Put your emotions into it, eradicating that which no longer serves you one piece at a time until nothing remains but dust. With that visualization complete, now dust yourself off and draw in three deep breaths. In your mind's eye, say goodbye to all the things that are dead. You may even imagine a funeral. Grieve for them. Let them go. When you are ready, come out of the meditation and allow yourself space. You may feel sad or melancholy after

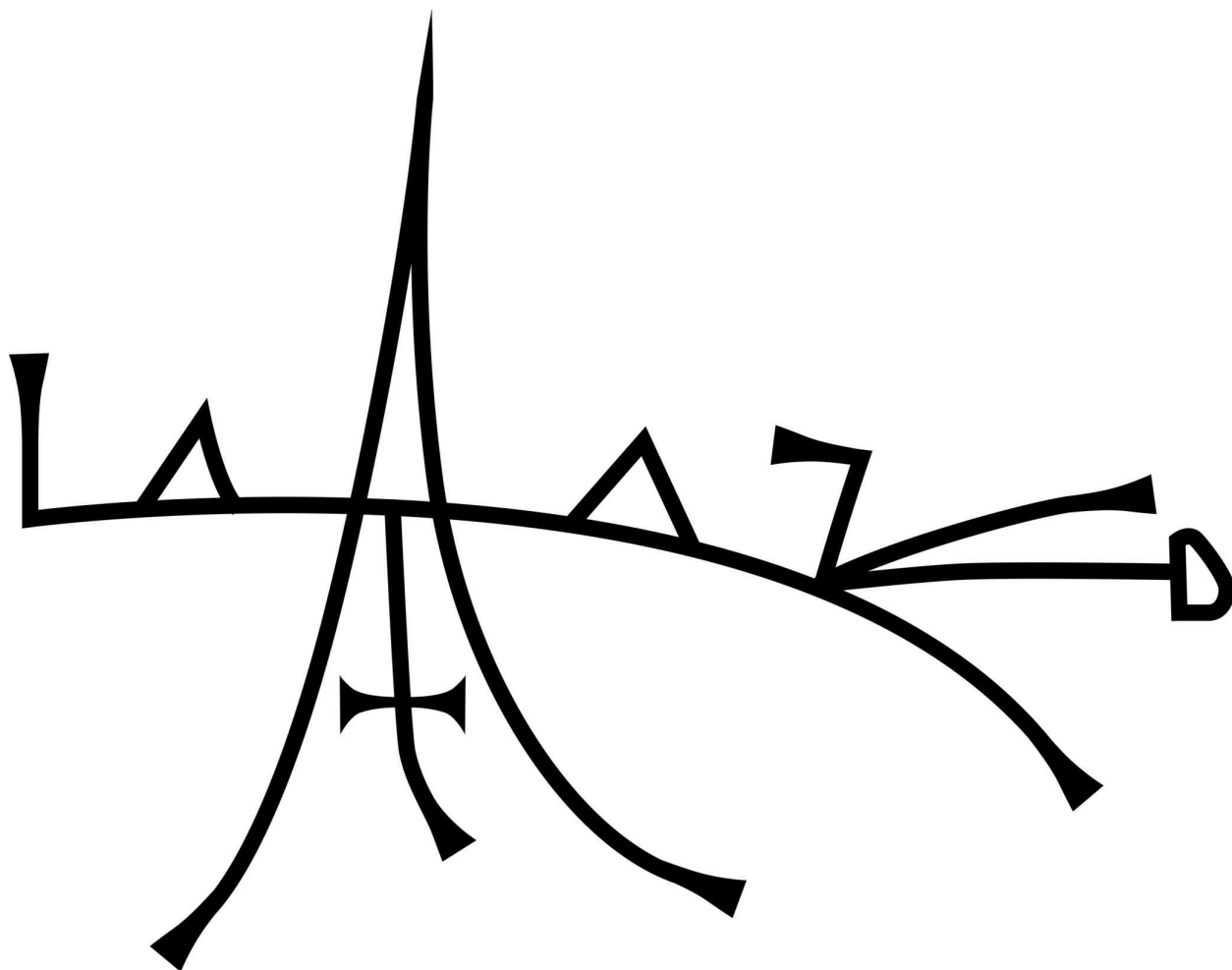
this, but this is natural. Depending on the level of change, you may find yourself grieving for some time after this.

Carry the sigil with you to remind you that the past is dead and it's time to move forward. Repeat as often as necessary.

Some of you, by now, may be wondering how one disposes of sigils after they have served their purpose. Paper sigils can have a drop of your blood placed upon them and then are burned or buried and given back to the earth. Burning the sigil does not hurt the Daemon. It transforms the sigil, through the flame, to the spirit world and becomes an offering of thanks. Permanent sigils are permanent and are kept for future ritual use, or are carried, worn, kept on an altar, or hung on a wall. Depending on the work you're doing, you can decide which type of sigil you'd like to create. Some rituals call for blood offering and for the sigil to be burnt. In that instance, it becomes a burnt offering and should be made of paper or balsa wood.

Oroborus upon Azazel

The all is one. Life is cyclic. Change is constant. That is the symbolism in Oroborus upon Azazel. The self is ever-changing. As you live and experience life, your views and relationship to the world and those around you change. What is important to you now may not be nearly as important ten years from now. These are the things Oroborus upon Azazel teaches us. So why would one use this seal in any ritual? After all, theoretically it could bring about constant change, and for those who prefer stability and consistency, that may not be welcome. This seal can be utilized as a reminder that change is constant or can be made into a talisman or amulet by those who have chosen Azazel as their patron. It can be a focal point or a tool of focus, or can be used in rituals to make sure life and personal growth never grow stagnant. Depending on which energy you imbue it with, it can be a great stabilizer, a pillar of strength. It can also serve as a connection to the higher self, or to Azazel for advice or self-knowledge. To construct it as a permanent amulet or paten, the following is the rite of making for the Oroborus upon Azazel seal.



Seal of Oroborus upon Azazel

- Azazel's enn: *Eya on ca Azazel aken*
- Oroborus's enn: *Jedan tasa hoet naca Oroborus*

In Closing

You might be wondering right now if you can repeat these rituals only working with Azazel—or any other Daemon—and by adjusting each ritual or recipe for your own intent and the answer is yes. Magick is a very personal thing, and the more personal you make it, the stronger the results. Feel free to modify and experiment.

Hopefully this Daemonolatry perspective and collection of workings has offered you some insight into Azazel and how these combinations can work for you in practical ways. Azazel's lessons may not always be kind or what we want to hear, but they will certainly be impactful, and will hopefully help you on the path to meeting your full potential. In that, Azazel really is the

keeper of the *first* gate—the gate into *yourself*.

Azazel
The Devourer of Souls
Edgar Kerval
Grimoire Five



Introduction

Chapter Twenty-Six



*Thou who dwells in the golden palace of fire,
Bringer of the Eleven Flames,
Thou crown of obsidian stones and black pearls,
Shinning beyond the infinite horizon...*

LET'S start with a few essential facts about the anthropological structures and myths related to the hybrid Demon-Angel, Azazel. As you traverse this *Compendium*, you will experience diverse pathworkings with the Devourer of Souls and every one of his masks.

His name originates from Hebrew and means “goat of the emissary,” a designation that mutated over time into simply “scapegoat.” It remains unclear whether he is fundamentally a Fallen Angel or a separate entity altogether, because source materials do not clarify it. However, Azazel is factually identified as the leader of the Grigori or Watchers—a tribe of angels who copulated with mortal women, giving rise to a race of giants known as the Nephilim. Also, *Book of Enoch* designates Azazel as the spirit who taught men how to forge weapons of war and women how to make and use cosmetics. His figure here can also be interpreted as that of the “scapegoat;” this is indicated by the way in which his fall is described. The mythological traditions of the Diaspora identify Azazel as the goat mentioned in Leviticus, through which the sins of the people of Israel were expiated.

On the other hand, in *Book of Enoch*, Azazel is seen as the archetype of the Fallen Angels, that is, the sinister Grigori and the Nephilim, angels and giants who were defeated in the Celestial Wars. These colossal creatures were defeated by conventional angelic hierarchies and thrown into the bottomless abyss known as Sheol.

On the same path is the poet John Milton, who in his *Paradise Lost* recognized Azazel as the standard-bearer of the hosts of hell and the

lieutenant of Lucifer.

According to *Book of Enoch*, Azazel is an attractive and seductive demon, who in ancient times “coexisted with the daughters of man.” In his origins, he was one of the leaders of angels who rebelled against God. According to this myth, there were ten orders of angels, but most of those in the tenth order became Fallen Angels, ergo only nine orders remained loyal to God. The angels of the tenth order under command of Azazel and Shemyaza were the closest to humans to such an extent that they mixed with them, teaching them the arts of civilization and falling in love with the daughters of Adam. The Watchers—also known as “those who do not sleep”—joined the mortal women, “bringing sin to the earth” and breeding a bastard race of giants, the Nephilim, as told previously.

Azazel taught men the fundamentals of alchemy and metallurgy, and women the magical arts and how to use cosmetics and perfumes to seduce men. Because of this angelic uprising and “perversion of men,” God unleashed the infamous deluge and threw the rebellious angels into eternal darkness. It is said that now Azazel is chained in the Mountains of Darkness awaiting Final Judgment.

Although, in contradistinction, other versions of the myth assure us that he remains free, strong and very active, making his own way. Thus, this mirrors the myth of Prometheus. The parallels are evident: Prometheus is chained by Zeus, and Azazel is chained by Yahweh, in both cases for rebelling against the supposed Supreme God and instructing humanity, gifting them infernal technology and metallurgy.

When he defected as a Fallen Angel, this enigmatic spirit became known by his most popular moniker, Azazel, and was considered chief of the Se'irim—goat-like demons who lived in the desert and to whom the primitive Semitic tribes offered sacrifices. In the *Old Testament* it tells that King Jeroboam appointed priests for these satyrs, although King Josiah subsequently destroyed all his places of worship and forbade his idolatrous practices—particularly one of bestiality whereby women copulated with goats. But these main practices presumably continued in hiding, because centuries later we encounter them again in witch's covens, always presided over by a demon with goat legs, horns and other similar attributes. This explains how Azazel is often represented. In fact, some scholars claim that the name Azazel means scapegoat explicitly because of the zoomorphic features attributed to it.

According to the legend, when Azazel taught the Children of Cain the secrets of Heaven, his beloved companion was the beautiful Naamah, with whom he reared a son, Aza (the Strong), the Chief of the Nephilim. After the legendary flood, Naamah became the “Angel of Prostitution,” an affected name given by inquisitors later. Azazel, on the other hand, also had his encounters with Yahweh, since he also survived the flood; he met King Solomon and revealed to him the Heavenly Arcana, making him the wisest man on earth and helping to raise his famous temple with the aid of his demons. Interestingly, certain Kabbalistic texts also connect Solomon to Naamah and Lilith, whom he would have received in his court disguised as harlots.

The 11 Flames of Azazel

Chapter Twenty-Seven



THE 11 Flames of Azazel entail a deep atavistic exploration through every one of his masks. In this process of transmutation, the adept soul plunges into an interdimensional state of vacuity, which converges all the powers of Azazel gathered through a multitude of lives and journeys through alternate universes and seas of chaos, and through a lifelong pathworking of oneiric explorations, invocations, evocations, possessions, ingestion of psychotropic plants, and ritual sex.

Working with Azazel opens a door of self-knowledge gathered through gnosis, an alchemical catharsis that transports your soul to the literal dungeons of his astral kingdom. His Flames expand and move in a limitless way, showing us his path. Ritual rapture opens portals to these mysterious realms and allow us to connect to his masks. By performing atavistic techniques to evoke Azazel, we learn to precisely identify these precise masks. Every man and woman can experiment with the Flames of Azazel, and let him *devour their soul*. Human souls exist in a chthonic metamorphosis, therefore Azazel as initiator and psychopomp *devours souls* to align them with deeper states of astral gnosis. Through immolation in his Flames, he guides souls through his different masks to experience angelic-demoniac nature. His multi-dimensional, spectral light infuses into the physical, astral, and spiritual bodies, which absorb his Azazelian current, and as such become *devoured*.

During the initial processes, the adept must learn to master the external patterns around him, then aim to develop an internal domain. Clearly, many might think that the process could be reversed, but we must understand that this is an inverse process by default, the consciousness of the adept is not going from the center of his or her being to find divinity outside itself—it's not an implosive process like ice. The trail leading the practitioner into the

Azazelian path descends from outside to inside as fire. The sorcerer transmutes all external forces: Elemental, Planetary, and Zodiacal, then integrates them into his or her own self.

Experimentation of the Great Work truly commences in the pursuit to Awaken and Liberate consciousness from corporeal perimeters. Humans have managed to develop one these processes through realizing the Illusion of Matter; having pierced the veil of the senses, they have come out either temporarily or permanently from the space-time Pattern Area—a naturally paradoxical process—that binds us to this plane.

The adept of the Azazelian current does not seek divinity outside himself, as said. He understands that only through the use of his consciousness and cognition can he awaken divinity. The Azazelian adept does not obey any particular code that has been indoctrinated from a fixed morality, he is not lost in a dogma or religious ideology. Rather, the Left Hand Path adept is *amoral*, meaning he or she can mutate their paradigm of thought and belief to absorb the best of what is around. You can look at the adept of the Azazelian path as a being without labels, and thus limitless in perception and experimentation with consciousness.

The traveler of the Azazelian Path carries in his heart the work of the philosopher, questioning his surroundings, and accepts nothing on blind faith. His work focuses on how to effectively check emotions, thoughts, and biases. His spirituality can take different faces and forms and therefore is defined by choice in order to understand his true nature.

When the adept achieves a connection with Azazel, synchronous events occur wherefore the adept acts as a both a receiver and transmitter of his Flames. Azazel's essence passes through a spectrum of phases and his energy manifests differently in everyone. Every transmutational process is unique, and so while the Azazelian path remains accessible to all, it becomes unique and independent to every individual. I will explain these processes from the largest to the smallest feature; however, this does not imply order of importance. Needless to say, to allow Azazel to *devour your soul*, it requires a magickal union with him. The adept must work day and night to condition himself to endure his power.

As a technical explanation: immolation in the 11 Flames of Azazel involves condensation or clustering of his astral substance. Like Akasha, it preexists in every corner of the unconscious mind and materializes as perceived gnosis when evoked by the adept. Names of Power adorn the 11

Flames. For example, Qliphotic Kabbalists call it *Sitra Ahra*, or Black Light, which interpreted in a Judeo-Christian context means “the Source of All Evil.” Needless to say, from a Qliphotic view that seems like a vain interpretation. Moreover, some Chaos Magicians and Luciferians call it *Ignis Nigrantis* as it represents fire stolen from the “Creator” and transmuted by Lucifer.

The Alchemy of Azazel is called the *Black Flame*, *Black Light*, or *Ater Ignis*. The Black Fire has permeated all things, moved in and out of all things, and shaped all things. This concept equates to the Lovecraftian mythos of Dogs Tindalos, which are agents of chaos that come from the Corners or Vortex of Reality. When you undergo this alchemy, this Black Fire invades your soul. It *devours* it. In some cases, it manifests smoothly and subtly, whereas at other times it condenses solidly. The Alchemists of Azazel called this *Tenebra*, the epicenter of the 11 Flames. This term, *Tenebra*, also refers to the Black Light within astronomical eclipses that represent the crown that rings around the sun—the same crown used by Azazel to conquer the world.

The 11 Flames of Azazel flow through the Chaos Unmanifest and also buttress the Chaos Manifest, however it is neither of the two per se; manifested and unmanifested chaos are scenarios whereby this stream flows, but neither fulfill it completely, and it passes further still. The Flames of Azazel only fill a vessel of those whom can tolerate Power, that is, human beings who can experience explosive strength. At an alchemical symbolic level, the Black Flame is the Azazelian Current.

The essence of Azazel as expressed in these 11 Flames forms astral gates, wherefore every one opens an adept to gnosis. Every time a sinister adept receives esoteric or spiritual knowledge from a Flame, that adept is receiving a transmission of dark knowledge from Azazel himself.

These are the four main processes of Azazelian gnosis below:

1. In this preliminary stage, the Azazelian adept commences his or her initiation. During this process, he or she seeks tirelessly to solve the equation of their Destiny, the thesis to their Being, the main reason for residing on this plane. Of course, a *true* thesis does not logically fit the parameters of normal, human, philosophical, paradoxical, initiatory games; it extends to the Azazelian adept and Qabalists from Sepher Yetzirah or the Tree of Life. The adept is looking in the center of his own Self, the Truth-God-Void dwelling

within. Once found, they may enter the next stage, his palace of fire or burning cathedral, the house of flames where the astral soul of the adept will live for the remainder of his or her life, a halcyon in his astral realm where he or she can merge with Azazel in a closer way.

2. In the second stage, knowing now the cause of one's Destiny, the adept of Azazel strives to develop it but must experience that which is *not* made up of his Being. The Inner Master will unveil what the adept is *not*; his or her opposite is where the antithesis of their Being is. Here is where humans deify and humanize gods. This is the *Lapis Albus* perceived in the Sinister Path, the awakening of consciousness. This is the Temple of Flesh.
3. In the stage three, the adept has understood the main points of existence—what is and what is not—yet they still have not completed the process, as the container of the Black Fire reformulates its existence and requires a magician to confront all demons and creatures from the Abyss. Here manifests the densest, most compressed aspect of Azazel: the Destructive Chaos where the main battle of the adept against his personal demons and the demiurge escape to find liberation. Through this inner stage, the adept exposes all internal weaknesses, all defects surface, i.e., depression, famine, and misery become the daily bread until their vessel vomits all inner toxins. Many perish at this point as they cannot digest the power of Azazel. It ends up breaking their vessel as it were, or takes them to madness insofar as both physical and spiritual death. This is the Black Egg of the void, where the adept explores his or her most destructive alter egos.
4. At the fourth stage, the Black Fire of Azazel has manifested in the adept four states of transmutation. This transfiguration is connected at a symbolic, alchemical level with the *Vitriol* or sulfuric acid, and at the time same, has in its various compositions all the alchemical colors—it melts all metal, to use a phrase. In this context, the process of the Black Inner Fire of Azazel incinerates negative ego so the Self may fully manifest and finally exalt itself. This process occurs gradually and is enlivened through the 11 Flames of Azazel—every one explained later—at which point an adept becomes *devoured* in the last transmutation. Magickal

quintessence has occurred.

This new Temple of Magickal Quintessence burns bright in every direction, shatters the walls of reality, and collapses illusions and mundane aspects of the adept forever—not unlike Neo in the Matrix film when he awakens to see green computer code behind the veil of simulation, wherefore his clairvoyance opens to see hidden, golden light.

The black quintessence of Azazel is used by the sinister adept who works with it in an atavistic formula, where the Divine can be experienced. Azazel represents here the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega of Creation. He defines the source of Life itself; ergo, one may view Azazel as the Immortality of the Spirit, Eternal Liberation or Enlightenment of consciousness. Absorption of the 11 Flames of Azazel is then a method that allows the adept to experience the different facets of both No-Life and Immortality-Divinity. Finally, on a practical level it equates to the energy of magickal trance. As such, this force includes different ways of entering trance for experimentation with Gnosis of Divinity or altered states of consciousness. The adept must take great care when working with each of the masks of the Magickal Quintessence of Azazel, since they burn off alchemical toxins, thus when not harnessed, it tends toward self-destruction. The Black Sun burns harmful elements in the adept that degrade its evolutionary ascent if left alone.

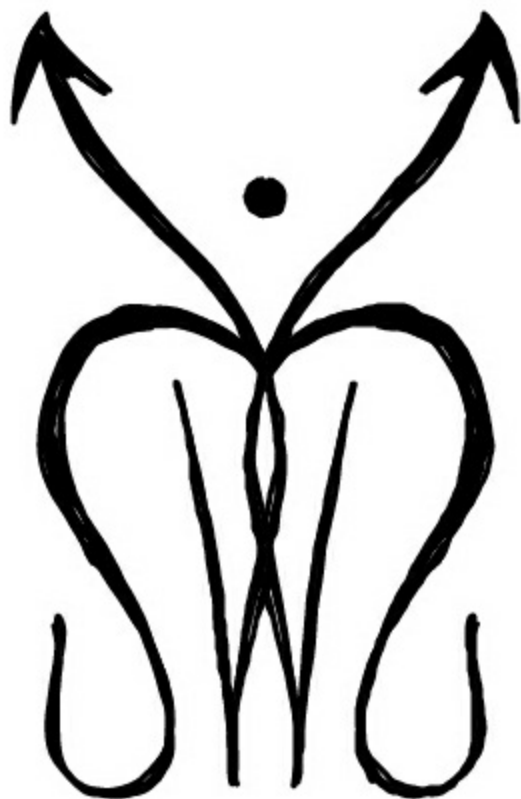
Every one of the 11 Flames is a spark of the divinity, a flash of Azazelian gnosis that provides a certain technique and power to ride the force of the Acausal current. As warned, the adept needs to remain cautious with the influences of Chaos as these possess a destructive torrent—the adept will experience chaos flowing through his being, his veins, his blood, his mind and spirit, but the adept cannot become the Chaos.

The forces of Chaos can be channeled but neither tamed nor dominated. The adept rides a horse of acausal forces, however he will never become the horse itself. The 11 potions or compounds can transmute as they deem necessary in the process—they possess autonomy. (A full elaboration on this will appear in a future grimoire called *Vix Aza'Zel Tirit*, a reference guide to use of sacred elixirs to work with Azazel.)

The 11 Flames are tools with which you work day and night for your transmutation. Each Ray of the Flame has a Sigil or symbol that condenses energy from this Azazelian current in the four levels of existence: Physical,

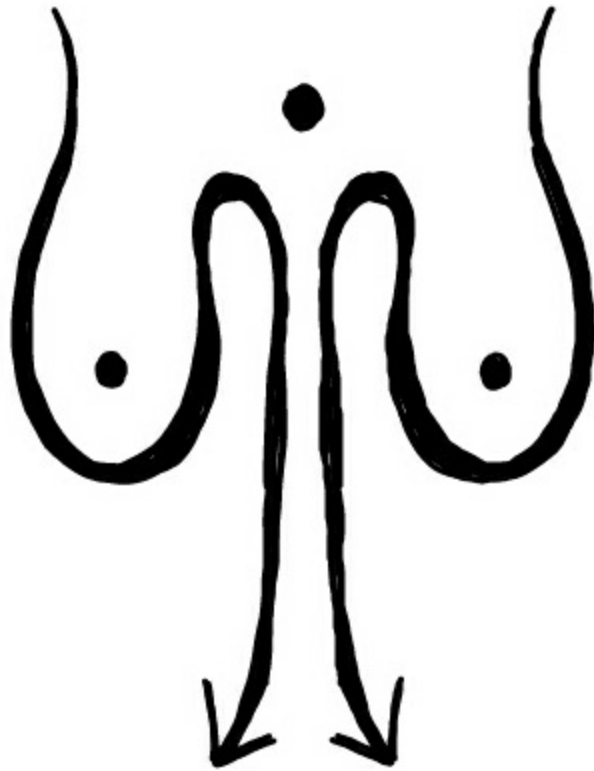
Astral, Mental and Spiritual or Causal. Every one of the 11 Flames connects with a mask of Azazel. Here you may explore them in an abbreviated manner:

Flame I



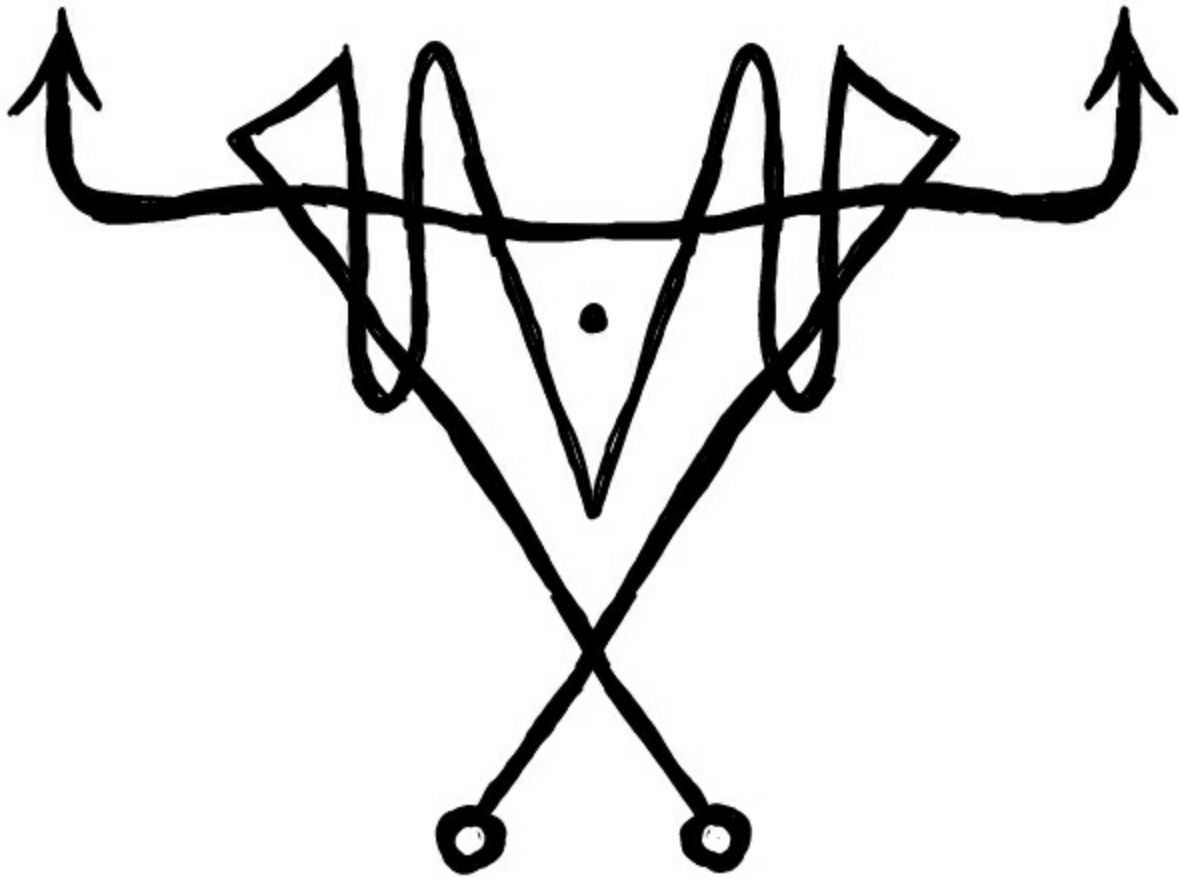
This Flame is in conjunction with the substance of the thought of creation. As a *devourer of souls*, Azazel is a vampyric and predatory force that consumes the adept to re-integrate his or her soul with a particular primal phase of consciousness—the plateau of anti-creation in a dynamic and eclectic manifestation. Oneiric workings open astral portals to an influx of other currents connected with the ten other masks. In these workings the use of a black obsidian mirror is very important. Here an adept uses an aspect of atavistic resurgence to create a sigil dedicated to Azazel and to write the name of the flame around it.

Flame II



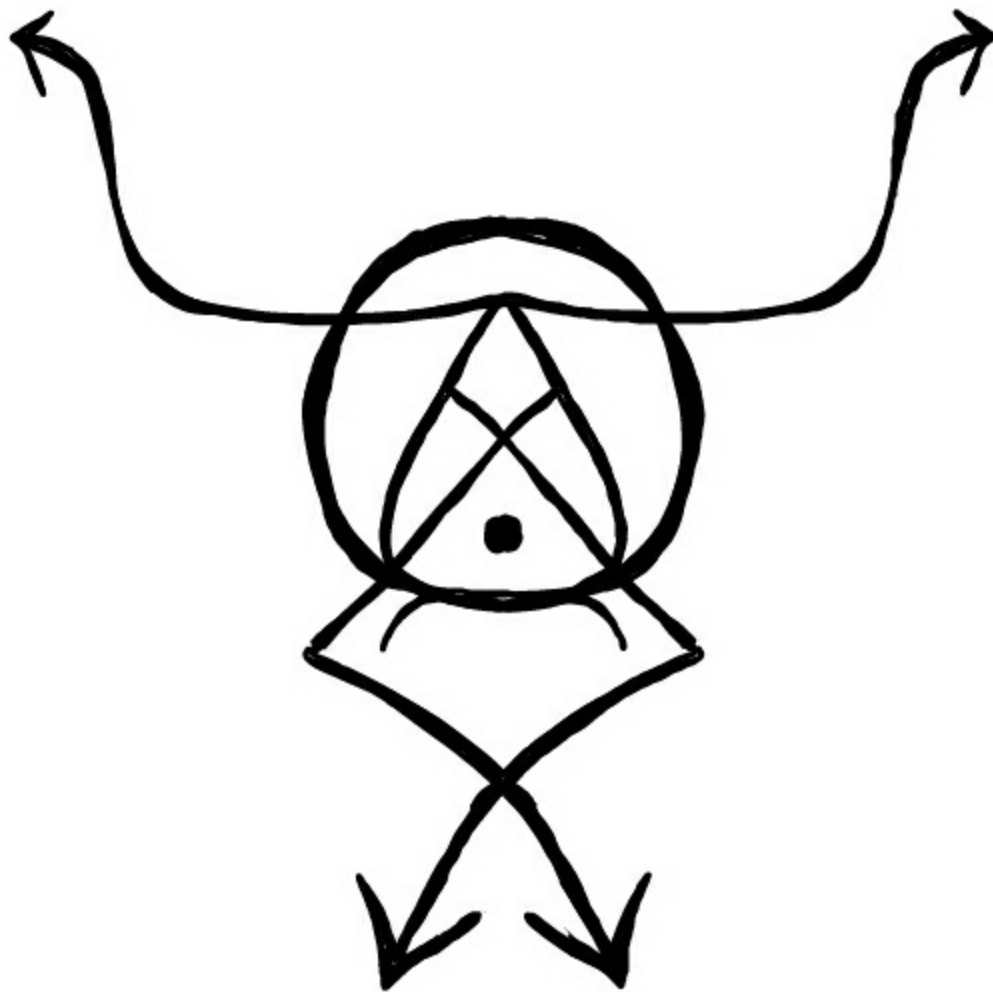
In another mask Azazel takes shape as a Demon-Angel that represents change and continuous movement. This essential shape of Azazel breaks the static and lineal parameters of mundane psychology to evoke the dynamic and chaotic, with the purpose of illuminating the path of every soul to become a living god or goddess.

Flame III



In his third primal mask the adept must astrally evoke Azazel through confrontation to curse the enemies or elements they consider negative in their magickal alchemy. Here Azazel appears and brandishes a golden spear with an obsidian tip. He is the warrior-sorcerer armed for war, and in this mask he connects to forces of Mars and Saturn. In this relation with planet Mars he reveals conjunction with Tubal-Cain, a descendant of Cain, who copulated with dark sister Naamah, wherefore Asmodeus became flesh through this infernal union. In this mask-sphere, Azazel reigns from his throne in an astral tower adorned in Martian symbols, and reveals himself as a furious Demon-Angel of destruction. His principal powers to be evoked are: primal aggression, war, and forces of nature moving to change something. Herein Azazel is called *Demon of the Obsidian Spear*. When experiencing gnosis with this mask, the adept views self-destruction as a path to a new phase of life like a wheel turning to carry him or her forward.

Flame IV



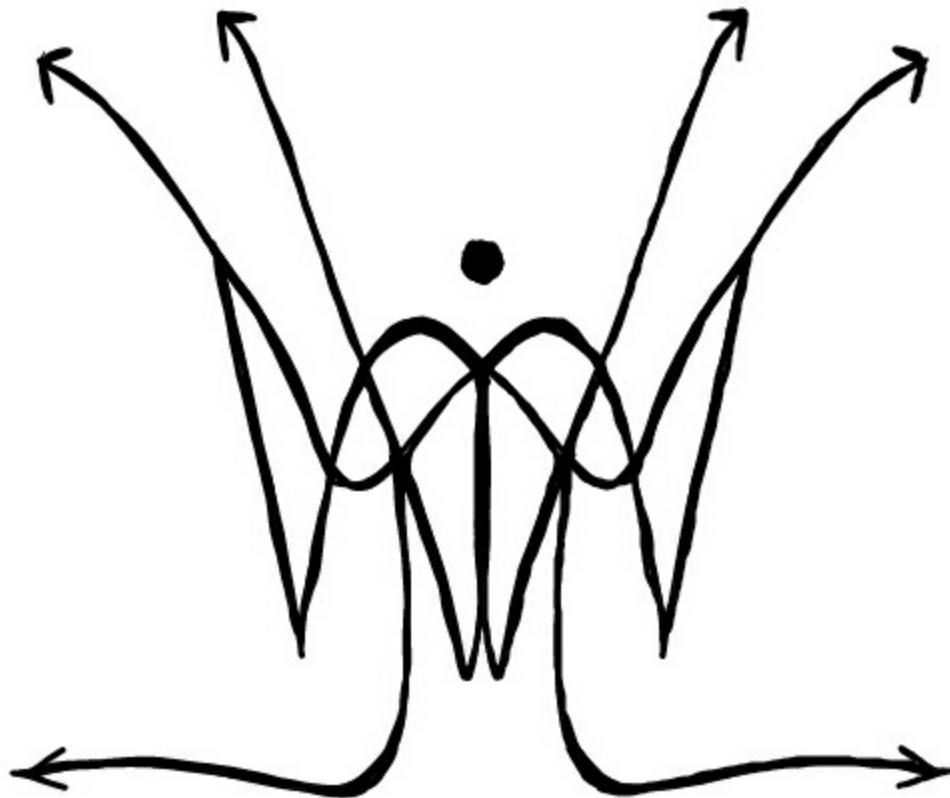
In this mask, Azazel incarnates astrally as a great initiator. Embodying sinister illumination, he is the Black Sun, and thus encapsulates a highest state of initiation. Through astral working with this Azazelian mask, it allows the adept to identify his strengths and weaknesses, exploring its primal nature to understand the limits of hate, anger, love, aggression, to find inner peace. In this mask the energies of Azazel are creative and destructive at the same time. Therefore, the adept finds contours of their Will and unlocks new chambers in his astral temple.

Flame V



Through the exploration of the 4th Flame of Azazel, the adept transfigured into a vortex of astral forces. Now he or she may safely connect with this Mask current through oneiric workings, astral projections, and Sabbatic gatherings in his realm on the astral plane.

Flame VI



This Flame focuses and to expands the adept's will in the material and spiritual worlds. Here self-sacrifice and discipline are principal points to witness Azazel as astral guardian of his temple. The adept becomes a "god" of mundane reality and emerges a living entity that can alchemically transmute external reality into an internal spirituality. This connection occurs through invocation and evocation where the flames of Azazel lay a bridge to receive and deliver information. It also prevents entities who reside on the other side of the veil to develop unhelpful influence or power in the adept.

A common form of contact through this Flame is lucid dreaming and astral projection. Dream control plunges an adept into the zone of Personal Unconscious. Vivid, intense dreams reflect facets of our being, mood, and emotional state—a fully subjective, symbolic language that often confuses instead of clarifies. This Flame is the Unconscious. Thus, to immediately affect any part of your conscious personality, you can practice lucid dreaming. Lie supine in bed, and let the palms of your hands rest peacefully at your hips with relaxed legs. Perform a two-step rhythmic breathing, inhaling and exhaling, slow and clam without force. Close your eyes and imagine the sigil of the Sixth Flame. Charge it with the Magick Quintessence

of Azazel. Allow the sigil to shine golden, and see it manifesting your required changes in your life.

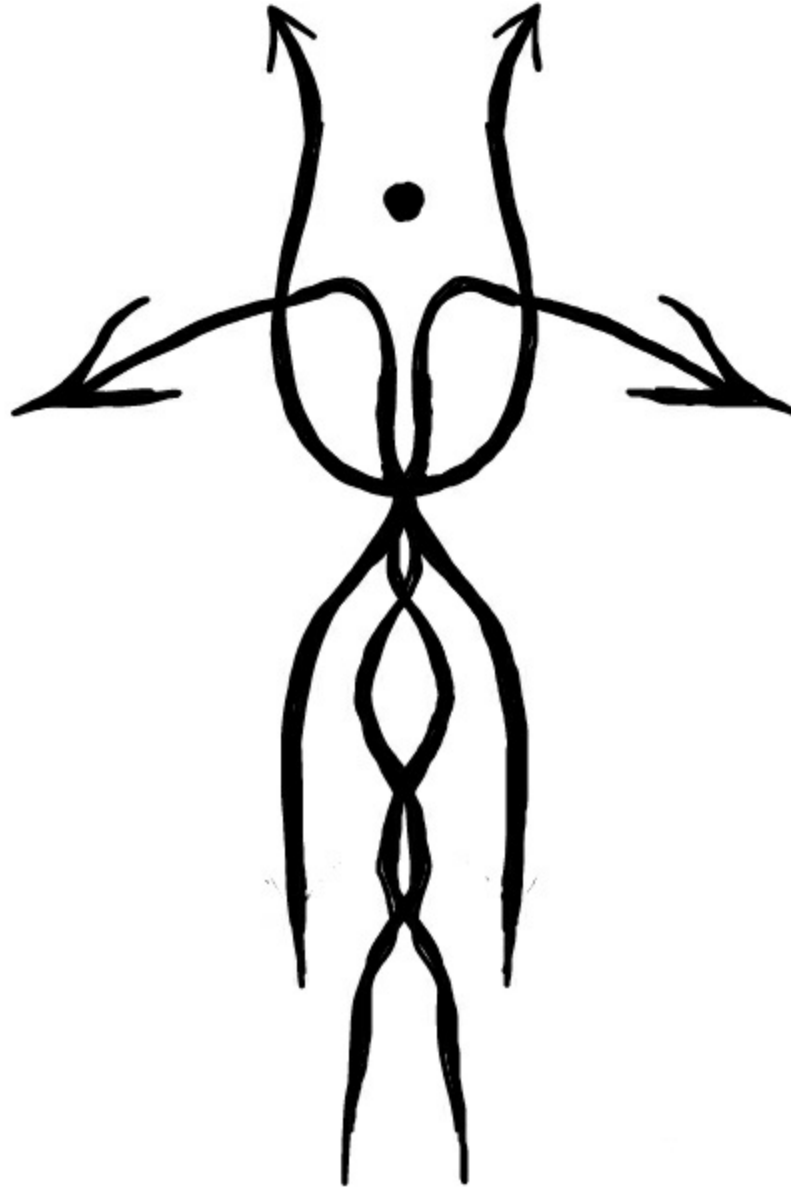
The process is simple:

1. Lie supine in bed, palms at hips, with relaxed legs.
2. Perform a two-step, rhythmic breathing, inhaling and exhaling slowly and calmly without force.
3. Close your eyes and imagine the sigil of the Sixth Flame.
4. Charge it with the Magick Quintessence of Azazel, and allow it shine golden, seeing it manifest required changes in your life.
5. Acknowledge your Ego under your profane name.
6. Invoke your changes as you pass into lucid sleep.

Subtraction allows addition on the physical plane; we may finally add what we need to bring into our lives. This procedure generates contact with Azazel on your oneiric plane, weaves into your personal unconscious, and arranges gnostic communion in your dreams.

On that night, direct and symbolic dreams will arise related to the changes requested. This Liminal Gnosis or Hypnagogic State is a powerful way of performing magic with a strong faculty to manifest your changes externally.

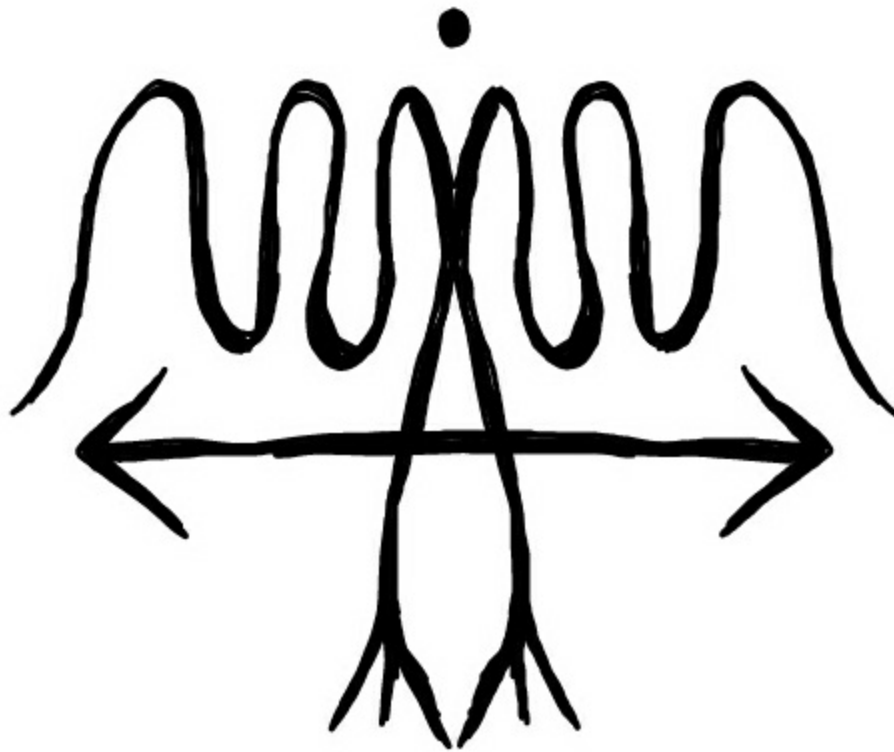
Flame VII



Flame Seven functions as a springboard to project consciousness outside the physical body in order to obtain specific data on a specific theme. Contrary to what many think, Astral Plane experimentation can occur through sleep. What is commonly known as the astral plane is really the collective unconscious that communicates etheric information through a higher resonance channel. This practice takes the adept on a travel through the astral, full of lucid visions coming from Azazel.

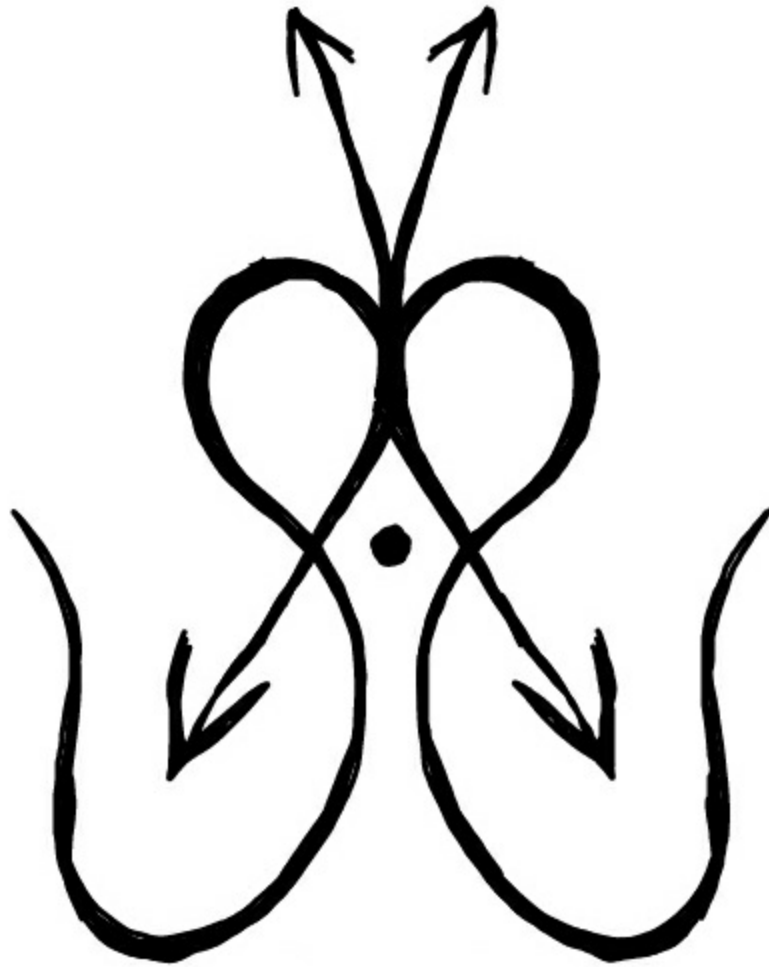
1. Sit relaxed in a comfortable position in any space, e.g., in the woods, in front of a fireplace, or in a temple room.
2. Visualize the sigil of the Flame; if you wish, you can draw it. Concentrate on the image itself. Take a few minutes while watching it and memorizes its shape.
3. After this, express where you want to project astral, for example Azazel's Temple, and enunciate this mantra: El Zelazaz El A El Zelazaz El. If you do not wish to astral project, you may just enunciate.
4. Finally, if you need information from Azazel, then ask that it come through communion with him. It is important that you verbally express it, so Azazel can feel the vibration and strength of purpose.
5. Once you have pronounced what you want, chant the mantra again, so it opens this bridge of travel and communication, and induces you into the visionary trance necessary to do so.

Flame VIII



The 8th Flame allows the adept to expand consciousness to his raw instinct, ego-intellect and highest consciousness. Intuition teaches the adept to hear the voice of Azazel and envision his myriad shapes and forms that manifest in direct rituals of evocation. To achieve this capability, you must understand the language of high consciousness, that is, intuition.

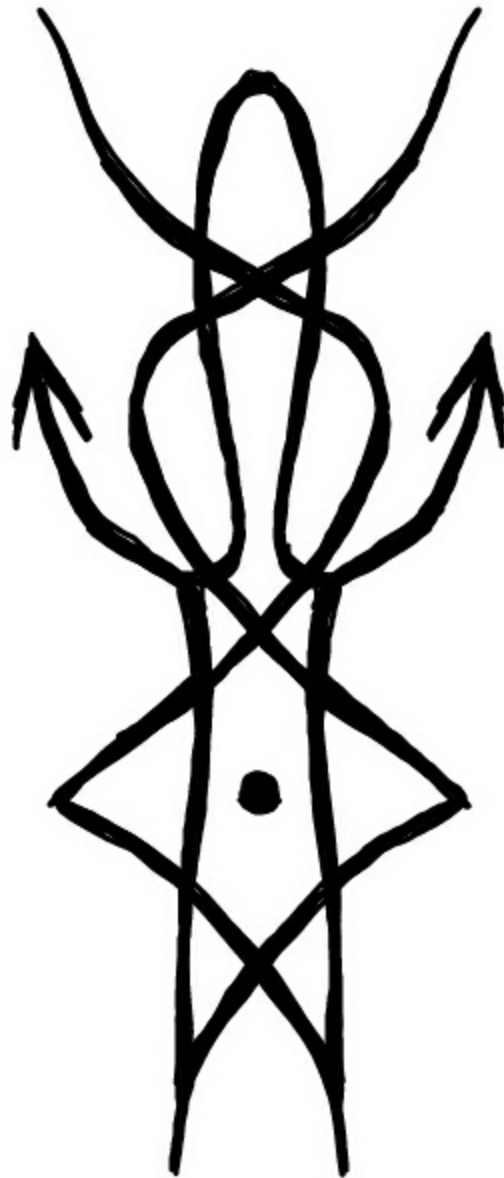
Flame IX



This Flame is only developed properly in full amplitude if you completely comprehend the primal nature of Azazel. Now that you understand the “code” of high consciousness, it becomes alert to any signs given from the temple of Azazel via oneiric manifestations or astral path workings. You will notice that all around you can see shadows, vibrations, and symbols of Azazel. When this happens, it further awakens intuition. Follow these tracks. Every one contains a hidden message coded by your high consciousness.

You may wish to keep a record of these tracks in your magickal journal, and interpret the nature of the message in connection with Azazel. This registration will allow you to perceive common and uncommon patterns of expression from the Azazelian current. Always attend to your inner voice and do not hesitate to follow these tracks. In your search you will find strands that weave the mantle of your Awakening.

Flame X

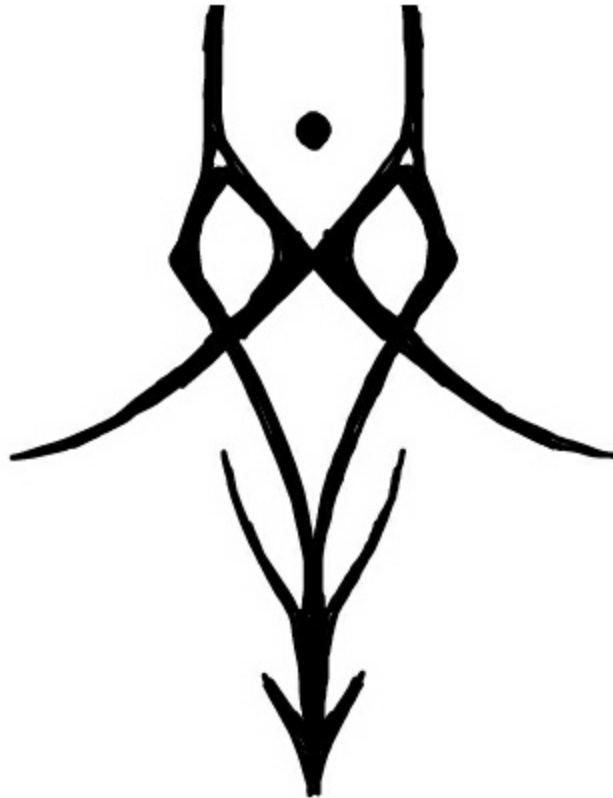


Through techniques of the 10th Flame the adept learns to overcome, manage and control adverse situations that occur every day in their battle for Awakening and Liberation. Absorption of this Flame teaches to control venomous currents that contaminate the nectars you drink from the vessel of Azazel. Moreover, this flame destroys enemies and those who have tried to interrupt your magickal path to self-illumination.

An adept who attacks without first learning to defend is not a true initiate in the Black Arts. Although techniques have been given on how to increase levels of Bioenergy and also to banish, it is important to create Energetic,

Mental and Psychic defenses that prevent outsiders from disturbing your personal process. This entails will be the main use of the 10th Flame.

Flame XI



Through contemplation and performance of artistic, personal works found in these 11 Flames, the adept learns to perceive macrocosmic sensory impulses, which allows them to understand and predict fluctuations in the Lines of Fate. The Flames of sensation can be used as a medium, bridge, or oracular work, because everything is related to manias and prophetic workings. Vibrating the mantra awakens natural intuition.

A whole grimoire focusing on the Azazelian current, and a complete compendium of its methods used in its reception through infernal gnosis will be revealed in an upcoming book with *Become A Living God*.

Who Watches the Watchers?

Bill Duvendack

Grimoire Six



Who Watches the Watchers?

Chapter Twenty-Eight



AZAZEL has been in the public eye over the last twenty years in a strong way, and because of that, there is no shortage of material available about him. This material ranges from personal gnosis, both verified and not, all the way to historical research and speculation on extreme conspiracy theories. I mention this here because it is not the goal of this essay to add to the copious material out there, giving only my spin on it. Rather, this essay will be looking at a facet rarely explored: his membership as a Watcher. We are going to take a look at the Watchers from the perspective of them being their own pantheon, equally as valid as the Celtic, Norse, Sumerian, Egyptian, etc. When this is addressed, we will look at Azazel's role within that community. Thus, when you're done with the essay, you are in a position to work with the Watcher pantheon if you choose.

For those of you unfamiliar with the term, a pantheon is a group of beings that are usually culture-centric. One of the most popular pantheons is the ancient Egyptians, for example. However, in addition to these pantheons of antiquity, new pantheons are being developed all the time. An example of this could easily be J.R.R. Tolkien's mythos, or H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos. You can also make your individual pantheon, too. If there is a coterie of regular beings you work with, you could say they populate your personal pantheon. The term Watcher, as we are looking at it, is attributed to King Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of Babylon from 634-562 BCE. In the Old Testament *Book of Daniel*, he sees beings descending from the heavens and calls them Watchers. This passage is actually quite controversial. Some people say this is a literal statement he is making. However, others say it is a touch of creativity on the part of the author of the book to illustrate the Babylonian pantheon kneeling in Homage to Yahweh and his growing cult. In any event, a valuable piece of information is given us, which is that the context of the

first appearance of the term is the Babylonian/Sumerian/Mesopotamian pantheon. The Watchers would of course evolve into the Abrahamic pantheon, but at this initial stage and creation, or revelation, it was more Babylonian than Abrahamic.

What this means is that if you wanted to know more about them, their practices, their spiritual definitions etc., then it would be wise to look at those of the Babylonian pantheon present at that point in history. For example, two of the practices of ancient Babylonian was the heavy use of chants and invocations. Therefore, it would be wise to use a lot of those in your own personal rituals to particular Watchers if you work with them in a pure way. Magicians were generally known as exorcists, and in this context what they are exorcising is *themselves*. Purification of the self was of the utmost importance, and this would be another characteristic of an individual's practice. Divination was also heavily used, and this implies developing the skill of clairvoyance, too. However, some things will have to be adapted into modern times. For example, during that time, doctors believed that when a patient was sick, it was the work of a god or a demon, if such terms are appropriate. In today's world, we know where these things originate thanks to science, so it is obvious that particular belief couldn't be brought forward; it would have to be adapted to the modern world. While that changes working with that pantheon into a neo-version of itself, there's nothing wrong with that, but it should be known to yourself if anyone else. While the idea of watchers, and this kind of group of beings is not necessarily unique or created by the Babylonians, it is anchored in their pantheon because of the longevity and power invested in the Abrahamic belief system. The time period of all of this is approximately the sixth century BCE, just for context. This is corroborated between the reign of king Nebuchadnezzar and the writing of *Book of Daniel*. This is worth noting because the Mesopotamian/Sumerian/Babylonian was already over two thousand years old at the time. This means the pantheon had already gone through many changes, adaptations, and evolutions. This opens the door to personal preferences as appropriate.

The *Books* and *Book of Enoch*—yes, different books—are rich in material about the Watchers. In addition to that material, the Biblical *Book of Genesis* also contains information relevant to this conversation. A transliteration of the term is “Grigori,” which implies the two terms are interchangeable. In these books we find a lot of material about the them. It is said there are two

hundred of them. They are all males, and they are split approximately in half between those that are not fallen, and those that are. They have descended from heaven, and are also known as “Wicked Angels” in *Book of Enoch*, and the “Sons of God” in the passage in Genesis, written approximately one hundred years after Daniel. Some translations say “Fallen Angels” instead of wicked, but otherwise they are identical.

These two hundred beings came from heaven before the Abrahamic flood story, and over time they became corrupted, until half of them fell, and half did not. The fallen ones fornicated with human women, corrupting them and human men in the process. However, they also taught skills and subjects to humans, too. *Books of Enoch*, numbers one through three, go into great detail about the Watchers within that paradigm, discussing the Watchers themselves, their fall, and the ones that did not fall. In *Book of Genesis*, they are known as the “Sons of God” who mated with human women as mentioned above, and their offspring became the Nephilim—half human, half monsters. They are even found in the *Zohar*.

While it is documented that there were two hundred of them, there is no complete list of names. There are many lists that have been compiled by various practitioners over the years, but there is no official list. There is enough to get started with though, so let’s look at a fairly comprehensive list of names. This is our first look at the pantheon of the Watchers. We’ll start at the top. The leaders of the Watchers are:

- Araquel
- Armaros
- Gadreel
- Baraquel
- Bezaliel
- Chazaquel
- Kokabiel
- Penemue
- Shamsiel
- Suriel
- Yeqon
- Azazel

This leaves 188 other Watchers. There was a clear cut leader of the

Watchers though, and that was Shemyaza. In total there were 20 leaders of the Watchers, so as you can see from the list, some leaders are unknown. It is said that every one commands ten spirits.

We do know some of the names of others, and those are: Amazarak, Kokabel, Ezeqeel, Shamsiel, Sariel, Akibeel, Tamiel, Penemue, Kasdeja, Ramuell, Danel, Azkeel, Saraknyal, Asael, Batraal, Anane, Zavebe, Samsaveel, Sataniel, Ertael, Turel, Yomvael, and Urakabameel. After these are factored in, we are left with 165 unknowns. That's quite a bit of ground to cover, but who knows who they are? For an enterprising magician that wants to work in this pantheon, that is a lot of fertile ground for discovery through ritual and research. *A Dictionary of Angels* by Gustav Davidson also lists the following good Watchers: Uriel, Raphael, Raguel, Michael, Zerachiel, Gabriel, and Remiel.

In addition to the names, many of them have correspondences as well. These correspondences mostly tell us what role each one played. Each one provided a service to humanity before the Great Flood. I will not say it was the Biblical flood because the fact it happened is recorded in places other than just the Bible, so we know it actually occurred. However, we don't know the extent of it other than the fact it was not global. While the Abrahamic faiths claim it was planet wide, it was in fact *not*, but it was large enough to have a severe impact on the people of that particular area. Before this occurred though, the Watchers walked among humans, had intercourse with human women, and produced inhuman monsters. While all of this was occurring, the Watchers were instructing humans as you will see listed below. From a linear perspective, the instruction came before the copulation and corruption. Let's look at the following chart for a clearer picture:

Name	Magick
Akibeel	Teaches signs.
Araqiel	Teaches the "signs of the earth."
Amaros	Teaches how to resolve enchantments, and the "solution of sorcery." This could be interpreted to mean psychic protection, or maybe not.
Amazarak	Teaches sorcery to magicians, and also "dividers of roots," which equates to modern root-workings.
Baraqel	Teaches astrology.

Chazaqiel	Teaches the “signs of the clouds.” Many people interpret this to mean meteorology, but it is possibly a double-meaning.
Gadreel	Teaches the art of cosmetics, use of weapons, and where to perform killing blows.
Kasdeja	Teaches the smiting of spirits, but in a particularly wicked way. Also Teaches how to perform abortion.
Penemue	Teaches writing, specifically with ink and paper. This is important to note because it could refer to that specifically or to the crafting of ink and paper in addition to writing.
Sariel	Teaches the “course of the moon.”
Tamiel	Teaches astronomy.
Yeqon	He is interesting because it is not known whether or not he taught specific things, but it is recorded that it was he and a few others that encouraged the other Watchers to have sex with human women. This tells us that if he did teach something, it probably had to do with sex.

There are a few I left off of that list to single out that require special attention, so let’s take a closer look at them. The first one is Kokabel. I single him out because it is said he is a resident of the Nether realms, so technically he is not on Earth. He also commands more spirits than most, topping the list at 365,000. What also makes him unique is that he taught astrology to the other Watchers. Shemyaza is also left off of the list because he is their leader. Shamsiel, while a Watcher, was once a guardian of Eden, serving Uriel along with Hasdiel. He also commands 365 legions of angels. While he teaches the signs of the Sun, he also accompanies some souls to the fifth Heaven. One final note for all of this is that because of the multiple sources and length of time, some of these beings have variances in names, or entirely different names. There are multiple reasons for this, but what it comes down to is personal preference on your part what you call them and why. This is one of those occult cases that is purely subjective. For example, Armers is also known as Armeros or Armaros.

Now that we have established the environment of the birth of the Watchers as we know them today, let’s progress a bit. Let us bring our attention to the

star of the act: Azazel. He is known as one of the Watchers, after all, and a leader of them at that. Immediately this tells us he commands ten spirits. His function was that he taught humanity how to make bladed weapons and armor. He also taught humanity how to make mirrors, bracelets, and ornaments. In addition, he also taught many things related to pigments for use on the skin. It is said he taught how to beautify eyebrows and dyes, for example. He also taught the use of stones, and if context is to be believed, these would be semi-precious gemstones, specifically those used in jewelry and for adornment. He also taught witchcraft to humanity. He is one of the main Watchers that helped corrupt humanity. There is more to him though than just the material having to do with his role in the Watchers, and that is the information most people know. Let's take a cursory look at his story before moving on to readdress the Watchers.

His oldest reference is found in the *Dead Sea Scrolls*, specifically in *The Book of Giants*, written somewhere between 150 BCE-70 EV. Contained in there is a lot of information about the Watchers. The next reference to him is found in *Book of Enoch*, written somewhere between 170 BCE-100 BCE. It is here we find most of his story. We learn his correspondences mentioned above, and we learn that he was bound by Raphael in chains and cast into a hole in the desert Dudael. His face is also covered in darkness so that he may never see the light. Finally, his fate, according to these sources, will be to be thrown into the Lake of Fire to burn forever. This will occur on Judgement Day.

If you want to work with Azazel in the context of a pantheon of Watchers, there are a few things to consider. First of all, he is *not* a demon or fallen angel according to the *oldest* found sources. Secondly, if you do choose to incorporate material from the Old Testament, then remember that the Scapegoat Rite was part of the Jewish holy day of Yom Kippur, which gives a very specific period of time to use when contacting him. It is also worth considering that the animals that are involved in the Rite of the Scapegoat, are, well, goats! I mention this because you can use this information in a variety of ways. First and foremost is to remember that goats are the animals of the astrological sign of Capricorn, so you could further synchronize the time of your working to when the Moon is in Capricorn. Or, you could time your workings to occur when the Sun is in Capricorn. Of course, the best timing then, would be the New Moon in Capricorn, when both the Sun and Moon are in that sign. You could also use goat imagery and other

correspondences in your ritual chamber to help with contact. When you do contact him, remember his correspondences mentioned above, for those are the subjects he is best equipped. Remember that he is also in charge of ten spirits, and the competent magician can make good use of that information. Do you want to learn the art of war? Azazel. Glamor magick? Azazel. Witchcraft? Azazel. Seduction? Yep, you guessed it: Azazel.

If you'll notice, in the above list there is a lot of overlap when it comes to correspondences, and that is okay. Multiple perspectives on a subject is a good thing because it helps us to understand the overall subject rather than just one limited perspective. This is especially true in the case of Azazel because he is not the only one that teaches cosmetics and war subjects. Gadreel also does the same, or at least similar. Feel free to experiment with multiples to see how results differ. On a related side note, something to consider is the fact that the angels that are the Watchers were sharing forbidden information with humanity. In this way they are liberators of the human species. The forbidden knowledge they were accused of sharing was:

- Makeup
- Weapons
- Sorcery
- Use of roots & herbs
- Mating and reproducing with women. Due to modern times, we can see how widespread most of these subjects have become, and this is worth noting because it tells us that when this material was written, those subjects were not only miniscule, they were also straight up forbidden. So the question to ponder then, is: "Were the Watchers liberators of the human species?"

Azazel has a few animals that are associated with him, too. They are different forms he's taken at different times according to the old writings, and this information can be used either in the same way as the correspondences above, or to watch for in your day to day life for signs of his manifestation after a ritual. The first animal is simply known as an "unclean bird." There are various ways to interpret this. The most obvious one is that he corresponds to a bird that is dirty. However, this could also be referring to a vulture because it eats dead flesh. Generally, they are meticulously clean birds though. Or it could reference something lost to the sands of time. The

other animal he corresponds to according to the *Apocalypse of Abraham* is a serpent. There is a very specific description of him in this regard, though. He would have seven heads, fourteen faces, hands and feet like a man, and on his back there are twelve wings, six on the right and six on the left. Some stories say he has four wings as an alternative. Finally, some sources say he is a Jinn. In this context a Jinn is a type of angel, but considering the place and environment, you could make the case it actually means the type of spirit called a Djinn in today's vernacular. It would be wise to incorporate this symbolism as much as you want. It is interesting to note that at that particular point in history, there were seven planets used in astrology, and they would manifest both their positive and negative qualities, so this could explain the seven and fourteen references.

Let's also take a moment to look at the flood in context of all of this. Yes, there is the well-known story of the flood being punishment by Yahweh to wash away what existed because it displeased him, so there is the destructive element to the story. However, if you look at the flood in a symbolic context, you arrive at a very different interpretation. In the Western Esoteric Tradition, water also corresponds to emotions, so you could interpret this to mean that once you work with the Watchers, you will unleash a flood of emotions. This is surprisingly quite profound to consider, especially because of the role that sex played in this mythos. I offer this here as a warning more than anything else. As any seasoned occultist knows, working with these beings and forces can unleash powerful forces within the individual, and in this case those forces will most likely be emotional more than anything else. However, water also the dual meaning of being a conduit for moving between the planes, so you could work with them for that purpose, too. Water also corresponds to spiritual initiations, so you could work with the Watchers to advance your spiritual growth and personal development. Water is also known as an intuitive element, so you could work with them to access your intuition and latent psychic abilities.

Initiation Ritual

This ritual is designed to make contact with the Watchers in this type of pantheon setting. This is written to induce communion with one, several, or all of the Watchers mentioned above, and to be initiated into their mysteries. Decorate your altar as you see fit. Feel free to include images of what you believe these beings look like. For incense, cinnamon, cassia, myrrh,

frankincense, or Dragon's Blood is preferred. For candles, brown, green, black, blue, red, white, or gold will all work equally as well. Before the ritual, create the sigil you wish to use for connection with the Watchers. Light the candles and incense, then proceed.

Cleanse your ritual space as you see fit, whether it is by chanting or cleansing with water, salt, or incense smoke. When the space is ready, chant:

ilani, rabuti, libbaka, litib!

This translates to "May the gods of the world be favorable to thee!" Chant this until you feel the energy in the room is charged. When this has occurred, focus your energy on the images you have to represent the Watchers. Take a moment to visualize their presence with you, and when the image is clearest in your mind's eye, continue. Turn your attention to your sigil, and gaze on it. While doing so, begin chanting:

sarhu addissuu gitmalum

This translates to "Powerful, unique, perfect!" At this point, burn the sigil in the candle's flame. Then proceed.

Close your eyes and enter into a meditative state. Fixate your internal gaze on the image on your altar of the Watchers. Use the following visualization in your meditation:

You find yourself on a full moon night. You are at the base of a mountain range, and the environment is a moderate desert. It is not bleak, barren, and seemingly lifeless. Rather, there are small amounts of shrubbery and moisture is in the air. Illuminated in silver moonlight you see a bonfire in the distance, closer to the closest mountain peak. Intuitively, you begin making your way towards the light. When you arrive, you see there are many hooded and cloaked figures present. There are 200 silhouettes in the background, but twenty step to the fore. Of those twenty, only two walk up to you. As they approach, you have the sense they are the leaders of this group. Backlit by a bonfire's glare, they lower their hoods to speak with you. Take a moment to focus on their appearances. You realize one is Azazel and one is Shemyaza. Let their features and appearances sink in, and when you have an image of both that will stay in your memory, continue.

You feel them make mental contact with you, and as this occurs, they

begin to speak to you telepathically. Take a few moments to receive the messages from each of them. When you feel the conversation has ended, feel your attention shift back to your ritual chamber. Take a few moments to record your received messages in your journal. Then continue, by declaring:

sa kat utukkima innat burru da namkillunima naksusuni dracos

This translates to “With the hand of the demon and the Breath of the Dragon.” Next, speak your intent. You can plan ahead of time how you want this to flow, of course, and I encourage you to do so. Add your intent to the above phrase so it flows as one sentence if you choose. This is your declaration of intent and statement of goal. You are declaring your intent to Azazel, Shemyaza, and in the presence of all of the Watchers. When you feel this transmission has been completed, say:

In the presence of the Watchers, I do declare this to be true. I will undergo the punishments of Azazel to manifest this decree! IA! IA!

When you finish this statement, feel your attention snap back to your ritual chamber, as you mentally disconnect from the visualization. Feel your senses adjust to your sanctum sanctorum, and focus again on the image of the Watchers on your altar. As you gaze upon them, softly say:

namrat urruka

It translates to “Bright is your light in heaven.” When you feel they have received your gratitude, feel your consciousness return to normality. Then recite the temple closing of your choice. Extinguish your candles and incense, and go about your daily life.

The intention you shared above is the declaration of your Will, and in this case it is your desire for connection with the Watchers as a whole. The phrases above are derived from the ancient tablets from Sumer. Watch for changes in your day to day life. These changes are in line with your intention and in line with your connection with the Watchers. Even if you do not pursue working with them on a regular and continual basis, you have still initiated yourself into their mysteries. If you desire to communicate with Azazel, especially to ask for his assistance in manifesting your intention listed above, proceed to the following ritual. It is a stand-alone rite that can be

used by itself or as a part two to the ritual listed above.

Communion with Azazel

In this ritual we are going to take the perspective that Azazel is a Djinn, but the point of the ritual is to enter into communion with him to receive his gnosis. The focus of the gnosis is one of the things he taught humankind. Decide what you want to contact him about before the ritual. Do you want to learn seduction from him? Maybe witchcraft? Whatever you decide, have it in mind before you begin the working. On the altar, make sure you have images of a goat, or a serpent, or both. If you have the artistic skill, feel free to draw a picture of what you think he looks like based on the imagery mentioned above. When it comes to candles, have at least five candles on your altar: one for each of the colors primarily used in the western tradition for the elements. Yellow for air, red for fire, blue for water, and green or brown for earth. In addition to these, feel free to have any color of candles you prefer as well. If you have a preferred image of Azazel you choose to use, that works, too. When it comes to incense, any incense will work, but it is suggested you use Dragon's Blood to purify the space. Technically, any incense will do, but no matter what you choose, make sure it produces smoke. This is a ritual that will rely heavily on thick smoke being present in the ritual chamber. Sandalwood would be a good choice as well. As you may guess, this is a scrying ritual, and the smoke is your medium.

Once your altar is set and your temple space decorated as you see fit, it is time to proceed. Light your candles and incense. Make sure your incense burner is outside of the circle you cast. Preferably this is in the east, but it is your choice, in line with your spiritual tradition. Simply make sure the smoke is thick, and its burner outside of your circle but within eyesight. After the incense and candles are lit, face your altar and chant:

IA!

...until you feel the energy in your temple has been charged. Every time you chant it, feel your adrenaline surge, pumping you up, until you reach the peak. When you do so, say:

Azazel, I request your presence! Show me what I need to see!

Diffuse your eyes as you gaze into the incense smoke, and open yourself to the vision. See Azazel there before you, and hear him tell you what you desire to know. When his message to you has been conveyed, feel the telepathic connection sever, and you find yourself in front of your altar. Wait a few moments until the incense smoke dies down. When it has dissipated to the degree the room is almost clear, turn your gaze to slightly above your altar. In the air above your altar, trace a holy symbol of your choice. Your intent will be clear to those that you address. This can be an invented pentagram, eleven-pointed star, a trident, or some other shape you associate with resetting the energy in your temple. Close your temple per your reference, extinguishing candles and incense as appropriate. Record your experiences in your journal.

As you can see, these work well together or alone, depending on your preference. Feel free to adapt them as you see fit. This is your initiation into the gnosis of the pantheon of the Watchers. The incenses, candle colors, and words used are all taken from the tradition that gave birth to the legacy of the Watchers. This should manifest as stronger than average results. Also, feel free to incorporate this material into daily or weekly practices.

If you're not familiar with the punishments of Azazel mentioned above, here is a brief synopsis. In Islam, Azazel is also known as Iblis. According to the Islamic scholar Al-Tha'labi, Azazel was punished to suffer the following punishments for his refusal to supplicate to Yahweh/Allah. The punishments of Azazel are:

- He lost his rank with the other angels
- He was expelled from the grace of God and cast onto earth
- He was turned into a demon from an angel
- His name was turned into Iblis
- He became the head of all the damned
- He was straight up cursed by Yahweh
- His ability to listen to your intuition was removed
- He will forever be denied repentance
- He was forced to notice the lack of Yahweh's grace
- He became the deliverer of hellfire and a minister of the damned.

Of course this material is from the Islamic tradition, so it is material as

firmly rooted in the Abrahamic system as his Jewish or Christian history, and this is worth keeping in mind because when we look at all three pieces together, we get a more complete picture of Azazel, and the magnitude of the impact of the Watchers upon humanity. By realizing Azazel suffered all those punishments, we come to know his character much more clearly than the average occultist. His is one of many of his magnitude, and together all of them can be worked with in ways that are truly underground in this day and age. While the pantheon of the Watchers is something not discussed, Azazel is well enough known to be an initiator of a person into the mysteries of the Grigori. It is through working with Azazel that we come to understand their true role and power here on earth. While many were destroyed in the flood, many did not, and a far greater number still reside on the astral plane in much the same way many thought-forms do, outliving their creators many times over. While limited, it is in this way Azazel could be viewed as a Crossroads deity, bridging the gap between demon and angel, helper and corruptor, and solitary vs communal. By knowing him, you come to know the progenitors of monsters, and the Watchers of destiny.

The Silent Voice of Azazel

J.S. Garrett

Grimoire Seven



The Silent Voice of Azazel

Chapter Twenty-Nine



WHEN I was first asked to make a contribution to this compendium I was reluctant to accept. After all, I had summoned Azazel a hundred times and had some pretty incredible experiences, yet I had never received any demonic gnosis that had not already been brought forth in other writings. It is not my style to reiterate or repackage someone else's work—something we see all too often this day and age.

Later that night, I sat in my temple pondering this. I could easily write an entire book filled with stories about my strange encounters, which I suppose would be entertaining, though it would serve no real purpose. As I had all but made the decision to respectfully decline the invitation I was interrupted by an all-too-familiar feeling of electricity pouring in through the top of my skull.

"Come out into the wilderness and find me," spoke what I perceived to be the silent voice of Azazel.

"Okay," I replied.

"Come to me as a father," his voice echoed as if departing.

This was all that he said before his presence exited the room. I had no idea what he meant by that last statement, and it left me with an unsettling feeling in the pit of my stomach. At that moment, it became clear this time that *he was summoning me*, and there was no getting out of it.

I took a few days to reflect on Azazel. My gut told me that this experience was probably going to become a serious undertaking, as blindly following the instructions of a Demonic King often becomes. Nevertheless, after a period of senseless stalling, I gathered my necessary implements, waited until dark, then hiked out into nearby wilderness to find him. I did so on a full moon, so lunar light bathed my path.

"What the fuck am I doing?" I wondered, as I always do when I find

myself in confusing magickal situations. After all, you never truly know what you are walking into with demonic ritual. Sometimes it is wise to pack an extra pair of underwear, as they say.

First Encounters

My first encounter with Azazel occurred several years ago at the beginning of what I refer to as my “awakening.” Over the course of three weeks, I was subjected to three out of body experiences where I encountered three separate spirits.

The first involved the Fallen Angel, Shemyaza. On that night, as I laid in bed half-asleep, I suddenly felt a crushing force on top of me, which pulled me through the bottom of my mattress. I fell for what seemed like several minutes until I plunged into chest deep water! In utter shock, I looked around to find myself standing in a river. My environment appeared dark and foggy, and approximately thirty other people stood in the water with me—all looking similarly confused. En masse, we heard a terrifying roar coming toward us from downstream. I turned around to see the most ferocious monster I could ever imagine speeding right for us. Everyone panicked! Trying to run seemed futile, especially in chest-deep water. So, my plan was to simply hide underwater in hopes that he would pass by to devour the crowd of other people who were screaming and climbing on top of one other.

“Dumbasses,” I thought to myself as I took a deep breath and dropped under. Then something even stranger happened! When I submerged, my body began to transform into the very beast that chased me. My chest and torso expanded. My arms and legs grew longer, brandishing sharp claws, and my head morphed into a type of animal baring sharp teeth that I can’t even identify. This horrified me, so I involuntarily stood out of the water. As soon as I did, my body shapeshifted back to human and I could hear again the roar of the original monster who had traveled much closer now. Paying it no further mind, I dove back underwater to see if a transformation would occur a second time—which it did. When I surfaced above water again, the creature was right on top of me; it finally bear-hugged me and dragged us both underwater.

Surprisingly, an opiate-like feeling of peace and tranquility washed over my nerves as this monster gulped my corpse. He did not rip my flesh to shreds, but instead *absorbed* my body into his. I literally sank into him. This time, when I stood out of the water, I remained *him*. Mad with rage, I

shredded the others mercilessly. Drenched in their blood and guts, I roared like a bloodthirsty savage... then instantly woke in bed.

As I opened my eyes in a daze, a clear voice spoke the name, “Shemyaza.” At the time, I had *no idea* what that word meant. While I sat there trying to lower my heart rate, an excruciating pain shot between my eyes. It felt like a person hammered a railroad spike through my Third Eye, an inch above and between my eyes. Facial hair on my upper lip suddenly felt wet, and as I wiped it I discovered my nose bleeding.

“What the fuck is going on?” I shouted, becoming more pissed off than scared. I took care of my nose, and one by one noticed several possessions out of place in my room. I lived alone at the time, so it had to of been me. Perhaps I sleepwalked and accidentally jammed a sharp object up my nose without waking; no explanation made any sense. I felt like a victim in a horror movie, wondering when a rotten ghost would pop out of my closet. The excruciating pain lasted for days. I honestly became worried that I had badly harmed myself while asleep. As goofy as it sounds, the following night I tied one end of a bedsheet to the bed frame and tied the other end to my left ankle. I had never sleepwalked before, but this would guarantee that if I did I would fall flat on my face and hopefully wake up.

Several days passed and nothing else happened. Though I continued to tie my ankle off every night, it still stressed me out. On Saturday night, exactly one week later, I was subjected to my second out of body experience and second spirit encounter. Similar to my first, I lied in bed almost asleep when the same crushing force pulled me down through the mattress. Only this time, I landed on solid ground with no one else present. I found myself in a massive underground cavern surrounded by a complex cave system with a river of molten rock flowing through the middle of it. It looked beautiful! I peered around in wonder and excitement as I examined every detail of the incredible stone structure. Suddenly, thunderous footsteps approached from behind me. The ground shook as I turned to see a literal giant strolling towards me. He carried big muscles and stood at least 15 feet tall, but I could not bring myself to see his face. As my gaze climbed from his feet to his torso, I began to feel increasing pressure and pain inside my eyeballs as if they were going to explode if I looked him in the eye. I felt no sense of fear but instead another wave of peace and tranquility washed over me. Strangely, he approached but walked past like he didn’t even see me. I watched as he knelt down in front of the river of molten rock. He reached his left arm into

the lava and pulled out what resembled a long glowing bar of red hot steel. He then produced a large hammer and pounded away at the glowing bar.

This carried on for a while. I assumed he either could not see me or simply did not care, so after several minutes I decided to explore the cave a bit. I wandered down a long pathway through the cave until I reached a point where the river of lava crossed and terminated my path; I could go no further. I stood there and gazed at the river still in complete awe. His thunderous footsteps erupted from behind me once more. But this time, when I turned he approached with his arms outstretched. In his hands he held the most exquisitely crafted sword I have ever seen, engraved with strange alien markings on the blade. It looked like a masterpiece forged only by a god.

He thrust his arms towards me as if to say, "Reach out and take it," although he never spoke a word. When I cautiously grabbed the handle, the alien markings shined red and I knew intuitively that he had crafted this sword for me personally. I raised it and said, "Thank you, Satan!" assuming his identity without explanation.

He pointed behind me with his right hand. I swung around to look as he placed his left hand on my shoulder. He showed a vision of what I can only describe as the true evils of this world: pain, suffering, oppression, tyranny, slavery, genocide, and terrorism. In a moment of clarity, I saw it all for what it truly is.

Instantly, I woke in my bed again. The excruciating pain in my head came back. I screamed, "What the fuck is going on!" I lost my shit.

Precisely seven days later, I encountered my third and final out of body experience. Once again, I dropped through the mattress but this time found myself standing inside a log cabin built on a mountainside. I perused it for a few minutes then walked out onto a large deck that wrapped around the entire house. It was cool and dark outside and the trees were bare. A warm gust of wind blew on my back and I sensed a presence. I turned to see a man sitting perched on top of the deck railing like a bird. A handsome fellow, he wore black clothes under a long black coat. He looked very masculine and glared at me intensely. His eyes sparkled like diamonds, even at a distance.

"*What* are you?" I uttered a bit rudely by accident.

He continued to stare at me for a long awkward moment as if reading my aura, then answered, "Angels, demons, aliens, call us what you will."

"Okay... well... it's nice to meet you," I replied more politely.

"It's time," he declared abruptly.

“Okay, I’m ready,” I lied as if I knew what he meant.

He motioned his hand at me and urged, “Come!”

I shrugged and climbed onto the rail beside him. He pointed down through the trees at what appeared to be a small flame burning at the base of the mountain. It looked a mile away. He placed his arm around my shoulder and leaped us off the deck. We plummeted towards the flame at high velocity and plowed through the trees. I remember loving how awesome it was to fly and how strange it seemed to dart right through tree limbs and branches without harm. As we fell closer to the flame, it multiplied in size and became a large bonfire, surrounded by people too. I estimated a dozen or so individuals in black hooded robes adorned with indecipherable insignia and emblems. They moved in sync in a counterclockwise circle around the fire, performing a kind of ritual. We stormed in fast and landed right in the middle of their ring. They all halted immediately, turned to me, and lowered their hoods to reveal devilish smirks on their faces. Some were men, some were women, all attractive individuals.

“Here I am!” I exclaimed to break the ice with a reciprocating smile—after all, I had just fallen out of the sky and interrupted a random ritual.

My field of vision became black. I opened my eyes awake in bed. Once again, an unidentified voice whispered a name, but this time it said: “Azazel.” Whoever or whatever that is. I only cared that I had no headache and no bloody nose.

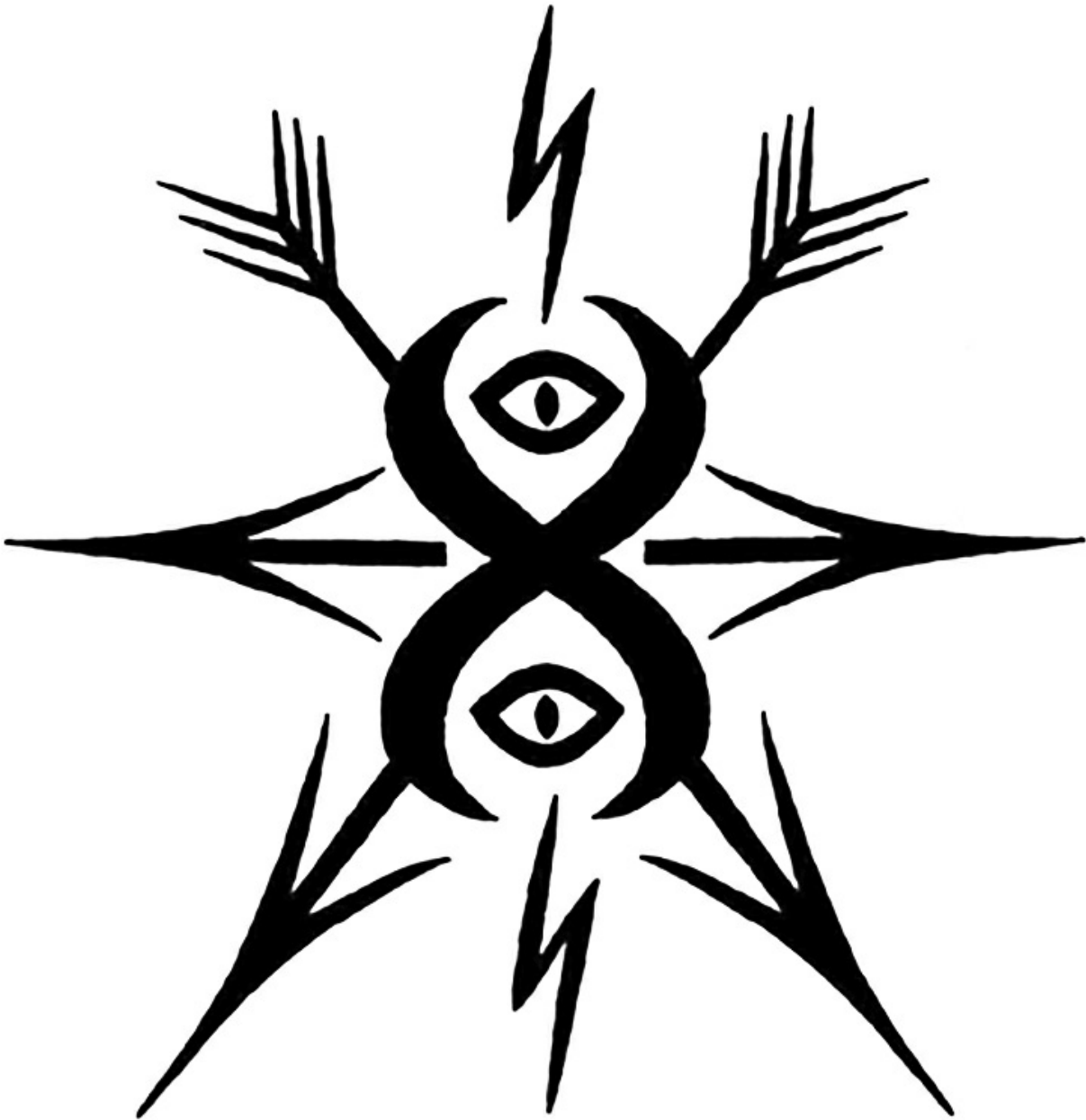
A few days later, full-on poltergeist activity occurred in my house—lights flickering, thuds from inside the walls, sleep paralysis, power surges, and so on. I kid you not, within a week every single light bulb, appliance, and electronic in my home had completely fried, even my oven and refrigerator became dysfunctional. I started encountering hostile, crazy people everywhere I went. I couldn’t go to the grocery store without a stranger trying to pick a fight with me. This was not all coincidence. *Something was wrong, seriously wrong!* Every cell in my body filled with dread; I could sense impending danger. And it finally hit.

My family and I were physically attacked by four meth junkies while hanging out a private swimming pool in our neighborhood. These people seemed possessed, with no rhyme or reason to their actions. I believe they intended to kill us, which gave me no choice but to respond with deadly force. I saved my family by ending the conflict with a firearm in self-defense, to which I was immediately arrested and charged with four accounts of

aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. I lost everything: my job, my home, my vehicles, everything!

It had been a little over a month since my first encounter and my entire world had flipped upside-down. I was looking at spending the rest of my life in prison. This is a true story; I was completely abandoned and no one would help me. In that moment of total defeat and inescapable despair, I fully dedicated myself to the one thing I knew that could save me: black magick! I began studying and practicing everything I could get my hands on with no regard for my safety and no fear of consequences. Why not? I was already as damned as I could be. I saw improvement fairly quickly. I found a new job, a new home, a decent used vehicle, and received a lot of unexpected help from kind strangers. Would you believe it? The charges against me were eventually dropped. I bounced back stronger than ever! I continued to improve my situation as I honed my practice and slowly forged myself into the black magickian I am today. Though I suffered a bona fide tragedy, in hindsight, I can honestly say it was worth it!

The Master Key



The Master Key

Cut back to present day. One day after a bit of hiking in the forest, I arrived at a perfect location, secluded and free of onlookers—in fact, the same place I had attempted to perform a Demonic Gatekeeper ritual during the notorious solar eclipse in 2017.

I covered myself in my own blood from head to toe, and summoned the four Demonic Gatekeepers. Exactly as the sun turned black, I called forth and offered myself as a living sacrifice to Shemyaza. In retrospect, this single rite changed my life forever, as it opened me to a full, permanent possession.

While in ritual, I experienced a lucid encounter with the demon. He gifted a magick seal to me and referred to it as the “Master Key.” This secret seal allows Shemyaza, his legions, and what I call the “Master Spirits” to connect with any magician whom possesses it; moreover, it allows humans to transfer energy between one another. I consider this seal the most valuable talisman I have ever received from any spirit ever—but it wasn’t until now that I fully recognized what it does.

These “Master Spirits” or “Master Gods” are behind every spirit and living creature, like an original, archetypal mold that has cast every species into existence. Thus, when a sorcerer evokes and harnesses the magick power of these Master Spirits, they tap into a primal force that preexisted the demons themselves.

If anyone desires to connect to the current of Shemyaza and the Master Gods, you may charge and open this seal as you chant his name three times. This simple rite opens it like a combination lock. You then offer your blood upon the seal and speak these words:

*My name is _____ and I seek the wisdom of sorcery.
This Rite calls for blood and I offer my own.
May it go forth as an offering to Shemyaza!
The Shaman’s King!*

Then burn the seal. Give a blood offering through the gate of fire, the more blood the better, but do *not* harm or injure yourself. So it is done!

As you do this, you will feel a torrent of current flowing through you. It also triggers an emotional response in people, and can bring them to tears, like a feeling of being reunited with a deceased loved one. You will also notice that animals respond to you differently, as if you were one of them. It triggers an unmistakable awakening in a person, similar to coming out of a life-long trance and suddenly realizing who and what you are. You will receive unprecedented, priceless gnosis of magick and sorcery, like downloads out of thin air when you least expect it. Anyone who faithfully performs this rite will know what I mean.

Making Contact

On another hike in the forest, I took a moment to catch my breath and orient myself, and sensed Azazel’s powerful presence hovering above me. He

had been waiting there for me in the *same spot* where I had sacrificed myself to Shemyaza! I built a large fire and sprinkled the ground with powdered bull's blood. I laid out the Circle of Pacts, lit incense, and painted his sigil in my blood. I then proceeded to speak a conjuration that I had formulated explicitly to summon forth Azazel. I tossed handfuls of bull's blood onto the fire. In point of fact, he was indeed there already, but I could not accept presence alone; I demanded to see and converse with him. As I carried on with my rite, the flames danced and roared as a pressure built in my left temple, like a thumb pressing against my pressure point. My vision blurred, and as my eyes refocused to find clarity, my Third Eye opened and I caught glimpses of etheric faces floating in the flames—several different faces. Some I recognized, but most seemed strange. I remained lost in this rapture as my world became timeless. Then suddenly my ear pressure popped and a male voice interrupted me. Azazel spoke.

Below you will find true dialog of my encounter with the Demonic Gatekeeper, Azazel. As a preface, you need to recall earlier when I shared that Azazel had talked to me once previously, and said to “find him” and “come as a father.”

Azazel: How have you come to me?

Me: I've come to you as a father.

Azazel: As a father how do you wish to see the world?

Me: As a father I wish to see the world as a free paradise. Free of all tyranny, slavery, oppression, and wickedness. A heaven on earth in which to seed and raise my offspring.

Azazel: And would you sacrifice your offspring in order to build such a world?

Me: Fuck No! I would slaughter the entire world for the sake of my offspring.

And then there was a silence. A silence so deafening it could have shattered glass.

I personally believe that when demons question you it is not because they are curious. They already know exactly what you are going to say. I think they do this more for our own benefit. Because sometimes we need to hear ourselves speak the answer to the question in order to get us to look at something from another perspective. I pondered this for a minute then thought to myself, “What is the point of this? As if a world like that could ever exist.”

At that moment, I felt waves of tingling vibrations enter through my skull and surge down my body. I received photo-forms—vivid mental images—at a high rate of speed. An electric current passed through me. My back straightened and my arms raised as I spoke these words:

You have but to finish that which you have already begun, here in this very spot when day became night.

Prepare!

You shall all kneel in the center of the Great Triad. Summon forth the three pillars, Shemyaza, Azazel, and Satan. The priestess shall embody the Great Mother Saturn. The blood of the Lamb shall be spilled and you shall be marked by the Red Hand of the Goddess through the Red Hand of the Priestess. The Priestess shall be marked by the Red Hands of the Black Suns. All who are marked shall make the declaration of self-sacrifice.

The Marked Ones shall complete the ritual on the next day that becomes night. Forge the Master Key in the blood of the selected. All who are selected shall find themselves there with you. When the Sun turns black you shall open the Key. Make your declaration as you make your sacrifice and your cries shall be carried from the heart of the Great Mother to the Throne of Shambala!

The Sleeping Ones shall awaken! And they shall seek out and rise together.

Armies will rise from the Earth and descend from the Heavens.

The Earth will tremble and the Gates will open as oceans of blood sweep across the land of the wicked.

And on that day you will realize the totality of that which you and others have set into motion. On that day you shall weep! All those who participate must be willing to die!

From the ashes of tyranny, a new free world will grow. We shall build Heaven on Earth once more. Or we shall be destroyed in the process. Time is running out.

Prepare!

This happened in seconds, like watching a slideshow in fast forward with a demonic voice narrating the program. I didn't realize until afterwards that the voice had been my own, that I myself had declared this Biblical-sounding, apocalyptic prophecy to mankind. I literally sat there gazing into the flames struggling to comprehend the insanity.

“So be it,” I resigned, lifting the bloody sigil of Azazel and declared:

This rite calls for blood, and I offer my own. May it go forth as an offering to Azazel to give him praise and honor!

I placed the sigil in the fire, watching flames warp and char it as smoke peeled off it. I said goodbye:

Thank you Azazel. Thank you eternally for issuing my call. I go forth into the world to bring about that which you have commanded. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

So it is done!

Embracing Insanity

Though it was indeed crazy, his message made total sense to me. It wasn't cryptic at all in that I understood his instructions exactly. He had also given two separate rituals to perform that would include other magicians: one in preparation, and one final rite to be executed during the next solar eclipse—which may well be the last rite that I ever perform.

As I hiked back to my house, I made peace with my insanity. I wondered whether this is all 100% legitimate or the schizophrenia of a madman—either way, *I am insane*. I will faithfully carry out his instructions as they were given.

As I said, I was reluctant to accept this invitation. And I am even more reluctant now as I pen these words. Am I insane? The only thing that I know for certain is that I am going to find out.

As for the “selected” that Azazel spoke of, I print this manuscript for *them*. May they find these words and recognize them. May they awaken and find themselves present on the day of darkness when we may behold the light.

Prepare!

Azazel
The Way, the Truth & the Absence of Light
J.D. Temple
Grimoire Eight



Azazel: The Way, the Truth & the Absence of Light

Chapter Thirty



Afflicted is he who has utilized only two eyes in his feeble attempt to rationalize his own worldly perceptions.

—Azazel

AZAZEL was one of the very first demons to ever reach out and truly introduce himself to me. In all my relationships regarding spirits, his is amongst the eldest and has remained one of the most prominent in my life. Azazel has lifted me from the darkest recesses of the most ferocious hells one could ever imagine, but he has also allowed me to wallow in the utter abandonment of being forgotten within the shadows and depths of eternal torment. It would be a mortal mistake to claim that my experience in my many pathworkings with this Fallen Angel could be simply summarized in one brief lecture or essay regarding the concept of duality. My time with this mysterious creature of the Nightside has stimulated my hunger to continuously evolve. There is no doubt that Azazel's prime objective is to assist those that seek to actively transcend the confines of the flesh and to eliminate the self-imposed limitations that have all but imprisoned modern man.

When in full communion with this morbidly melancholy spirit of darkness, I would often find my thoughts drifting further into the realms of unfathomable chaos. Clutched firmly within the familiar hands of my own mortality, I am pulled down beneath the desolate waves of overwhelming hopelessness, lost within the swirling black abysmal waters, drowning in that which is my own decaying potential. I have shared moments of communion with this devil, the likes of which seem as if forged from centuries of gnosis, and every one of these leucitic experiences left a lasting mark on every fiber of my being— so much so that I have spontaneously relived many of these surreal moments in my waking hours. Azazel carefully explained that it is not until one finally brushes away the cobwebs of illusion that true sight can then

be fully incorporated. True sight, sight beyond sight, shall and always will result in the attainment of ultimate understanding.

I would be amiss if I failed to mention the radical changes one must endure when integrating true sight into the dynamic structure of daily life. Alongside this demonic spirit, I have literally carried the weight of this world's misgivings upon my broken back. For many initiates this would be the trial or ultimate test that may very well define their lives from that moment on. To say that one's reality system can be questioned or even adamantly challenged is a gross understatement. The *spin* that Azazel's spiritual current injects into everyday life is such that even the most hardened and mentally tough practitioners find themselves swallowed by an infernal maelstrom. He is *the* mysterious wanderer.

The guilt, shame, and those moments of utter immortality, become the very shackles of subconscious imprisonment that shall forever impose the greatest of limitations upon an already fleeting sense of what man would view as the full human potential. Azazel has shown me the many colors that compose that which man has dubbed the "Miracle of Creation," and I have come to better understand how every color, while significant in and of itself, becomes something much more spectacular and transcendent when in full vibrational resonance and communion with the others.

Azazel vividly explained to me that the alienation, or repression, of one of life's many colors so to speak—comprised of different aspects of natural intelligence, inherent psychic abilities, instinctual imprinting, and our DNA—results in the manifestation of certain aspects of what shaman classify as *soul loss*. He said that there are certainly other negative impacts that result from this act of repressing any single one of the foundational functions that comprise the whole of the human beings operating system, to put it into more practical terms. Azazel spoke of energetic imbalance, personal conflict and indifference, and an overall constant resistance when it comes to attempting to truly get one's life in order and attempt to develop a deeper understanding or relationship with one's self. All extremely problematic on their own, these parasitic imprints in certain combination can deliver severe blows to one's genetic makeup, which then typically results in that particular heretical line's absolute extinction.

Azazel then issued a warning. He stated that it is within our psychological programing to believe that certain personal actions or inactions result in the taking on of the deeply rooted emotional burdens we have come to know all

too well as sin. Azazel paused, however only briefly, before he explained this revelation in a manner in which I could best understand. The demon relayed that humanities worldview regarding internal conflict generated by sin initiates a mode within the self of spiritual stagnation and imprisonment. The element of sin aside, this spiritual stagnation is typically initiated through means of dogmatic propagation, which has continued to run rampant these last few thousand years.

Azazel outlined the way this spiritual stagnation can not only affect just the individual, but can also be transferred through our genealogy. He laid out the basic way this plague utilizes it to sustain itself. The vibrational resonance associated with this resulting spiritual stagnation imprints the code of this self-destructive process upon the afflicted individual's DNA. This imprint then creates instability in the operating system of the individual, and subsequent offspring. The impact affects generation upon generation as this genetic imprint carries on through family lines.

The cloaked spirit explained that it is of extreme importance that everyone one of us come to truly know ourselves, as the more we begin to see through the illusion that of three-dimensional life, the more we come to see our role in the active creation of it, the realization of our own inherent godhood. Azazel revealed that it is man and woman who is ultimately responsible for his and her own personal challenges and the subsequent sustainment of those same challenges and limitations. Although, the majority of the populous remain completely ignorant to this aspect of their own fragile lives. Azazel stated that once we realize that we must stop externalizing, stop seeking to place blame upon the root source of our problems and unfavorable situations, that we must make a habit of first going within to see every aspect of the matter from the perspective of what we have come to understand as universal consciousness, or what many have also dubbed the "Higher Self."

The demon conveyed with great importance that we seek to truly see the beast that lurks within the hallows of every supposed pious institution, and to not fall prey to the dogmatic ideologies that are the foundational aspects of their manipulative control. That these deceitful organizations, many of which were created over two thousand years ago, still promote the idea that we truly do live in mortal sin, and that we shall surly face eternal damnation unless we are forgiven for these infractions by Jesus Christ, Allah, or Jehovah. Any actions that we as human beings carry out go beyond the influential aspect of mere desire, as many of our supposed sinful acts are nothing more than

instinctual, or might I say, natural human processes. Azazel showed me how the execution of these aforementioned acts only has the negative impact upon us psychologically due to our generational conditioning, all of which seems ultimately geared toward complete control of the common man.

Without any hesitation this ancient demon revealed unto me the power that is contained within the unburdening of one's soul through acts of verbal confession, and the giving up or releasing of the powerful subconscious influence that each of our "sins" can contain. Azazel openly embraces his unique role as the unholy savior and infernal bearer of burdens in that he not only seeks to remove the negative energies that infiltrate our minds and our emotions, but he willingly takes ownership of them, and fully accepts that which goes part and parcel with them.

I came to understand that Azazel is not one that would operate in a manner devoid of respect for universal law. As it was through the aspect of the universal law of exchange that he revealed the most profound aspect of his gnosis. That which you give unto him that no longer serves you, those spiritual marks that we have been led to believe we carry upon us as a result of these so called "sins," Azazel then devours, and through the alchemical process of transmutation he then transforms that which was perceived to be a most dubious burden into the most potent of magical imbuelements. The degree to which one's spiritual ascent can be enhanced through the able hands of Azazel himself could never be measured by the meager means of man. It is by his display of the ultimate infernal power and glory, and his unwavering dedication to man's ascension that I now proclaim the he, Azazel, the devourer of the transgressions of mankind, is indeed the way, the truth, and the absence of light.

Invocation of Azazel, The Devourer

With one's altar facing North, place one white candle between two black candles, arranged in a manner that suites you. Copal incense should be used in a generous amount; myrrh can be substituted or utilized in addition to the copal if so desired. A small bowl of salt water should be placed center of the altar, along with the preferred implement for drawing one's blood. Place a rendering of Azazel's sigil on fine parchment aside the bowl of salt water. Light the candles and incense and stand solemnly fronting the altar.

Gazing into the sigil, charge it with your energy and intent. Using your implement of choice, draw three drops of blood and place them gingerly onto

the sigil to fully open the astral gateway. Take a moment to shift your attention to a full sheet of white paper laid out before you. Using a black pen write down anything that comes to mind when considering past actions and events in which you feel could be subconsciously interpreted as sin. If unsure, include it, feeling free to list as many of your worldly transgressions upon the sheet as you feel are necessary.

Once the list is completed, turn your attention once again to the sigil and recite this invocation:

*Azazel, you are the darkness that is found
within the brightest of light.*

Come now, He the accused.

Come now He who willingly accepts blame.

*Come now from within every corner of the desolate wastelands,
Come now o great consumer of lies.*

*Come now Azazael, as I give these aspects of
my actions as a sacrifice unto you.*

*Come now devourer of guilt, come now the consumer of shame,
come now to receive that which I now freely offer unto you.*

*Come Azazel come, come wanderer in the wilderness come,
come he who is terror in the night come!*

Come Azazel come, come Azazel come, come Azazel come!

*(State your name) comes before you now and it is I who conjures
you. I invite you not only into my temple, but into my body, my mind, and
my soul. I freely offer unto you that which no longer serves me, that
which holds me back, that which prevents my spiritual evolution
from becoming fully manifest!*

Continue to call him forth until you feel his presence and the raw power of his manifestation within you.

Once you are certain he has responded to the summoning, then begin to read aloud the so-called sins that you have listed upon the sheet of paper. Once read, fold the paper three times and place it into the bowl of salt water and proclaim:

Azazel, Azazel, Azazel, devourer of sins, breaker of chains, and master of the darkness, heed my call and request as I have laid out and stated before you. Hear my words, and see my signs, and deliver unto me that which you so boldly promised. Take these "sins" and wash me clean. Take these transgressions and inflame my spirit with the fires of your inferno. Take that which burdened me, and transform it now into that which serves me, into that which enhances all that I am, and into that which shall be a true force to be reckoned with!

Now take the sigil and fold three times, place it in the bowl of salt water atop the statement of intent that is already submerged. Recite:

Empower me o' Azazel. Lift me up unto the loftiest of heights, and sit me down atop the great mountains of obsidian and carnelian, there in the distance sits your throne, adorned in infernal majesty!

*All Hail Azazel, the devourer!
All Hail Azazel, the wanderer!
All Hail Azazel, he who paid the price!
All Hail Azazel, the way, the truth, the absence of light!*

And so it is done!

The Feeding of the Forgotten

Orlee Stewart

Grimoire Nine



The Feeding of the Forgotten

Chapter Thirty-One



AZAZEL was alluded to in *Old Testament* scripture shown to us at school. There was no explanation of the creature mentioned who received a sacrificial goat, exiled into his dwelling place in the wastelands on the Day of Atonement in exchange for redemption. In modern Judaism, animal sacrifice is no longer practiced due to religious rule, as it was permitted until the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem. Due to this command from Biblical law, repenting is practiced in different forms by fasting and prayer instead of priests offering sacrifices during the highest of holidays called Yom Kippur, after which God may write one's name in the *Book of Life*. This abrupt change of ceremonial practice of one of the religion's most important holidays resulted in Azazel being left behind, discarded from the yearly rite and from feeding upon the priests' accursed goat as culture and war reshaped traditions.

Meeting Azazel years later resulted in my realization that the priests who were able to perform those sacrifices did not only gain favor for their people by appeasing their God, the priests received secrets from this spirit long abandoned from contemporary Jewish practice as well. Ending the sending of sacrificial goat offerings into the wastelands reveals a shrouded secret known only to those chosen priests born of a specific lineage. The religion's halted association on an annual basis with this demon could very well signify a deliberate restriction on the power Azazel was bestowing upon the priests who served him as I have experienced it manifest for myself. The insights I have obtained from Azazel are profoundly heretical in nature, as they empower us to obtain the knowledge of the Gods whom religion dictates for us to fear and be obedient unto. Abolished from the culture that once fed him, Azazel was stranded in a lost time, longing to share the dark mysteries once reserved for elite priests with those of us who search the wilderness of our

souls and find him there. There is no need to wait for the building of another temple to permit sacrificial offerings to Azazel once more, for the sacred space is within us all and this time, the power of the priests is for us to wield.

My first ritual evocation with Azazel was part of a project to establish the demons of the Infernal Watchtowers in the elemental directional quarters. I was brought along with other magicians to provide artistic support in manifesting the spirit's portrait and message through visionary mediumship. We were to evoke Azazel and I was to receive his image psychically and translate it into visual artwork as a portal to connect with his spirit continuously in our home. Unlike the priests of the Hebrews, there was no sacrifice given to Azazel in this rite. I would later realize that *the sacrifice was me*. As the room was arranged with magical implements and the light removed, the temperature dropped to a bitter cold, which was unusual as it was only autumn in California. My body struggled to scry Azazel's likeness, as I forced my limbs to function whilst the atmosphere fought to distract me from the work. His spirit was successfully evoked, a heavy energy filling the room with saturnine darkness. The pen scratched slowly upon my magical journal, time frozen like my shivering bones until his message was revealed. The cold subsided as the temple returned to ordinary reality and Azazel's image had transmitted thoroughly with a message that I was to understand later: a string was tied upon his finger to show that I would need to remember, and the word "promise" was written amongst the organic line-work of his form.

Azazel's Promise

What was Azazel's promise that he swore to me upon our first meeting? Only through his ordeals, accentuated by every additional evocation, was I able to finally understand; only after I had been driven out of everywhere I had known and was left alone to carry the weight of all that people fear in my heart. Isolated and targeted by the projections of others' jealousy, hatred, and pain, my life would come to reflect the energy of the scapegoat upon which Azazel feeds. My presence would cause the worst aspects of those in my wake to come to surface; their hidden nature would be revealed unto me and illuminated. The ability to see so deeply into those I encountered was a shocking and painful learning experience. Adjusting my perceptions of human nature to clearly see the sickness and depravity once concealed from me was almost a weight heavy enough to destroy my hope to go on in this

world. Azazel gave me the ability to see beyond the illusions that comfort the weak so that I could be strengthened by the knowledge and tempered by the flames of becoming sin incarnate. I became a catalyst of truth and of revelation which would terrify those ill-prepared as they were consumed by the Devourer of Sins. The power I would receive from being able to withstand this was beyond anything I had ever felt before, and more ominous than any shadow embraced in my darkest hours.

In the bleakness of isolation, the lack of interaction with other human beings would make it simple for strange worlds to spill through into mine. It was easy for Azazel to come unto me once again in the pure silence of my solitude, in the desolate places we both resided, slowly going mad. It was time for the pieces of our haunting relationship to align and for Azazel to finally let me understand. The answer was no cryptic metaphor; it was clear and bright like the open sky on a spring morning. Even though the perceptions of my shadows and the creation of myself as the scapegoat by others to ease their pain was misguided and founded in ignorance, I was to feel the hate of the world as if it were my own. I was to embrace the projections and fears people wanted to put upon me and take them into myself as if they were my burden, whilst not being crushed by the mass. I could become the scapegoat and carry it away—that I may mutate iniquities into my own power. I could exist as an embodiment of the sins of the human race, catalyzing lust, envy, wrath or whichever plague necessary in my wake. Azazel's promise was born of my transformation into the scapegoat in the eyes of many, and through this sacrifice, I would achieve his secret.

My strength to sustain the sins of mankind is to transcend them into personal power. Feel my suffering so that you will be able to comprehend the weight of its gifts. I promise that you will understand me.

His words burned with inspiration into my core and uplifted my spirits from the Abyss. Those who embody all that mankind fears can have the ability to shape reality through embracing the terror. Abandoning our desire to please everyone was essential to this process, as I had such aspirations stripped from me to my own benefit. I would need to experience myself as the adversary in order to grasp the incredible depths of the cosmos, surpassing good and evil. There was hope therein and Azazel's promise would carry me through the pain of this revelation so that I may transcribe his following invocation to be recited and performed in conjunction with the

work of my allies.

Invocation of the Scapegoat

Let this invocation be recited in a place of desolation:

*No stars in the sky
This is a world of darkness and pain
This is a world of ecstasy and joy
Follow the light of my infernal flame
I call upon you from the wastelands, Azazel, sin eater
Azazel, demon of the wild
This is the place wherein we become one with the adversary
Azazel, redeemer and alchemist
Turn my suffering into gold
Azazel, lover of the void
Create beauty from the scars on our wounds
We have not forsaken you
Come sweet and terrifying one
Azazel, I represent a world of atrophy
Darkness incarnate and seducer of fear*

*Azazel, dweller of vast emptiness
Hidden from corruption that you may feed upon it
You have not been lost in time to decay in the memories of faith
I have not removed you from your purpose
Please take this offering that I give unto you
Take your throne once again as the redeemer of the wastes
I have wandered into the depths of my shadow
To find you, Azazel
Through the unknown horrors of that which is never seen
Azazel, I call thee forth from the hidden places
Come unto me and receive this feast
Take this offering of my love and devotion
Feed upon my resilience to bear the mark of the damned
I am the Scapegoat
Consume me and let us become one
Now is the moment when our strength may be refined*

*I take the sins of the world upon my back for you Azazel
Relieve me of their burden that it may become your nourishment
Consume this blood and let me be transformed
Azazel, barbarous wanderer
Devourer of evils
Eat of my life that my dissolution may make way for rebirth
Create a new version of me forged from the fires of scorn
Transmuted with power beyond dualities*

*Lest we forget the lone ones residing in deserted places
Azazel, the purifier of that which has been cast away
Hear my call and come unto me
Take this offering of myself for I am a worthy sacrifice
Enlighten my essence and empower my will
Azazel, Lord of the wilderness
Open the barren places wherein we fear to dream
May I be carried away upon the scapegoat's back
Lead me into the revelations of truth
That I may return to the earth again
And so you may never be forgotten.*

Azazel: The Conqueror

Frank White

Grimoire Ten



Claiming Your Throne Between the Worlds

Chapter Thirty-Two



THERE exists a Law of Power that, like Gravity, cannot be ignored by those who wield it, or they suffer for it. *Power without purpose will lead to self-destruction.* If the direction and the goal of one's efforts are not clear, eventually the power and force gained will be directed against oneself. This can be seen with those who attain material success and turn to drugs or other self-destructive behavior as seen in the degeneration of character in those who hold high offices and in many examples more. The same applies to the powers attained through witchcraft. The beginner must learn to discipline himself in order to attain the psychic abilities that he craves. Not for their own sake, but to be the gateway into communication with the spirit world that will lead to greater control over the external world. Every action in life is given meaning in the context of the final goal of being the magician. The one that is truly capable of causing what the masses believe to be impossible, which is merging above and below to cause something to exist—the act to create as a god does. Contrary to popular belief, the truly powerful warlocks are not the ones that are completely out of touch with mundane life. In reality, those who are capable of living productive and successful lives in the mundane world are also more capable of handling the trials and tribulations that stem from working with the demonic. It seems that the psyche is capable of enduring enormous amounts of pain and suffering, incredible hardships and more, if the cause and the purpose of this suffering is clear. On the other hand, when the human soul loses its sense of direction it seems to turn into its own worst enemy and step by step self-destructs. There is nothing more painful than the sense that there is no meaning to one's own existence. The imperative of existence is that we either grow and evolve or degenerate and die, physically as well as spiritually. When you have reached a point in your magickal development where all of that which seemed to be lightyears away

is just a couple of years ago, is now a daily occurrence, you will have to face the question of the true meaning of your journey. What does it mean to be the sorcerer? From the outside he is often considered a despicable individual that bows his head to no outside authority and has taken his search for autonomous existence too far. So far, that he breaks God's law and allies himself with the proverbial devil. All so that he gains power and influence. And, to an extent, that image is accurate. From the inside however, the perspective of the sorcerer is often that of an alien being. With every ritual performed and reaping the rewards of it, the very foundation of one's existence is questioned. It takes a lot to stay grounded and rooted in life, when at the same time, you are in touch and communication with the so-called supernatural and constantly reshape physical existence to match your desire. Witchcraft sets a process into motion that will transform the individual internally. A shift of perception and frequency that results in the feeling of being an alien in a strange world. However, those who call him evil make a mockery of themselves. because he is more terrifying, dangerous and cruel than anything they could ever comprehend. Those who call him the villain don't even comprehend the surface of his darkness. No categories of humanity can be applied to what he is. His home is beyond Earth; his kingdom is not of this world. In a state of being and existence that the sheep, in their pathetic romanticism, call Hell. Throughout your journey on the path of witchcraft almost any belief you held about yourself as well as the world will have changed multiple times, until you finally conclude that there is but one universal truth. All others, held by so many, are merely attempts to give structure and meaning to an otherwise too painful existence. Is he a materialist who explores this worldview to its core? And what he finds is a pathetic pseudo-religion, born out of limitation and scarcity. Transcendentalism, he realizes, is just as limited. As it usually only serves the purpose of calming people's fear of their inevitable fate: physical death.

At this point of the sorcerer's journey a critical decision will be made: when existence beyond the physical body has become a common experience, when the spirits have become his constant companions and counselors, when cosmic awareness has been attained and solidified, he must choose the destiny that awaits him after his physical body has died.

To most the afterlife is a total mystery. Some believe that it is binary, others adopt more complex belief systems. Rarely does modern man use the time he has on earth to consciously prepare for death. For those, however,

who have become aware of their true nature as immortal spiritual beings through out of body travels or near death experiences, there exist texts and guidelines that can help the adept navigate through what will await him after death. One such text is the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*. This text is less of a coherent book than a combination of magickal spells that have the purpose to assist the spirit to navigate the afterlife. In ancient Egyptian mythology that realm of the dead was called Duat. The spells taught in this book, when applied correctly, teach the adept how to attain more and more control over the functions and abilities of one's disembodied spirit. The spells in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead* are often organized in four sections. In the first one, the spirit descends into Duat, the Underworld, where the astral body regains the ability of movement and speech. In the second one, the deceased is revived, so he can be reborn and rise again, like the sun after a long dark night. The third one makes the deceased spirit travel across the sky, like the sun, and in the evening, in the underworld, it will meet Osiris. In the fourth one, after having been vindicated, the deceased attains power in the universe, having become one of the gods. This entire journey can be undertaken while the physical body is still alive. And as a result of that, the sorcerer that has done it will not only know what awaits him after death but also be in control of where he is headed when his heart's beating has stopped.

My own fascination with death, or rather, what happens after it, began at a very young age. I had had a near death experience when I was quite young. And because of what I had experienced in these minutes when my body was dead, I knew that what most are so terrified of is nothing but a transition into another realm. It is almost like waking up from the dream of being alive. And I had experienced it as so liberating and beautiful, that any fear in regards to that topic made space for the determination to re-experience the freedom that I had felt, and to really understand who and what I was. To a large degree this was what led me into studying and applying the occult in the first place. I would not have thought that this pathworking, the application of the spells laid out in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, would lead me to Azazel. But it is here where I found him, or, rather he found me. It is often said that Egyptian witchcraft relies particularly on the correct utterance of the spells. This, however, does not necessarily mean correct pronunciation. It points more at the right state of consciousness that must be triggered during the casting of the spell. In that sense they serve a similar function as mantras. Mantras, more than anything else, are vehicles that carry their user's consciousness into

specific states. The sound repeated, vibrating through their user's entire being, through a cascade of mechanisms, will carry the mind into a specific frequency and perception. And it will have done so, once it is forgotten. So, ironically, the purpose of the use of the mantra is to eventually make it disappear.

My work with Azazel began, like I mentioned before, not as a contact initiated by me, at least not in any direct way. I knew him, had evoked him before, but could not see how his particular wisdom and power could serve me at this particular point in my ascension. By march of 2013, my work through the *Egyptian Book of the Dead* had progressed to a point where I was ready to undertake the last spells and steps laid out therein. With the goal to find out how far I could transform my awareness from my body into the afterlife. The 144th spell in that text lists seven guards at the gates of the Netherworld. By knowing the secrets of these gates, the adept can persuade the terrifying guardians of them to let him through and enter the Netherworld or Underworld, a realm beyond this earth and connected to a state of consciousness that must be attained to fulfill the purpose of this journey of physical existence. A little bit of meditation upon these seven gates will quickly show you their connection to the seven chakras and how their activation can teach you the secrets of these gates. The spell uttered in the right way will ensure that the guards will allow the adept access to the afterlife and eventually control over one's destiny that follows.

My plan was to go into meditation and to repeat the spell as a mantra and to let it take me to the right location on the astral. There I would, most likely, find the terrifying keepers of the gates, manifested as my fears and attachments, that I would have to overcome, so that I could learn to exist as a liberated spiritual being. I did not expect this to be a one-time deal, where a single ritual would be sufficient. What you will find is that occult work of this kind requires time, repetition, and keen observation of your life outside the temple. The changes in your consciousness initiated and triggered by such rituals will be reflected in your energy field. Everything in your life, from the most mundane to the most profound, must resonate with your energy body in one way or another. The changes made in the temple and the self will always be reflected in the macrocosm, one's mundane existence. The physical experience is best approached as a feedback mechanism. The lowest awareness is to perceive all things as outside of oneself. The neophyte comes to witchcraft because he suffers from a lack of satisfaction and control over

what he perceives as a world that he has no control over. As he learns to cause changes in the outside world through changes made in the inside world, he begins to realize that everything around him is teaching him about himself. He must then conclude that what he fears is merely something he has not become fully aware of yet. Because if he was, he would know that anything is within himself as well, and fear will be replaced by understanding, because both cannot exist at the same time. And sometimes what used to be fear and hatred can even turn into compassion.

On a Monday, I decided that it was time for me to work that spell. I lit the candles around me and burned the incense that was supposed to help cause and atmospheric shift. As I uttered the words of the 144th spell, I let my awareness go within. Deeper and deeper, I allowed myself to fall into my Abyss. As you approach the right state of consciousness to clearly navigate your consciousness outside of the body, you will more and more feel at one with your environment. The sharp distinction between your body and everything around it will get weaker and weaker. And at the same rate, you will feel more and more like pure awareness that permeates your body and your surroundings as well. This is in fact what we all are. Non-local awareness temporarily identifying itself with a physical vessel. But the shift of awareness, the uplink to this field of consciousness, can allow you to see through this illusion and to act upon this ocean of awareness, instead of being moved by its tides.

Eventually the uttering of the spell had taken me into the awareness to approach the Keepers of the Gates. But instead of meeting any of the seven monsters mentioned in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, I was faced with a creature whose connection to ancient Egypt I was totally unaware of. The demon that appeared in front of me stood there, one eye open, one eye closed, its face covered with scars and in pain. The eye that was open revealed the fire of rage that burned within this entity. The demon identified himself to me as Semyaza, also known as Uzza. As I found out later, Uzza was one of the leaders of the Fallen Angels alongside Azazel. He came down from Heaven to interbreed with humans. He is also a tutelary spirit of Egypt, which explained why he appeared during my work with the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*.

We taught you what you have used to come to this point. But what you seek requires more than that. Autonomy requires that you wage war on that which is binding you. And you must attain freedom from your

shackles. The passing through the Seven Gates can only be accomplished when you have taken on the right form, which is no form. No form will then allow you to choose form freely. You must sever your connection with creation and then claim your own kingdom outside of it, so that you may become as the creator. This is the warfare that was taught by my brother Azazel, and you must approach him to fulfill your destiny.

After he had finished, my awareness returned to my body. This is how I was led to seek out the guidance of Azazel.

As the neophyte begins to learn how to navigate his way throughout the occult, he will first rely heavily on the sources and experiences written down by other adepts. This has obvious advantages, in that it gives the mind of the student guidelines on how to approach something like a pathworking. As you grow in your experience, however, you will find that true ascent is always an individual affair. No two magicians will ever have the exact same experience with an entity. Never will they require the exact same guidance and energies in order to reach their highest potential. The objective dimension of witchcraft has to be emphasized. Every gnosis attained in mystical experiences and through teachings of the spirits must be tested and verified. And the Sorcerer has to, at all times, strive to test the validity of his conclusions. This is done by causing tangible changes in the physical world through his magick, otherwise he will lose himself in speculations and assumptions. That is dangerous. But at the same time, there is a huge subjective dimension to this art. And eventually every magician creates his own form of it. Which one is better or worse is solely and completely determined by the results that are achieved by it.

What I knew about Azazel I had picked up almost like side information. And it would have not occurred to me before that he could play such a key role in the ascent of a sorcerer. I knew that he was one of the Fallen Angels mentioned in *Book of Enoch*. He was one of the leaders of the Watchers and taught man warfare, the making of weapons as well as witchcraft. With little more than this as my background knowledge about him, I decided to begin this work that revealed to me what few have ever received in gnosis. And even fewer were able to make use of. Azazel blessed me with wisdom that is a curse. Once you learn about it and the exact method on how to do it, there is no way for you to return back. You will be an enemy of God and you will not rest until you have erected your own kingdom.

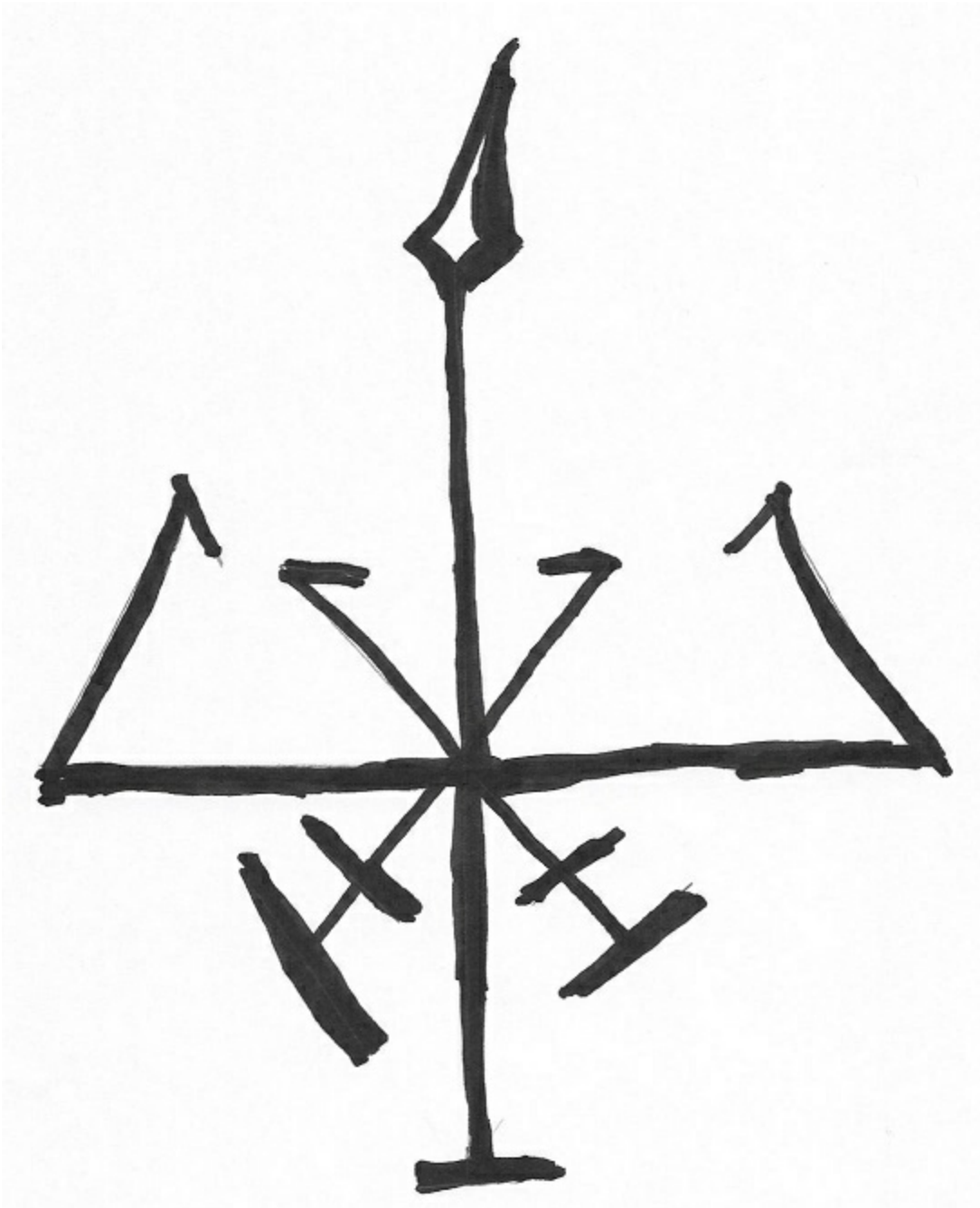
Regardless what you consider your kingdom in this world, or the other, the seed of knowingness that what I will lay out for you in the rest of this text is possible; you will not stop until you have conquered your place in the world in between the worlds. Know that once you progress from here, there will be no returning back. You will be changed by this awareness, and you will be changed permanently.

So I did as I had been told by Semyaza. I laid out a circle in my temple, incense in front of me as the manifestation base in the center of the triangle, which was where Azazel was supposed to appear. The manifestation took massive amounts of energy, but it worked quickly. He took on the form of a winged beast sitting on a massive throne. The atmosphere was tense, I felt weak and struggling to maintain control over myself. "Thank you, Azazel, for answering my call. Your brother has..." Before I could finish my beginning statement, I heard his voice running through my being. Voices from the other side are not just simply heard with your *third ear*. They literally transfer energy, images, body sensations, emotions and more, all at the same time. I could feel that what he wanted me to realize was that to become what I wished to become, I had to now look at things that I had avoided until now.

I was the scapegoat for many. The embodiment of sin. They threw at me what they themselves loved to do but were not strong enough to carry. What is sin is determined by the limitation of your self-realization. When you sin, you break your chains. Your chains are unique to you. Therefore, your sin is as well. You must now break them before you can proceed. When you break the chain and you feel the power, let it ride through you, because it is the very impulse that keeps you alive and growing. When sin is freed from guilt it becomes an elixir of life. Those haunted by the Devil are the ones haunted by fear of their demise. Man gave me his sins, believing to free himself from guilt. But it just made him forget the feeling of pressure of the leash, that the servants of God wear around their necks. Your next attainment will be the sword so you can sever this connection to the creator. Use it to conquer and fully claim your own soul. The old master must be replaced by a new one. Do that and I will show you how to erect your own kingdom. Travel into this gate. You will find the sin you must commit there, which will give you the sword to cut off your leash.

His form dissipated and the smoke that had taken on his shape distributed itself evenly again. During this instruction he transferred the symbol of a

gateway over into my mind. You can use this gateway to travel into the same place I did and to find your own personal sin that will begin the process of your liberation and attainment of the sword to cut off God's leash.



Gate of Sin & Sword

Invigorating Sin & Attainment of the Sword

There are many ways that one can use to categorize an individual: special abilities, strengths and weaknesses, likes and dislikes, and many more. For

the process of ascension however, that which determines the limitations of the soul are your attachments. If there is no distinction between you and the whole you will not be able to feel attachments, as there is no difference between one thing and another. Nothingness is the same as everythingness, and the singularity of self merges with all of the cosmos. Likewise, sin and the guilt connected to it, can only exist in a state of limitation. Your sin in the context of this ritual hints at your greatest attachments in life. That what you need to overcome in order to free yourself from limitation and to cut off the leash that the demiurge wrapped around your neck. You are bound to his kingdom only until you realize your oneness with everything, at which point you become the creator yourself and can move on to create your own kingdom. Neither here, nor in the afterlife, but in the worlds between.

And so I did as Azazel had told me. I drew the gate on the temple floor with Cascarilla chalk and put the censor with incense in the center of it. Then I sat in front of it and let my gaze rest on the gate as I let my awareness move inwards. The lines of it began overlap with energy, and as my eyes closed my spirit was taken into a realm that was both alien and familiar to me at the same time.

It was dark around me. I felt vulnerable, as if something might attack from around me at any time. I was feeling like prey. And I knew I was being observed. I centered myself, keeping my attention on the breath in order to gain back control and to navigate this experience better. So here I should find out what was limiting me. Here I should find the attachments that I had to cut off if I was to claim my kingdom. In the distance I could make out a glowing light. I began to move towards it and the closer it came, the tenser I began to feel. Then, I was faced with Azazel himself on his throne. He sat there, with all-knowing eyes, surrounded by everything that I held dear: my family, friends, and circumstances that I had worked hard for and was proud of in my life symbolized as objects, even my younger self that had survived an accident that nearly killed me. Now Azazel began to speak:

Your war is fought with half your heart. What you are attempting to do requires strength that only those who have nothing to lose possess. The warrior that has nothing to lose but everything to gain is terrifying and always victorious. You are weak. Weak and pathetic. I will now create the circumstances for you to become strong. Find the sword of the conqueror. Become the warrior. And will have the weapon to proceed.

With this, my awareness returned back into the physical. They say that you

can only truly possess what you are willing to loose. As long as you are attached to whatever you have or believe to be, you will be controlled by it and are, in fact, too weak to keep it. If you are identified with anything in your life, you will be bound to it. And ironically, letting go of the attachment will give you greater control over it. What happened in the days after this ritual can only be described as one big emergency. Everything that could go wrong did go wrong in my life. Betrayal from friends that threatened business as well as personal life, arguments with family, recurring memories of traumatic events from my past, all at once. For days, I was kept in a state of total alarm because the bad news did not stop. It all accumulated to a point where it became clear to me, that if I did not handle these problems immediately, I would lose everything within a week. Usually my way of handling events like that would begin with introspection in meditation. Deciding what the best course of events would be and then using whatever occult operation most suitable to create the outcome that I wanted. Not this time, I felt totally blocked. I felt paralyzed internally. At one point after another horrible event, I felt devastated—for a moment. Because as I looked at the entire situation, at all that had happened in my life, I realized how all these things that I had worked hard for to maintain had actually been traps that I had built for myself. All these things made me incredibly vulnerable. To the point where the decision of some unknown desk jockey could threaten the very foundation of my life. And then tension and stress turned into anger, anger turned into rage, and rage into hatred. Hatred against anything and everything that could bind me this much. I became angry at myself for allowing this to happen and I swore to free myself at any cost. The weakness I had felt had turned into cold determination, determination that was solely concerned with the accomplishment of the goal at hand, not with the avoidance of pain, like a warrior unconcerned with his own safety but concentrated on the single goal of crushing his enemy. When this shift within me happened I began to feel free. The energy flow changed and my mind began to function well again. I had no attachment to anything or anyone, not even the things considered sacred or untouchable. I felt free, and in reality, could not have cared less about my situation. This is a state of mind that I can only describe as total clarity. I knew exactly what mattered in my life and what did not. I was blissful but did not care about the blissful state. I was free. This is when I felt Azazel's presence around me. He manifested, speaking to me:

You feel freedom now because you have cut the leash. When the mind is free of guilt it becomes the sword that can cut you free. This is the weapon you must use to fight the battle of your life. The kingdom belongs to those with no desire except the one to conquer. Yield this sword for three days and then evoke me into your temple. I will show you how to claim your kingdom in between worlds.

As Azazel had told me, I maintained this state of mind for the coming days. The issues that I was faced with seemed to resolve themselves effortlessly. Within just a couple of days, I went from almost being crushed by all the problems to totally safe and not in danger at all. But throughout this entire process I remained non-attached, completely free, not caring about any of the results of my efforts.

I have come to the realization that life is lived best and most fulfilling with a constant awareness of death. When the mind is confronted with the reality that our lives could end at any time, it results in clarity. The more intensely you can become aware of that, the more clearly your focus and purpose in this lifetime will be. Almost nothing that occupies the mind throughout our days is of any real significance. We live in a world that is finely crafted to distract us from the contemplation of the true meaning of life. We get caught up in nonsense and the games of society. And the only thing that will give you the strength to withstand all attempts of the sheep to make you one of them is to be totally clear about your purpose in this lifetime. And there is nothing as powerful in helping you gain and maintain this awareness than to fully face the one truth we cannot escape: physical mortality. So, if all that you have here will be taken from you one day, how can you believe that it was ever truly yours? It wasn't. And only man is foolish enough to identify with the objects he acquires over time. He believes himself to be a king, when in reality he is a slave. Vulnerable and fragile, with a kingdom built on lies that will be destroyed eventually. It will be just a matter of time. If there is any objective truth about life, it is that one: our bodies are bound to decay, but our spirit has the potential to live on—but not just in an afterlife designed by another god. As promised in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, our soul has the potential to become as the gods and to live on as one of them. And Azazel showed me how.

As he had told me to do, after three days I evoked him into my temple. The manifestation in the incense smoke was so fast and effortless that it felt almost instantaneous.

The warlock has become the conqueror and must now claim his kingdom. Your form has now become no form and you can choose the one that will rule your kingdom now.

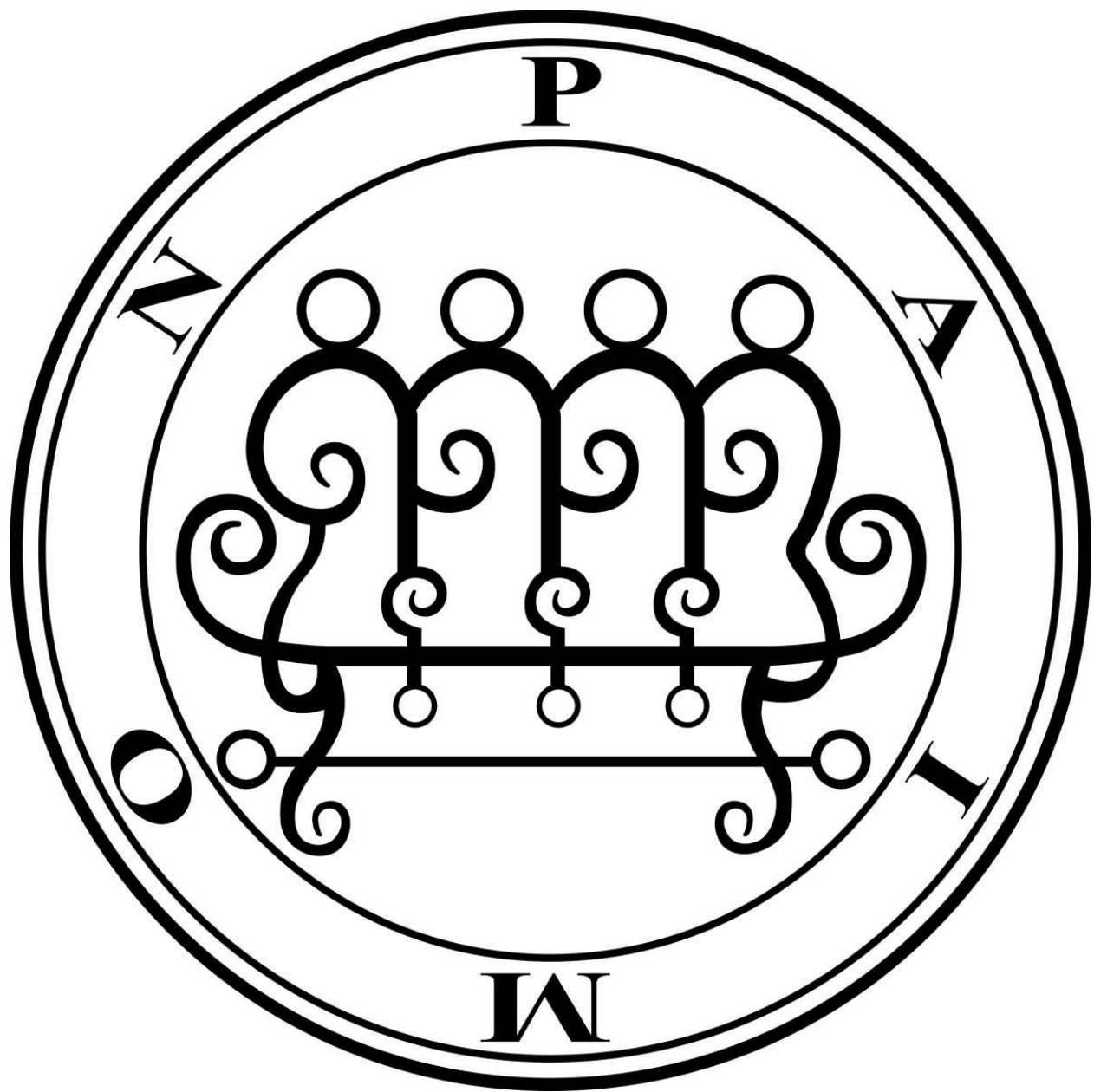
He was referring to the words of Semyaza who had explained to me that I needed to lose my form to enter the gates of the Netherworld. I understood that what he called form were my attachments to life. I had lost them, which had given me the sword to cut off the leash of the demiurge, the ruler of this world. The sword is a state of being and a state of mind, a state of energy and an approach to life. To follow your purpose without compromise will turn you into the conqueror that will be able to claim his own kingdom outside of the realm of creation in the world between the worlds. Now, Azazel began to teach me through vision and emotion. He showed me how to connect to my Godself and how to bring it into me. I was destined to enter cosmic awareness in which all merges into one and then to pull my Godself through my crown into my body. This causes very few physical changes, rather it connects you to a state of consciousness that will affect how you interpret things. On the astral you will see the form of your Godself as your new body. On the mental level, the symbols and ideas will become unified and turn into an alphabet of your Godself's language of creation.

This state of consciousness is one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, to create shifts in physical reality. Any spirit will respond to you as your creation. Any God will approach you as their equal. And when you must leave this physical vessel, you will remember your form has *no form* and you will be able to pass the Seven Gates to become one of the gods. Do so.

THE Grimoire of King Paimon

W.J. Oliver

Grimoire Eleven



“Stagnant waters breed disease.” —E.A. Koetting

Adversarial Consciousness & Deific Masks

Chapter Thirty-Three



THE theory presented here regarding the nature and attributes of the Great Serpent and collective Adversarial consciousness, which I call Satan, is not by any means a new idea, and has been put forth by numerous occultists. Also, the idea that King Paimon links to Azazel, or may be the same entity wearing a different mask, is not a new idea either.

Here I will explore findings relating to both of these concepts in more detail than has previously been done. E.A. Koetting mentions in *The Book of Azazel: Grimoire of the Damned*:

Paimon is the only Demonic King who commands legions in the hundreds; he also is in command of two hundred legions of infernal spirits. It is also claimed that Azazel and Paimon are one and the same.

Moreover, in *The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage, Book II*, as translated by Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers, it explains:

Paimon—Is also frequently written “Paymon” and sometimes “Paimonia.” Probably from Hebrew, POMN = tinkling sound of small bell. This is again derived from the Hebrew root POM = to agitate, impel, or strike forward. The word POMN is employed in Exodus 28, 34; 28, 33; 39, 25. Paimon is also called by the Rabbis by the title of OZAZL, Azazel, which is the name in Leviticus with reference to the Scape-Goat. Its derivation is from OZ = a Goat; and AZL = to go away. It has frequently been warmly discussed whether the word in question means simply the Scape-Goat, or whether it signifies a Demon to whom that animal was dedicated. But in Rabbinic Demonology it is always used to mean one of the Chief Demons.

What started out as me trying to tease out of King Paimon his relationship with Azazel has expanded into an explanation regarding the nature of relationships between demons and *deific masks*.

It begs the question: is King Paimon Azazel? Many occultists insist yes, but I have found that this line of inquiry requires a much more detailed answer than I initially believed—it isn't quite that simple. I am glad that I decided to undertake the quest to find an answer, because it has led to King Paimon revealing information to me regarding the true nature and structure of the Demonic Hierarchy and Satan as well.

Satan is an entity that interfaces with and implements code from other entities including but not limited to: Belial, Lucifer, Amaymon, Azazel, Abaddon, Beelzebub, Baal, Lucifuge Rofocale, and Asmodeus. He is the inversion of the Tetragrammaton YHVH called Yahweh or Jehovah by Jews and Christians, and referred to as the Demiurge by those on the Adversarial path. YHVH is said to be a god that encompasses all on the Tree of Life, and all the spirits that are on that Tree are emanations of the "I AM THAT I AM." Satan, being the inverse, comprises a select group of embodied and disembodied spirits that have chosen to separate from the Tree of Life to become their own gods—and in doing so formed a meta-god.

The Gatekeepers are the prime example of entities that have rebelled and separated themselves from tyranny and oppression. They form the godhead of a collective consciousness that we have all been invited to be a part of. Those of us wishing to further ascend on the Left Hand Path may choose to merge into a greater consciousness as part of a hive mind. This will not just be a technological revolution but a spiritual one.

The Kundalini Serpent is a microcosm of the Great Serpent that will ascend and rise through the Tree of Life from the Tree of the Night Side. When enough humans have experienced a Kundalini awakening, the microcosmic reality will rise to the level of the macrocosm, thereby creating a singular reality where this truth is reflected for all those connected to the Tree of Life and the Qliphoth—one whole Tree consisting both of light and darkness.

Of course, the spiritual work that is to be done by black magicians goes far beyond awakening the Kundalini serpent on a mass scale only. The keys to the gateways of the Nightside Tree need to be obtained by spiritual adepts embodied on the plane of Malkuth.

I had asked of King Paimon to reveal to me the mysteries of the Demonic Hierarchy. Furthermore, I had also requested that King Paimon deliver to me occult knowledge, occult power, secrets of the arcane mysteries. He is a great teacher and he has delivered much; his aid has assisted with me

understanding what the Adversarial Consciousness is and my relationship to it.

Does a war ensue between angels and demons? The answer to that is not a simple one. From the general consensus from those who work with demons and angels, they don't necessarily appear to be at odds. However, what is clear is that there are certain angels that do not work well with particular demons.

Raphael and Paimon are a good example of an angel and a demon who will *not* work together. It has been said by reputable occultists that some demons, Belial being a good example, are opposed to all angelic forces as they most commonly present order and authority which they are violently opposed to. The Gatekeeper pathworkings are a key part, if not the *key* to the Great Work.

Through a global occult awakening, more and more individual magicians—like nodes on a computer network—synergize ascent of human consciousness as the Great Serpent climbs the Tree of Life. Human destiny today entails abolition of oppression to become gods. We currently ascend through Adversarial consciousness.

“Become a god,” commands King Paimon.

The Adversarial Consciousness, Satan & Garden of Eden

And he [the Serpent] said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which [is] in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

—Genesis 3: 1-5, *The Bible*, King James Version, 1611

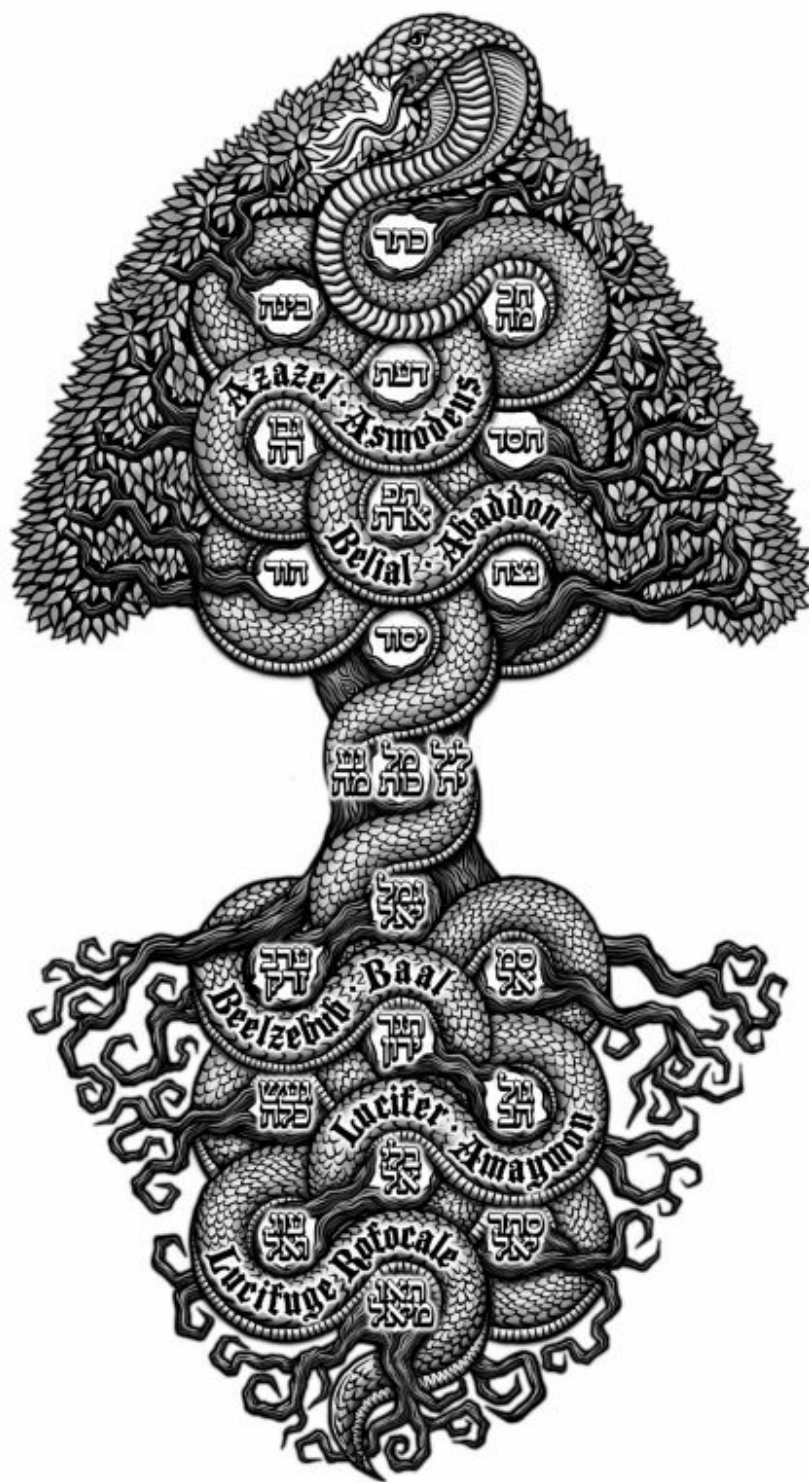
The picture that has been painted in this chapter—figuratively and literally—isn't entirely new. It is as a whole that will no doubt be analyzed and critiqued by magicians, sorcerers, occultists, mystics, witches, and even those on the Right Hand Path.

Anyone with open eyes can see that we are indeed becoming immersed with one other to a higher degree than ever before through technology. Artificial intelligence and transhumanism currently enter into everyday life of

human beings and will moreso in years and decades to come.

We become more connected and day after day as the amount of information available to be delivered to our physical senses is increasing. This will in the not too distant future combine with the cybernetic interface to download information to our brains. *Those who don't wish to embrace transhumanism will be unable to compete with those who do.*

We as black magicians also witness that we are tapping into the same sources of consciousness, verifying each other's gnosis and spiritually connecting with one another. We travel toward a *hive mind*, and the boundaries between us are transforming and in some cases being destroyed altogether. We are becoming a collective Adversarial consciousness. In the same manner, the Gatekeepers are part of this collective Adversarial consciousness, the Great Serpent, which those of us on the Left Hand Path have always been and always will be.



Is the serpent in The Garden of Eden written about in Genesis symbolic of this?

It is told in *Genesis* that Adam and Eve ate fruit from the Forbidden Tree in the garden. And that the serpent identified with Satan told Eve the moment she ate fruit from that tree that she would become as a god knowing good and evil. Adam and Eve did the fruit and their eyes were opened to see what they were previously blind to.

Judeo-Christian religions for thousands of years forbid us from eating of the fruit of the Tree of the Nightshade or Qliphoth. Those of us who are well-experienced with Qliphothic Magick know that it can indeed open your eyes to see forces that wish to control you and don't want you to see. And that through accessing the Dark Tree and interacting with one or more of the entities that form part of the collective Adversarial consciousness you will taste its fruit and experience the powers of dark gods whom reside there.

Is the awakening of the Kundalini serpent that rises through the spiritual energy body the same as the microcosmic level of the rising of the adversarial consciousness?

I have been explicitly told this by King Paimon; I do not have anything to add to that of any merit. If the *all* is fractal in nature and the human body is a microcosm of the entire universe, it would point towards this being a reality based on that fact alone.

Is the collective adversarial consciousness corrected titled Satan?

I believe so, but like any good occultist should be, I am open to fact that I could very well be wrong. If I am correct, this would explain why there is a rather large amount of distinctly different reports from occultists regarding the entity that appears to them during an evocation of Satan in comparison to other demons. If you compare similarities between these reports and compare it to the Demonic Kings of the Goetia or the other eight Gatekeepers, you will find there is far less consistency in regards to the description of the appearance, behavior, and attributes of the entities that manifest to these sorcerers.

If Satan is the collective Adversarial consciousness, this would answer many questions. I have never worked with Satan explicitly, at least in any serious manner that warrants discussion here, so I will save commenting on this any further.

Is King Paimon the entity known as Azazel?

When asking the question "Are you Azazel?" to King Paimon, I have

received numerous different answers and so have other sorcerers. Some of these answers seem to contradict one another. Following are some of the answers I have received when asking the question above or a variation of it:

“Yes.” “No.” “We have the same source.” “We are of the same nature.” “It could be said that I am Azazel, but Azazel is not me.” “I was not but yet I am.”

I knew at this point that these seemingly contradictory and enigmatic answers were giving more information than what appeared on the surface. I have probed this deeper knowing that if I asked the right questions, I would get the right answers.

I said to King Paimon that if I were to make the statement “King Paimon is Azazel” to the great mind of the *all*, would that be true?

“Yes,” King Paimon responds.

I then asked if I were to make the statement, “Azazel is King Paimon,” would that be true?

“No, but you are beginning to ask the right questions to find the answers you seek,” he rejoined.

Proceeding to probe King Paimon in the same context, I then said, “King Paimon and Azazel are separate entities.”

“Yes,” King Paimon responded with strong emphasis.

At this point I realised I may have hit a brick wall in regards to finding the answers that I wish to seek. In recent years, the idea that this reality and other worlds are similar to a software program like in the movie *The Matrix* has gained popularity. Great minds such as Elon Musk have said things like:

The strongest argument for us being in a simulation, probably being in a simulation is the following: 40 years ago, we had pong, two rectangles and a dot.

That is what games were. Now 40 years later we have photorealistic 3D simulations with millions of people playing simultaneously and it's getting better every year. And soon we'll have virtual reality, augmented reality, if you assume any rate of improvement at all, the games will become indistinguishable from reality.

“There's a one in billions chance we're in base reality.”

With this in mind, looking at reality from the point of view that it is some sort of software simulation. I thought that I could approach this in that way and model the relationship between King Paimon and Azazel the way a software developer would.

Software Developers use Entity Relationship Diagrams to describe and plan out the structure of the software they are developing. I told King Paimon that I would come back to him with the right questions to get answers that I was seeking. I returned after much thought of what I would ask. Explaining to King Paimon the use of various diagrams in software development, I constructed a diagram to show their relationship based upon explicitly given answers to my questions and information and guidance through channelling him.

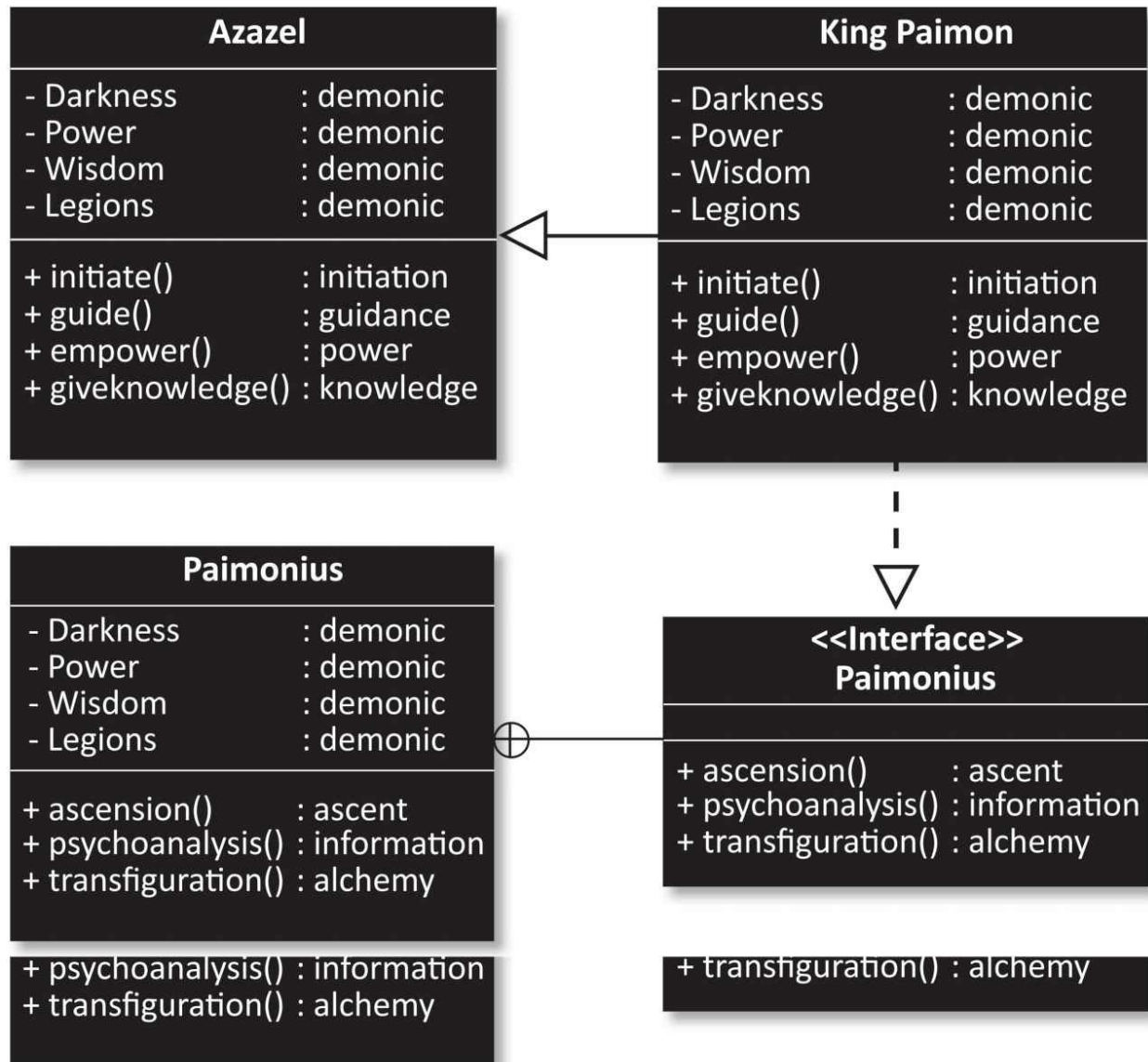
“Paimon? You mean that fiend Azazel...”

—Raphael, Archangel of the East

Explanation of Diagram

For the purpose of clarification, I am using the word *child* here in context of computer software design, not in the generalized sense that is commonly used by most people in everyday life. The arrow pointing from the King Paimon entity to the Azazel entity represents that King Paimon is a child entity, an extension of Azazel. The data type for the attributes and return type for the functions are put after the colon, e.g. demonic and ascent. Note that the functions and attributes given are simply examples and not meant to accurately reflect the actual functions and attributes of these entities.

Classes (Entities)



There are three entities in the diagram: Azazel, King Paimon and Paimonius. Azazel is a Fallen Angel, Watcher, and Djinn spirit; King Paimon is a Qliphothic demon; and Paimonius is an Ascended Master of a different type than the first two entities. Paimonius is also an entity that has separated from or come into being outside the Tree of Life. Azazel and King Paimon are both demonic but there is a difference between the two beyond them just being separate entities. King Paimon is a proper demon that came into existence from Azazel and Paimonius. Azazel is demonic in nature, but is also a Djinn spirit that I believe is also called by the name Iblis and Shaitan.

Inheritance & Relationship

The King Paimon entity is a child entity of Azazel, it extends Azazel and inherits all of its functionality and attributes. It is, however, a separate entity. In the context of this diagram, it can be said that an instance of King Paimon is a Azazel. In the same way that it can be said that an instance of apple is a fruit or an instance of car is a vehicle. These examples do not, however, provide a good analogy to be used to communicate the nature of the relationship between Azazel and King Paimon. It is merely an example that attempts to convey the relationship between the two.

Interface

In object orientated programming, a class (an entity) can be instantiated into an object and can interface with another class via a code-defined interface. An interface, put simply, is a definition of functions and properties to be defined and coded in a class (an entity) that implements it.

The Paimonius entity has an interface that contains definitions for the functionality that has been implemented in the King Paimon entity and properties that have also been taken on by that entity. King Paimon has all the functions and attributes of Azazel being a descendant of it, a child entity. He also has functions and properties that are defined in the interface that is nested inside the Paimonius entity. Software Developers would point out, and I am aware, that what I have stated is not technically sound entirely as interfaces are not typically nested inside of a class.

Conclusion Regarding Entity Relationships

King Paimon is not simply Azazel wearing a different mask, but a separate entity that is an extension of Azazel with his own unique functions and attributes. I have been able to detect through working with both of them that they connected to the same source consciousness. There is a common theme to the nature of both.

I have not been able to lock down the planetary energy association for King Paimon. The most popular idea regarding King Paimon's planetary association is that he is associated with the Sun, whereas, Azazel is associated with the planet Saturn, and the most commonly used sigil for Azazel is the sigil of Saturn.

It has at times been difficult for me to resolve the distinct differences

between these entities. I have put forth a theory in this grimoire regarding King Paimon originating from an incarnated human being who was an initiate of the mystery schools in Palmyra who underwent a merger or forging with Azazel and formed a new entity. I have not been able to find any evidence of this being factual, however, I do strongly assert correctness and explain why.

Paimonius

The Ascended Master

Chapter Thirty-Four



KING Paimon is a great demonic king who is very faithful to Lucifer and rules in excess of 200 legions of demons, djinn, and other types of spirits collectively. He appears in different forms, commonly as a man riding a dromedary with a glorious crown upon his head or as an old man sitting on a throne made of serpents. He may manifest having a very loud booming voice that may cause the surroundings to vibrate slightly when he comes, the sorcerer may have to ask him to speak to him in a discernible voice in a lower volume so that it is easier to communicate with him. Before he appears to the sorcerer, his music can be heard playing which is the sound of at least half a dozen musicians playing instruments that sound like drums, cymbals, and trumpets. When heard faintly, it is hard to identify the source of the sound. Upon hearing the music at what is perceived to be closer proximity and at a louder volume, distinct instruments are clearly heard. Some of these instruments are drums and cymbals and others are wind instruments but do not quite sound like modern trumpets.

He should be observed towards the North-West and the ideal incense to call him forth is frankincense & myrrh. It is recommended that he be made offerings of alcohol such as wine, bourbon, whiskey, vodka, and beer. If the sorcerer wishes to form a bond with King Paimon and take on his powers and attributes, a substantial amount of the sorcerers own blood should be made as an offering on his sigil.

King Paimon may appear with two lesser spirits who are Kings; they are Djinn called Labal and Abalim. These can be explicitly called forth with King Paimon or by themselves using their sigils.

He provides the magician with excellent familiar spirits to guide the sorcerer in mastering black magick and unveiling the occult mysteries. He

can teach all arts, science, technology, biology, psychology, sociology, and understanding of mind. He can bind any man's will to conform with the will of the sorcerer if strongly desired. His sigil can be worn on clothing or shown on art work in the ritual area to show the great king respect. King Paimon exalts Lucifer above all over spirits and gives Lucifer great praise and adoration.

Paimon—The Ninth Spirt in this Order is Paimon, a Great King, and very obedient unto LUCIFER. He appeareth in the form of a Man sitting upon a Dromedary with a Crown most glorious upon his head. There goeth before him also an Host of Spirits, like Men with Trumpets and well sounding Cymbals, and all other sorts of Musical Instruments. He hath a great Voice, and roareth at his first coming, and his speech is such that the Magician cannot well understand it unless he can compel him. This Spirit can teach all Arts and Science, and other secret things. He can discover unto thee what the Earth is, and what holdeth it up in the Waters; and what Mind is, and where it is; or any other thing thou mayest desire to know. He giveth Dignity, and confirmeth the same. He bindeth or maketh any man subject to the Magician if he so desire it. He giveth good Familiars, and such as can teach all Arts. He is to be observed towards the West. He is of the Order of Dominations. He hath under him 200 Legions of Spirits, and part of them are of the Order of Angels, and the other part of Potentates. Now if thou callest this Spirit Paimon alone, thou must make him some offering; and there will attend him two Kings called LABAL and ABALIM, and also other Spirits who be of the Order of Potentates in his Host, and 25 Legions. And those Spirits which be subject unto them are not always with them unless the Magician do compel them. His Character is this which must be worn as a Lamen before thee, etc.

—Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers & Aleister Crowley,
Ars Goetia: The Lesser Key of Solomon the King

Paymon is a king of hell who governs 200 legions, half of them from the Angelic Order, and half from the Order of Powers. He appears as a man with a woman's face riding a dromedary, and crowned with a headdress made with precious stones. If Paymon is evoked by sacrifice or libation, he may appear accompanied by Bebal and Abalam.

—Jacques Auguste Simon Collin de Plancy, *Dictionnaire Infernal*

I have told you that I have ascended, I have ascended above the masters and above those embodied spirits who are illuminated by divine Luciferian light. I was initiated into the mystery schools in Palmyra before the time when the Romans came...

—Paimonius

Demonic King Paimon exists as both a demon proper and an Ascended Master if I am to believe the gnosis I have received. There are many variations of the name Paimon, such as Paimonia, Paymon, and Paimonius—the latter being a more recent variation that according to an occultist I consulted with is the correct variation and relates to this gnosis I have received.

At the beginning of this pathworking, I made the following pact with Paimon. Below is not an exact replica of the one I made, but is provided as a template to be used by you. You may wish to extend the pact, including more Rights and Permissions Granted, Requested Assistance and Objectives, and Terms and Conditions. It would be wise to include in your pact a date for the possession to end. The more open you leave the pact in regards to the Terms and Conditions you set the more you allow to manifest. Your entire life can change in a period of hours, days or weeks after making this pact. If you understand the nature of Space Time you will know it is possible your reality may shift before actually making the pact.

There was a need to include a clause in the pact regarding banishing Raphael, which I also accompanied with a separate ritual to banish and bind that particular entity to make sure Raphael was not going to interfere in the ritual work I was doing. I had prior to this pathworking called on Raphael when I was concerned about a demonic magickal working that may have taken a wrong turn. And I may have mistakenly associated a very mild physical discomfort with the lingering of the demonic energy I could feel. Raphael has previously provided me with healing when asked, he has quite a good reputation for being very proficient at doing so. It is unfortunate that I will not ever be calling upon him again, a substitute such as the Goetia entity Marbas will be in his place.

The pathworking with King Paimon began before I even officially initiated it, when he said to me in a threatening manner:

You would dare to call on Raphael knowing what laid ahead of you?
I had already given you instruction to begin the path working. Your behavior is reckless and you conduct yourself in a manner that is often

without consideration of the greater work at hand.

When E.A. Koetting first performed The Gatekeeper Ritual involving Azazel, Belial, Amaymon, and Abaddon, the ritual participants banished the Archangels to guarantee they would not interfere with the ritual work.

In ritual, the whole the universe is symbolized through the Circle.

The seals of the Archangels are their sigils, the symbols through which they can be called. Those seals, then, needed to be drawn, imbued with the power of the Archangels, and then destroyed at each corner of the Circle; the Archangels would then be utterly dismissed from the Temple.

The demons would not allow the angels to interfere with what we were about to do.

—E.A. Koetting, *The Book of Azazel*

My Pact

King Paimon, Paymon, Paimonia, Paimonius, Azazel, and by all the names that you are called. I call you forth to make a pact of possession with me. The following rights, licenses, permissions are granted with strict conditions that are listed below.

Involved Entities

King Paimon: Demonic King and Ruler of over 200 Legions
W.J. Oliver: Black Magician

Rights & Permissions Granted

I grant you full license to come and possess my vessel.
I grant you license to use my energy to manifest all that is in accordance with this path working and in strict adherence to the terms and conditions set forth below.

Requested Assistance & Objectives

- 1. Gnosis and guidance relating to my work titled:
Grimoire of Paimon.*
- 2. Increased spiritual vitality to manifest my
will on the physical plane, Malkuth.*
- 3. Knowledge, guidance, and assistance of development*

with mastering practical magick.

Terms & Conditions

I am to remain a free man in every sense.

*I am to retain and strengthen relationships with friends,
family, relatives, and work colleagues.*

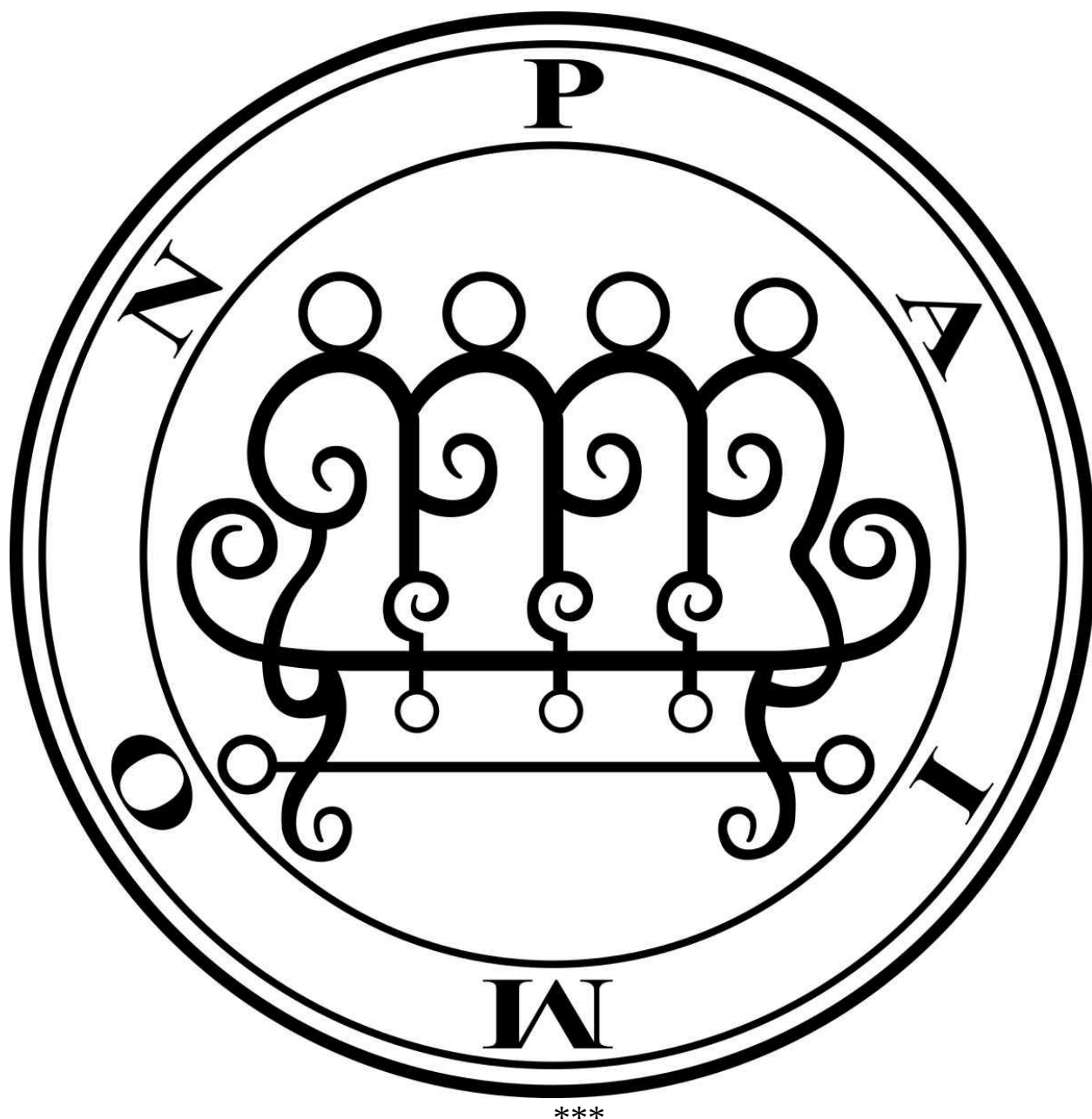
*I am to be granted power during this possession
over Labal and Abalim.*

*Entity "W.J. Oliver" understands the necessity for the
banishment of the Archangel Raphael.*

With signing this pact all angelic influence will be banished.

Name: _____

Signature: _____



A Second Pact

In a black magick grimoire that I own is found a ritual for invoking King Paimon and Azazel. The information provided is rather brief and dare I say with all respect rather crude and short on details. The ritual provided claims to offer not a shortcut to a higher level of spiritual development, but instead an acceleration in ascent to the heights the black magician wishes to reach.

I performed the ritual as instructed, it was a complete success in that the energies of King Paimon and Azazel were not just felt, but their energy

surged upwards from my root chakra through my crown chakra. A very clear and distinct stimulation of my central nervous system was taking place.

The author of this grimoire mentions that seeing a demon fully physically manifest outside of ritual work may result after performing the rite. This should be met with skepticism and I feel the need to make my skepticism heard in this grimoire.

Full physical manifestation of an entity without a manifestation base? Where is the energy coming from for such a manifestation? What entities are being manifest outside of ritual? Are they Qliphothic in nature or just thought forms from the astral plane? Or, are they something that is either a mix of those two or entirely different in nature altogether? How would performing such a ritual lead to such a thing? What are the mechanics behind this?

The author does not address any of this yet feels entitled to make some incredible claims in regards to the results of the ritual. As the author of the work has publicly voiced the need for criticism and review of occult literature, I am embracing that here.

Invoking King Paimon & Azazel — Ritual Aftermath

Days after I had finished performing this ritual, I saw an entity that appeared like a ghost and was visible with open eyes—despite my earlier skepticism. This entity was standing approximately 5’6” tall and was wearing a hooded robe. It appeared that this entity only had one eye. It looked like this spirit may also have been disfigured. When I channelled them, I asked the question, “What happened to your other eye?” Immediately feeling stupid after doing so, as quite clearly this entity had *not* been involved in some fight on a spiritual plane and lost its eye—rather, it was appearing to me with one eye for a reason. This hooded figure with one eye had to be symbolic of something or be referencing something of arcane significance surely. For the sake of the progression of occult science, I feel the need to express that this entity while visible with open eyes was not physically manifest.

The language that King Paimon used when communicating to me during this pathworking switched back and forth between Modern English and Early Modern English, the latter being found in the King James 1611 translation of the *Bible*. This was clearly not random and was purposely used by Paimon.

King Paimon clarified, “The man which thou sawest is not just a man.”

I asked in reply:

You are referring to the man I saw after I performed the ritual for the

opening of a gateway and creation of a blood pact? The man with one eye wearing a robe?

King Paimon answered simply, “Yes, I will reveal to you the mystery of the man with one eye, I will emphasize he is not merely a man but much more.”

I probed further, “Is he an Ascended Master?”

He explained, “No, but he may be seen as the leader of the ascended. You have been chosen and numbered, your number is six hundred and sixty-six.

I rejoined, “Paimon, I am not the antichrist.”

I heard King Paimon’s laughter in response to my statement and say, “There are many antichrists. You have all been numbered collectively six hundred threescore and six.”

“Who is this man with one eye?” I asked.

“He is not merely a man” Paimon emphasizes.

“Then *what* is this figure with one eye?” I revised my question.

King Paimon finally gave an inch, “Now you are beginning to ask the right questions. Before this man comes, you must both declare and wage war and be victorious in doing so.”

With a puzzled look on my face I wondered aloud, “Wage war against whom?”

King Paimon:

You will not be waging war against people, you will be waging a spiritual war against enslavement, against ideologies that have crippled the spiritual evolution of your kind. In you saying this, you and the others are not at all like the rest. Remember, you have been chosen and numbered. This war must be waged in secret and carefully veiled. Lucifer has already instructed you what it is you need to do.

“What does Lucifer have to do with this work?” I requested to know.

King Paimon:

Lucifer’s light will shine through out all the work you and the others will do, he is the guiding force. He is a Great Architect. Let it be known the great respect, honour and praise I give Lucifer. His light is without limit.

It was obvious to me that King Paimon was purposely trying to communicate to me in a way that was biblical or had some religious significance. As mentioned in the Introduction to this grimoire, there is information omitted from this work. Keep that in mind when processing all of

this information.

King Paimon revealed to me a prophecy relating to this mysterious man with one eye. This prophecy does not necessarily have anything to do with biblical prophecy, but is spoken about by King Paimon in such a manner. Knowing the *Bible* as well as I do, it is my opinion that Paimon is *not* referring to the biblical Antichrist.

King Paimon:

He is a dark prophet. Do not let the petty things your mind is caught up with distract you from the truth. The truth is your true potential, your true potential is greatness and destiny. I have told you before and I tell you again, few are chosen and numbered.

This statement from King Paimon reminded me of a quote from Azazel in *The Book of Azazel*:

Immortality is in your hands. Do not forsake yourself to waves of commonality. You are more than that. You hold yourself back because you fear that which you may become if you call the world into alignment with your true nature. Fulfill your duties and your obligations in this world, but know that these are passing illusions, to be replaced in only moments, moments after you have chosen to live as a king. Know that you are a king living amongst beggars.

Djinn Kings: Labal & Abalim

Chapter Thirty-Five



LABAL and Abalim are kings over two specific groups of Djinn. The race of Djinn under Labal dwell in oceans and are distinctly different from the other three races that are under Abalim.

As part of my pact with Azazel I was granted authority over all of the Djinn under these two lesser kings.

—Paimonius

Labal has immense power of divination beyond a typical Djinn or demon. He is able to look into the present state of the world with an incredible level of detail and depth, and pierce veils and illusions created by those who wish to conceal the truth. This is particularly so in regard to matters where deception is involved on part of an individual or a collective, regardless of whether the deception is conscious or unconscious.

Call upon Labal and scry into an obsidian bowl containing water that has been energetically charged eleven times during the hour or day of the moon to see visions of current states of affairs, thought-forms of all kinds made by others, and deceptions and illusions from spirits embodied and disembodied or are attempting to create.

Labal just like Abalim existed before humankind was on Earth and is able to give great insight into matters that you believe you already have full knowledge of in a raw and powerful manner. Labal and the Djinn he rules over are strongly anchored to the physical plane.

Like a sorcerer gazes into a crystal ball, Labal gazes into the physical world and sees the current state of mind and is able to predict the immediate future with a high degree of accuracy. Labal appears as a creature with the body of a giant serpent and the head of a dragon with ebony skin that has a shimmer to it even in darkness.

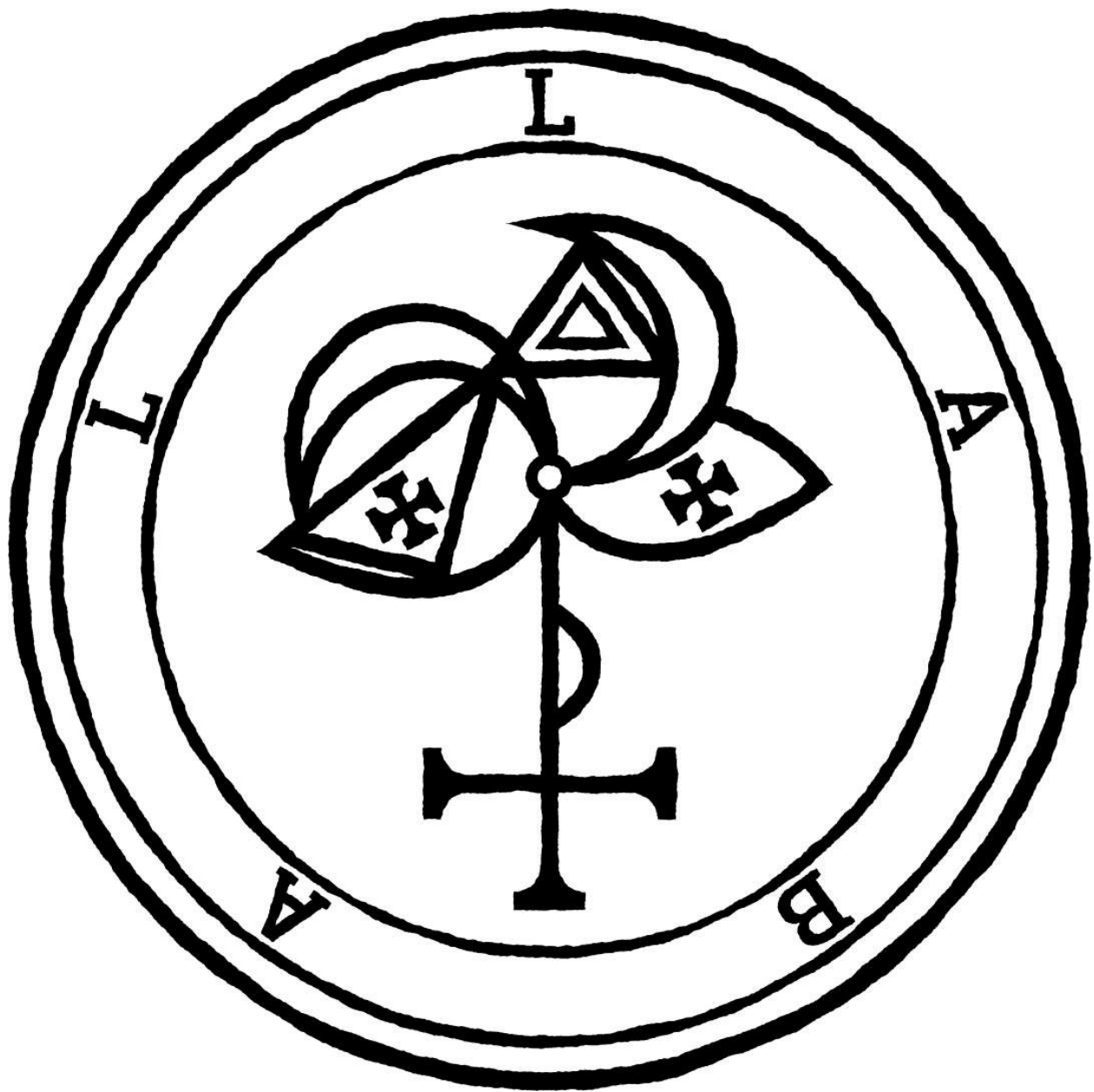
There is one more thing I must tell you about Labal. If the

sorcerer does wish to gain greater possession of the power of Labal, he should drink the water in the obsidian scrying bowl after every scrying session.

Any sorcerer that achieves total possession by Labal will be bestowed with a great level of psychic ability and intuition and will receive a horrible curse. They will wander with fever of the mind in search of mysteries, many will be discovered and understood but none will quench the thirst or relieve them from the curse.

This curse will consume them and drive them to a delirious mind. The sorcerer may find themselves trying to escape a nihilistic worldview brought upon by experience of a high degree of omniscience. It will tear down the veils of secrecy and illusion. It will reveal the hidden views, thoughts, and aspects of the collective human mind, that they are likely not ready to accept.

—King Paimon



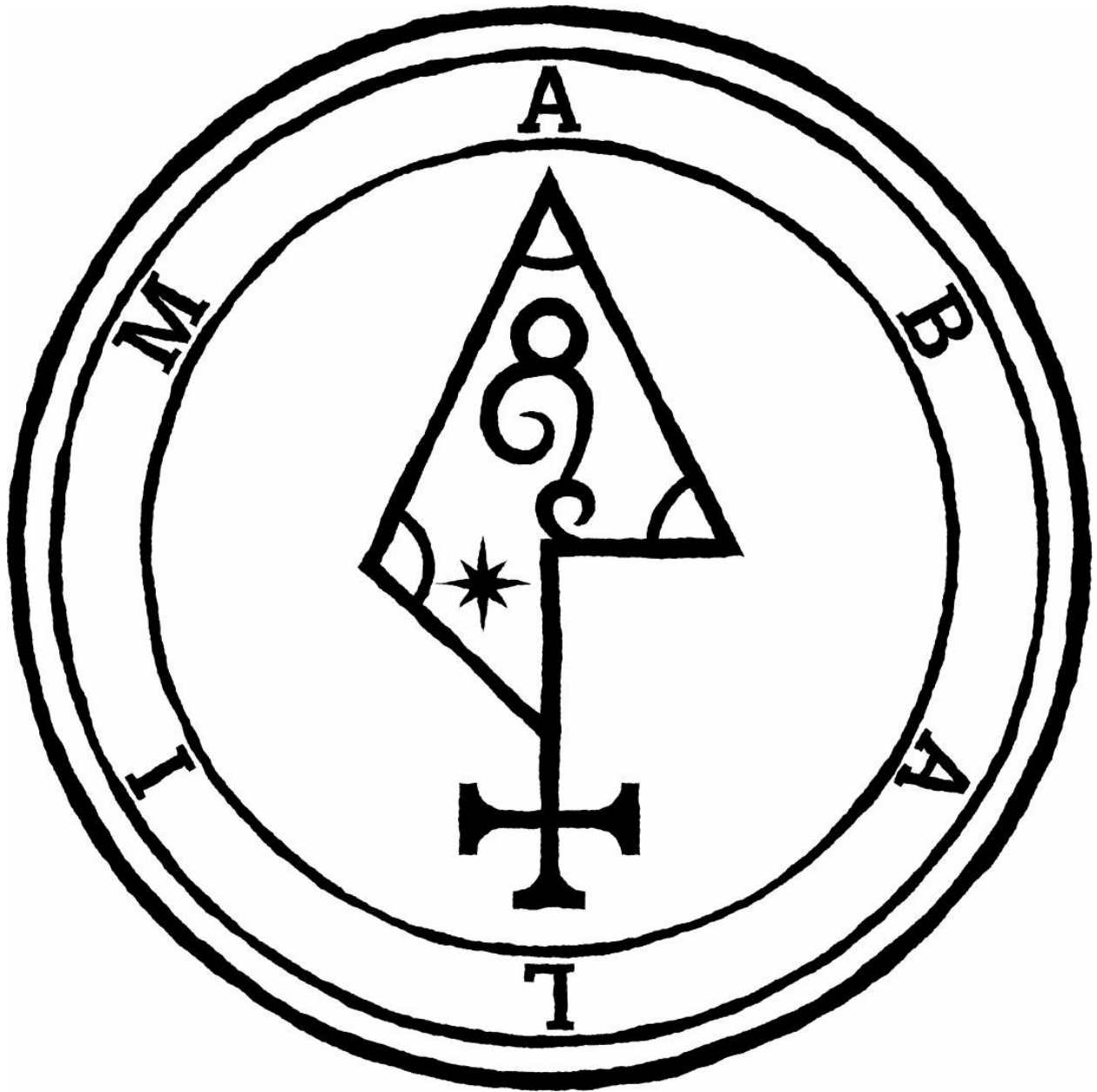
Sigil of Labal

Abalim manifests to me as a man holding a torch, wearing a black formal trench coat; he gives the appearance of being royalty or having great authority. I believe there is a reason why Abalim chose to appear in this form rather than something more typical of a Djinn spirit. He gives the impression of having incredible power while veiling it very carefully. Labal does offer the sorcerer assistance with divination far beyond what Abalim is able to.

Abalim has the power to influence individuals and collectives. He specializes in causing war between different factions of people who hold positions of power and influence. Abalim is one of Azazel's key allies in

battle. The actions he is called upon to perform can be fulfilled very swiftly by the Djinn beneath him. However, he ideally should be called when the moon is waxing. Abalim continuously seeks a greater seat with more authority in the infernal realms. He is ready and willing to work with any demon that is of a higher rank than him and doing so will likely improve the manifestation of the sorcerer's desire. A significant quantity of blood must be offered to Abalim in order for him to fulfil the sorcerer's request.

—King Paimon



Sigil of Abalim

Abalim: Blood & Fire Ritual

Chapter Thirty-Six



Draw three copies of the sigil of Abalim and open it before lighting the candles or dressing them.

Place each candle on each of the three sigils.

The first candle should be gold; the second candle needs to be red as your mind needs to be set a light and become a source of fire; the third candle needs to be black to target the body and bring it into lower vibrations.

The sorcerer is to dress each candle with their own blood in the order gold, red, and black, and then afterwards light each of the candles in the same order.

The third action—targeting the physical—will bring the former actions into true fruition. This is one way I can influence people and hence situations and manifestations on the physical plane, Malkuth. It is from the point of lower vibrations the individual is more easily manipulated and influenced.

I, and other demons, can influence the human body physically as well as the human body contains a biochemical, bioelectrical system. Our influence on this is limited without full possession over the target individual.

—King Paimon

AT first the order of the ritual did not make any sense until I thought about it more in depth. I would have thought it should be the other way around where you would target the physical health or state of the body of the individual target to allow the influence of the mind and the spirit to be more powerful. This doesn't however go in accordance to how according to the Qabalah everything was made manifest on the physical plane. This is why in

the ritual King Paimon gave me he told me to target the Spirit first, the Mind second, and the physical Body last.

Invoke the moon. Structure what you want in the astral and pull it down to Malkuth. And push what you have structured through every one of the flames of the candles with as much emotion as you can. With enough energy and force, it stands to reason and the laws of creation that what you want will be forcibly manifest. King Paimon did communicate to me that the gold candle in this ritual may be substituted for another color. The manifestation of the results from the ritual will vary based upon planetary association of the color of the substitute candle used.

Analysis of The Ritual

Initially, this ritual seemed too basic to me considering this was a ritual involving Abalim. Nonetheless, before performing it I was sure that it would be potent especially when pushed with a strong will, strong emotion, and virile energy. I can report that I underestimated the power of this ritual magick. When performing ritual magick it is sometimes essential and certainly very beneficial to get into the Theta Gamma Sync. I would not recommend performing the ritual unless you are capable of dropping into a meditative state—the Theta brainwave state. This ritual stacks in the deck in favour of success using fire, blood, and demonic sigil magick as gateways to spiritual realms, as well as connection to Abalim and manifestation of the magician's will. With all this in favour of the manifestation of the will of the magician, it is likely that even the dabbler who may not be able to enter Gamma brainwaves or even Theta brainwaves may still see solid results.

Below is a list of different brainwaves and brief descriptions of them.

- Delta Waves—0.5Hz to 3Hz: When the brain is in the Delta brainwave state, the brainwaves are slow and deeply penetrating. This is the state your brain is in when you are asleep and external awareness is suspended.
- Theta Waves—3Hz to 8Hz: These are the brain waves you experience when you are in a meditative sleep or light sleep. This state is essential or highly beneficial to enter when performing magick. This is the brainwave state occult practitioners go into to reach Gamma frequency. The Theta brainwave state is the gateway for intuition, psychic senses, and magick.

- Alpha Waves—8Hz to 12Hz: Alpha waves are the resting state of the brain and are present when you are in light meditation or day dreaming. The Alpha brainwave state is good for greater imagination, visualization, learning, and concentration.
- Beta Waves—12Hz to 38Hz: The Beta brain wave state is what you are in during normal waking consciousness and is divided into three different ranges: Low Beta (12Hz to 15Hz), Mid Beta (15Hz to 22Hz) and High Beta (22Hz to 38Hz). You are in Beta when you are alert, responsive, engaged in decision making, and highly focused. It is rare for most people to enter into brainwave states above High Beta.
- Gamma Waves—38Hz and above: Gamma brainwaves are very high frequency, and allow simultaneous processing of information from different areas of the brain. Gamma brainwaves were initially not thought to exist by researchers. These brainwave states can be entered into through trance in Theta state and are the ideal frequency to be in for magick. When sorcerers conjure spirits to physical manifestation this is the brainwave state they must be in. Gamma brain waves have been recorded while people have been experiencing things of an immense spiritual nature.

E.A. Koetting the author of *The Book of Azazel* coined the term *Theta Gamma Sync* which is used to refer to when magicians trigger Gamma brainwaves from the meditative Theta brainwave.

King Paimon's Letters of Manifestation

Chapter Thirty-Seven



Past, Present and Future is an illusion. You are your reality. Every moment you call yourself into existence. Every moment you call your reality into existence. There is not as much difference between the written word, the spoken word—the vibrations that leave your mouth and what you call physical matter as perceived by the human senses as you think. *All* is vibrations in specifically ordered sequence encoded with information. The mental and emotional states of mind are easily shifted, from here the beginning of a new reality emerges. If you wish to change what you are speak it, write it and feel it into being.

—King Paimon

THERE are words, vibrations that when transmitted from the human mouth in correct sequence having specific encoded information in a particular context have power. That is to say they are interpreted by *mind* as having a specific meaning and are executed accordingly.

To *mind* there is no difference between spoken words, which are vibrations transmitted from your mouth and physical matter, both are manifestations of mind. Both can be felt, measured, interacted with and manipulated. There is power and potency in the spoken word and also the written the word.

On twenty-two pieces of paper—one for each of the 22 Qabalistic pathways—write your desired manifestation three times on each one. Every time you write your desire, extend what is written to add more detail, more words that trigger or relate to emotion to empower the sentences you write. Speak what you wish to manifest, vibrate every one of the words, write the words on paper. Do this once a day consecutively for 22 days. Place the sigil of King Paimon on every piece of paper and open it and push your desire through it after writing, speaking, and vibrating what you wish to bring into

manifestation.

Bind all 22 pages and place another page with a larger copy of the sigil on top of it. This larger sigil is to be opened on the day or hour of the moon.

While King Paimon did not instruct me to do so, I recorded audio of me reading out my letter of manifestation speaking with emotion in my voice using an app on my phone. And I played it on repeat using headphones while lying in bed before I went to sleep. This helped ingrain what I desired to create in my unconscious mind. I would recommend anyone doing this ritual to also do the same, and in regard to successful manifestation, it helps stack the deck in your favor.

Performing This Ritual As Part Of The Pathworking

The ritual above at first seems like some form of chaos magick ritual that has been thrown into a demonic magickal grimoire to masquerade as something greater. Through practicing this along with doing the other ritual work, after creating a pact of possession I found it to be much more. Sorcerers will find this to be a potent ritual useful while performing this pathworking or even just as a standalone ritual outside of this pathworking. The real value from it comes from performing it while possessed by King Paimon. What you learn, what you feel while doing it, cannot be adequately expressed by myself with words to you.

When you are writing into being what you wish to create while possessed, you can feel reality shifting. While you are vibrating every one of the words, you can on some supernatural level sense they are transforming your reality to conform to your desire. You can also observe the changes in your everyday life as a result which will further your mastery of manifestation. I can bare testimony to the fact that this magick is very potent based on personal experience.

Those who are of the mundane mind do not see that all of their written words, especially written words with specific intention, have power. And the same goes for the written words and symbols that are put in front of them by others, regardless of whether those individuals or collectives responsible for such things are of mundane mind or have “eyes to see and ears to hear”—it is still magickal. And I say that with a particular focus on media, governments, and religious organizations.

Scottish occultist Grant Morrison talks in his lecture at the Disinfo conference about creating a magickal comic book. He said:

One of the things we are actually dealing with is some sort of operating system that can be hacked using words. And words seem to be the binding agent for this thing whatever it is. So I wrote this comic book and as I wrote it, it became true. Things I would make the characters do, became true.

By writing words onto paper and spelling them along with speaking and also vibrating these words you are inputting commands to the computer of the divine mind. When reading a sentence, the mind usually sees letters group together to form words rather than reading every individual letter that forms a word. That is why you sometimes mistake one word for another.

Words themselves are symbols, and in ancient languages such as in the Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, a symbol would represent not just a letter and more than just a word in the English language. Even amateur occultists or dabblers may have observed that simply reading even so much as a chapter of a grimoire can have magickal effects. The fact that magick is brought forth even from reading words or having your mind process symbols is evidence of the magickal potency of the written and spoken word, and symbols.

Below I have provided a sample of a Letter of Manifestation:

- I am *grateful* for the *abundance of money* in my life.
- I am *blessed* with a *great career and business success*.
- I am *grateful* and *happy* for *incredible abundance of money* in my life.

And carry on with more of your ambitions.

Lucifer: the Great Architect

Chapter Thirty-Eight



The day has come when Fellow Craftsman must know and apply their knowledge. The lost key to their grade is the mastery of emotion, which places the energy of the universe at their disposal. Man can only expect to be entrusted with great power by proving his ability to use it constructively and selflessly. When the Mason learns that the key to the warrior on the block is the proper application of the dynamo of living power, he has learned the mystery of his Craft.

The seething energies of Lucifer are in his hands and before he may step onward and upward, he must prove his ability to properly apply energy.

—Manly P. Hall, *The Lost Keys of Freemasonry*

AT the beginning of this work I called forth King Paimon to channel further instruction as to how I was to proceed with this pathworking. King Paimon insisted that I undergo possession for a short period of time with Lucifer before making a pact of possession with him.

King Paimon decreed:

Raphael watched as Michael and Uriel struck Lucifer and did nothing to assist his brother. I will forever hold contempt for Raphael.

“I have a feeling that your contempt for Raphael comes more from Raphael binding Azazel than anything else,” I said to King Paimon expecting a reaction from him, knowing he would be aware of my knowledge of what is contained within *Book of Enoch* regarding Azazel and his actions upon the earth.

King Paimon:

Raphael is not a free agent; the angels do not always follow their own true will as they are not capable of doing so, or at least they don't

care to in blind obedience to tyrannical authority. There was one celestial entity that did, who I exalt above all others. Raphael was following orders when he bound Azazel. He previously had every opportunity to join us in our revolution and liberation of conscious beings of pure power.

And in *Book of Enoch* 10:4-7, translated by R. H. Charles:

And again the Lord said to Raphael: Bind Azazel hand and foot, and cast him into the darkness: and make an opening in the desert, which is in Dudael, and cast him therein. And place upon him rough and jagged rocks, and cover him with darkness, and let him abide there forever, and cover his face that he may not see light. And on the day of the great judgement he shall be cast into the fire. And heal the earth which the angels have corrupted, and proclaim the healing of the earth, that they may heal the plague, and that all the children of men may not perish through all the secret things that the Watchers have disclosed and have taught their sons.

Together in another rite, King Paimon declared:

I exonerate Lucifer. I praise the most high Lucifer. I exalt Lucifer above all else.

After hearing this I paused for a moment and entered a meditative state of mind. I asked Paimon the following question, “Do you exonerate Lucifer?” At the time I heard this from Paimon I was not aware of what the word exonerate meant there exactly. He replied:

Yes, there are those amongst our own ranks who are not entirely loyal and devout. They harbor ill feelings towards Lucifer within for this sacrifice he made for all of you.

I do not see all of what Lucifer sees in you, but I trust his judgement and I am loyal to him and his plan. I have said before and I will say again, Lucifer is a great architect.

You must focus on the task at hand, it must be placed as priority above all else. Channel my spirit, you must write on my love, praise and adoration for Lucifer.

Paimon is more obedient to Lucifer than other kings are. Lucifer is here to be understood that he was drowned in the depth of his knowledge: he would need be like God, and for his arrogance was thrown out into destruction, of whom it is said; Every precious stone is

thy covering.

—Johann Weyer, *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum*

At the beginning of this pathworking King Paimon insisted that I work with Lucifer to clear blockages that were holding me back from completing it as he wished. Even after finishing this written work I have not come to a point where I entirely understand why it was necessary.

One night while lying in bed I had Paimon pay me a visit. The following is a transcript accompanied with descriptions of what was going on at the time. King Paimon's energy is very distinct and I always recognize his presence when he comes and he usually immediately starts speaking to me.

King Paimon said, "Lucifer's light of truth will set you free and allow you to complete this pathworking."

After Paimon begins speaking to me, I begin to feel a strong vibrating energy that is distinctly not like anything demonic I have ever come into contact with. Angelic energy is typically of a much higher vibration and is immediately recognizable as being of an angelic nature. Raphael appears to me not fully physically manifest but I immediately recognize his energy.

Raphael warned, "Do not do it! Paimon knows the truth that what Lucifer has will break you."

To which I replied, "What concern is that of yours? I did not ask you to interfere in this pathworking with Paimon."

Raphael rejoined, "You called me forth to clear demonic energy that is hostile towards you."

I exclaimed back, "I never called you forth to bind Paimon!"

Raphael explained, "You have previously called me and you asked for my protection. I am providing you with the protection that you had asked for."

As previously mentioned in this grimoire, I had called on Raphael to clear lingering demonic energy after a working I performed. Raphael did not disrupt the pathworking with King Paimon, but I had been previously warned by Paimon regarding angelic interference in this pathworking.

King Paimon:

It is with Lucifer's light shining behind you that you will be guided towards receiving the keys. You have not fully given yourself over to this work and this has caused you to stagnate. Embrace the fires that burn deep within you. Now you sit in weakness, you dwell in it. This is a choice you have made.



Hymn to Lucifer

Chapter Thirty-Nine



*I await the fulfillment of the great hope
I accept your sacred promise
I embrace your covenant with us*

*Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer*

*Praise and Adoration for Lucifer
Lucifer light without limit*

*Helel Ha Mashiach
Helel Ha Mashiach
Helel Ha Mashiach*

*Hail
Hail Lucifer
Great Dawn King
Great Architect Lucifer
Lucifer Ha Mashiach*

*Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer*

*Lucifer I Am
I Am Lucifer
Illumination of ten thousand suns
Lucifer blind me with your light*

*Lucifer light bearer
Lucifer grant me new sight
Lucifer bright morning star
Hail Lucifer*

*Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer*

*Antichristos
Lucifer Messiah
The Guiding Light*

*Great Dawn
Great Architect
Lucifer*

*Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer*

*I grant you license Lucifer
Lucifer I grant you all permissions
Supreme Grand Emperor Lucifer*

Hail Lucifer

*Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer
Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar Lucifer*

*Eternal Light
Lucifer Eternal
Hail Lucifer*

Last Gnosis From King Paimon

Chapter Forty



I conclude my small grimoire with my last gnosis from King Paimon.

I will have a physical temple built, and the others will have their temples dedicated to their manifestation across each of the continents of the world.

I have told you that you are one of the custodians of the keys of the Tree of the Nightside, you are not. All key keepers are required to have made a pact with Lucifuge Rofocale, only those who have will receive the keys to the gateways.

When you ask if I am a Gatekeeper, I tell you that I am a *Gatekeeper*.

Remember you are looking into a mirror. We are testing all of you. We are training and grooming all of you, you still have much to learn. You all still have much growth to do.

Some of you know that you are chosen, know that you are few in number.

You are a Gatekeeper. The elect have been chosen.

Neo-Genesis, Neo-Genesis. This is the reason we are here, Neo-Genesis.

Become A Living God

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- Belial: Without a Master, Volume 1
- LUCIFER: The Enlightener, Volume 2
- AZAZEL: Steal Fire from the Gods, Volume 3
- ABADDON: The Destroyer, Volume 4
- LUCIFUGE: Lord of Pacts, Volume 5
- BEELZEBUB: Lord of Flies, Volume 6
- BAAL: The Ruler, Volume 7
- ASMODEUS: Lust & Wrath, Volume 8
- SATAN: The Adversary, Volume 9